ACTION SPORTS

THE Wrestler

JANUARY 1971 60¢ K

INTRODUCING

BILLY GRAHAM

HE TALKS PEACE BUT RAISES HELL!

IT WON'T TAKE SHARON JOY LONG TO BE CHAMPION

BARON VON RASCHKE'S DEADLY

BRAIN CLAW

THE HOLD THAT MUST BE BANNED!

I'll Make You a Master of CHINESE KUNG-FU

. . . the Oriental ART of INSTANTANEOUS DEATH that is applied with NO Bodily Contact

道 常

WHO *IS* THIS MAN?

Behind the blindfold is the Hon. Master "Kung-Fu." That's not his real name, of course. If you were a Kung-Fu expert, you'd recognize his real name at once, if we were to reveal it. But we cannot, for his Chinese fellow Kung-Fu Masters would punish him severely for revealing the deadly maneuvers he has sworn to keep secret.

the Chinese method of Attack and Self-Defense kept so secret that it has been handed down in China only from father to son because of its DEADLY power to disable or kill! Now these devastatingly brilliant secrets that require NO PHYSICAL STRENGTH OR EXERTION are revealed to you in the English language by a KUNG-FU Master who dares to teach you AT HIS RISK!

What IS Kung-FU?

KUNG-FU is the most DEADLY form of defense and attack ever devised! Even a Karate, Savate or Judo expert shudders at the thought of meeting a KUNG-FU master because he knows who the winner will be! With just a basic knowledge of KUNG-FU learned easily in the privacy of your home, this FAST, EASY, PICTURE WAY, you can beat hoodlums, OUTFIGHT TWO, THREE and even FOUR Karate or Judo experts, Professional Wrestlers or Boxers!

When CHINESE KUNG-FU arrives in your mail, you turn to page 87 and look at the easy-to-understand photo illustrations. INSTANTLY you see how easily you can turn your opponents attack into a CRIPPLING blow to his chest—a maneuver you can perform in just a few minutes of practice! A few pages later I show you how to escape a deadly strangle-hold quickly and easily by slamming your attacker into the ground!

Protect Yourself and Your Loved Ones!

Containing more than 150 step-by-step LIVE-ACTION and SLOW MOTION PHOTOS your personal KUNG-FU Master Instructor takes you by your hand and shows you in plain, clear and simple, easy to understand language how to use highly secret KUNG-FU to multiply your power a THOUSANDFOLD. You learn how to handle a small mob of attackers who are fully armed and even pinning you to the ground so you can't move. You pay nothing if you can't disarm one hoodlum . . . send another flying through the air and slam a third into the ground—all in a split second of KUNG FU maneuver that will take your attackers by surprise!

Never Be Afraid Again!

Secretly written in the Orient the contents of this amazing "how-to" picture book was shipped to Hawaii, where it was printed under cover away from prying eyes, then sent to the U. S. for limited distribution to those who agree to apply KUNG-FU ONLY FOR SELF-DEFENSE! If you were fortunate enough to be able to go to China, Hong Kong or Hawaii to take this amazing course—and were willing to pay $500 or even $1,000 to your KUNG-FU Master—you would be refused, because KUNG-FU secrets are NEVER taught to strangers or outsiders! Because KUNG-FU is deadly beyond imagination (and since *attack* as well as *defense* is taught) only a small limited edition has been printed. Frankly we don't want just everybody to learn these secret maneuvers.

KUNG-FU will NOT be sold in any store, and is available ONLY by mail to serious students who must vow NEVER to use it as an aggresor—but only as self-defense to protect himself, his friends and family. We don't ever want a criminal or hoodlum to be able to buy it because of its deadly power.

Law Enforcement Agencies: Write for quantity discounts on official letterhead.

Become a NEW MAN!

Our streets aren't safe today. Crime increases daily. You no longer have to be helpless, ashamed or humiliated—and look pitiful in the eyes of your friends. Protect yourself, your family, your girl friend from hoodlums and wisecracking bullies. With KUNG-FU you can use the hidden power that lies within you to master every situation! You'll laugh as you send bullies and criminals flying in terror, and you'll walk the streets happy, calm and confident in your new power! And you'll do all this without working up a sweat or even spoiling the crease in your trousers. That's because brilliantly executed KUNG-FU requires NO bodily contact . . . virtually NO physical exertion . . . and almost NO application of your body or hands! And yet KUNG-FU can be *deadly, crippling* and *disastrous* to any unfortunate opponent who is foolish enough to threaten you with ANY other technique, such as punching, Savate, Judo, Wrestling, etc! Yes, with the confidence that KUNG-FU can give you, you can walk the streets with the knowledge that NOTHING can frighten you . . . that you can deal with ANY man, ANY weapon, ANY situation! Your friends and loved ones will be proud of you with your new power.

Nothing Else To Buy!

KUNG-FU is complete—there is NOTHING else to buy—ever! You don't have to practice on dummies and you need no apparatus. Once you receive CHINESE KUNG-FU you can throw away all the other courses on Self-Defense you have ever bought—because NONE compares with KUNG-FU! KUNG-FU is effective whether you're standing, sitting or even LYING DOWN ASLEEP and OFF GUARD!

It was originally decided to offer the complete KUNG-FU instruction at $10.00—a TREMENDOUS bargain at that price. However, to make it available to good citizens who want to use these secret maneuvers for self-defense and to help combat the ever-increasing crime rate, we are making KUNG-FU available now at *the amazingly low price of just* $3.98. If you and your friends don't say that KUNG-FU has made a NEW MAN out of you, every cent you have paid will be refunded without question! Don't even bother returning the KUNG-FU book. Just tear off the front cover and mail back to us for a full, no questions asked refund. We'll take your word for it. MAIL COUPON NOW! AIR MAIL reaches us overnight.

MAIL DARING MONEY SAVING NO-RISK FREE-TRIAL COUPON NOW

RESERVATION CERTIFICATE NUMBER **7063**

You are guaranteed to have one of these limited edition books reserved for you for 30 days. Because of the highly volatile nature of KUNG-FU, it may never be printed again. Avoid disappointment and mail your order in now to assure receipt. Be sure to enclose this RESERVATION CERTIFICATE.

☐ Check here if you also wish included a copy of "Forbidden Oriental Fighting Arts - Deadly Attack and Defense" - for Commandos, Jungle Fighters, etc. Not sold separately. Both only $9.98 HUNDREDS OF PHOTOGRAPHS

FIGHTING ARTS RESEARCH, Inc. Dept. A-1
1199 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10001

☐ OK, Honorable Master Kung-Fu! I accept your daring No-Risk free-trial offer to reveal the secrets of KUNG-FU! Ship in plain wrapper at once. I enclose $3.98 as payment in full. I understand that there is nothing else to buy ever again. My friends and I must be delighted with my new KUNG-FU power and self-confidence—or my money will be refunded promptly in full—I just return the front cover of the book.

☐ I agree never to use KUNG-FU as an aggressor—only to defend myself, and that I will never abuse the principles of KUNG-FU, nor will I ever reveal the secrets of KUNG-FU to anyone else._____
(My Signature)

NAME_____ Age ____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

I'll guide you **step by step** into your own thriving business

● While keeping your present job, would you like to gross $12 or $18 profit per hour?

a true story by Bob Ferrel

SOME YEARS AGO I was a printer in a small Michigan town. I drew a pretty fair pay check but it wouldn't stretch far enough to provide the kind of living I wanted for my wife and five children.

Then one day I was reading a magazine just as you now are and I saw an ad. It intrigued me. It offered me the steadily growing income I had always hoped for. It said I would have greater security and personal independence... and that's what I had been wanting.

I was a little skeptical, but I said to myself, "for a postage stamp I can find out." So I mailed the coupon. In a few days, I got a letter with a booklet that gave the whole story. It opened my eyes. I could see why owning my own business was so much easier than I had always thought . . . why the day to day guidance of a successful worldwide organization could assure my own success.

I read the booklet several times. It just seemed too good to be true. I talked it over with my wife. We decided that **now** was the time to make the forward step . . . there was no reason to keep postponing an income increase.

So, I applied for a Duraclean dealership and I was accepted. I stayed with my job . . . ran a few ads . . . sent some mailings . . . contacted a few stores and told my friends about the superior services I was now equipped to give them. Evenings and Saturdays, I rendered the service. As the business grew, I added servicemen.

I found that I didn't have to develop a single idea myself. Every step had been prepared for me and pre-tested. Hundreds of other men had already proven my methods successful.

It didn't take long to see that I was making three to four times (yes, 3 to 4 times) as much per hour in my own business as in my printing job. So, after only seven months with a good following of customers, I quit my job to go full time on my own. In the meantime, I had enjoyed all this extra income on top of my salary.

Each day, we realized what a **serious** mistake not mailing that coupon would have been . . . and how that little act that seemed so trivial at the time actually changed our lives.

The steadily growing income brought us many things we could not afford before. My efforts were so much more productive. I scheduled my time to my own liking. When we wanted a day or two off, we took it. I worked hard but, if I wanted to be home early or quit at noon, I did.

This is not a business for a lazy man. But if a man is ambitious and will work to deserve those nice things in life we all want, this business is made to order for such a man.

I became so enthusiastic about this business and so appreciative of what it had brought my family that, whenever a man opened a dealership near me, I helped him get a quick start.

The company learned about this and had each new dealer in my section of Michigan spend a day with me. One day the president of Duraclean Company asked me how I would like to move to Headquarters and spend my entire time helping dealers to increase their sales and profits.

That was good news to my ears. Since then I have worked with hundreds of our dealers in their own towns and at regional meetings, conventions and dealer group meetings. But much of the time I am right here at my desk in touch with our dealers by letter and telephone.

Incidentally I sold my dealership at a good profit. Dealers sell their Duraclean businesses for up to ten times their cost. After 30 months, Leo Lubel sold for $7,116 above his cost. If for any reason a dealer wants to sell, we maintain a service to locate buyers and help him sell.

Our job here at headquarters is to show each individual Duraclean dealer how to use his own abilities to bring him greatest success. I know hundreds of our dealers on a first name basis. We work together as one happy family. If you become a Duraclean dealer, I'll be as close to you as your telephone or mail box.

It's Easier than You Think To Build Your Own Business

If you've wanted to BE YOUR OWN BOSS... to become financially independent and have a fast growing income, now YOU CAN. And you own a Nationally Advertised business.

You can stay at your present job while your customer list grows . . . then switch to full time, lining up jobs for your servicemen to do. One job a day brings a good starting income.

If you hire two servicemen (full or part time) while you keep your job, the national price guide provides you a gross profit of $12 an hour on their work and this is much easier to do than you think. **We show you how . . .** step by step. That's $420 for a 35 hour week.

Your gross profit on three servicemen is $18 per hour. Duraclean dealers find it easy tc gross $6 per hour on EACH serviceman plus $9 an hour on any service they themselves render. The 24 page illustrated booklet we'll mail you (with no obligation) explains how most of your gross profit becomes **clear net profit.** Your income is limited only by the number of servicemen you employ.

You can operate from a shop, office, or your home. Equipment is light and portable.

At the start, you may want to render service yourself . . . or you can start with full or part time servicemen. This business is easy to learn . . . easy to start . . . so easy to service that women dealers do it. We prefer you have no experience . . . not have to "unlearn" old ways.

We are NOW enlarging this worldwide system of individually-owned service businesses. If you are reliable, honest and willing to work to become financially independent, we invite you to mail the coupon.

When you receive our illustrated booklet, you will see the way we show you **step by step** how to quickly get customers . . . and still more customers from their recommendations.

You have 6 superior services that are rendered "on location" in homes, offices, hotels, theaters, clubs, motels and institutions.

These are not ordinary services. You have the prestige and endorsement of leading furniture makers and carpet mills, of Parents' Magazine and McCall's, of Research and Testing Laboratories.

National magazine advertising explains superior merits of **your** services, builds **your** customer confidence and brings job leads to **you.**

We and a Duraclean dealer will train you and assist you. He'll reveal his successful, proven methods. You have pre-tested newspaper and yellow-page ads, commercials, and a full mailing program.

Stores, upholsterers, insurance adjustors, and decorators refer jobs to our dealers. These year 'round services are in constant demand.

Start Small, Grow Big in this Booming Business

Many men have said to us, "I can't afford to give up my job till I know I have a sure thing . . . a sound business that will provide both security and a better living for my family."

That made sense to us so we worked out such a plan . . . and those same men are now enjoying a Duraclean dealership in many communities. You don't experiment. You use **tested, proven** methods. You have **our backing and "know how."**

Does this appeal to you? Don't decide now. Mail the coupon so you'll have the facts to decide wisely. There is no obligation. You'll then know whether this is what you want.

You can start small and grow big. A third century ago Duraclean was an idea . . . but it caught fire and spread to a world wide service. Why did it spread? (1) **superior processes.** (2) **proven customer-getting methods** (3) **Day to day guidance from Headquarters.**

Our first service, the care of upholstery and carpets not only cleans, it enlivens the fibers . . . revives dull colors. Pile rises with **new life.** There's no harsh machine scrubbing. No soaking. Mild aerated foam lightly applied lifts out dirt, grease, many unsightly spots like magic. Furnishings are used again in a few hours.

Government figures show service businesses are **growing faster** than industries and stores . . . $750 million yearly potential just in rug and furniture cleaning. Your **5 other services** are explained in the free booklet we'll mail you.

Less than $1000 establishes YOUR OWN business. A day's profit more than pays the monthly payments we finance for you.

Men frequently take in partners.

We furnish electric equipment and, with first shipment, enough materials to **return your TOTAL investment.** If you have good habits and know the importance of customer satisfaction, you can likely qualify for a Duraclean dealership.

TODAY is the time to reserve a Duraclean dealership, **before** someone takes your location.

It's been said, "Opportunity knocks but once at every man's door." This could be that one rare opportunity in **your life.**

It is surprisingly easy to learn this business. You can decide from the information we will send you whether to apply for a dealership. So, with **no obligation whatever,** mail the coupon TODAY. Cut it out NOW so you won't forget to mail it.

Mail this coupon TODAY
It may put you in business

Duraclean International
0-7PD Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Ill. 60015

With no obligation, mail 24 page illustrated booklet telling how and why I can quickly increase my income and family security **while still employed,** how you'll help finance me. No salesman will call.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State & Zip_____

ACTION SPORTS

THE Wrestler

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BILL BEACH
Photographers

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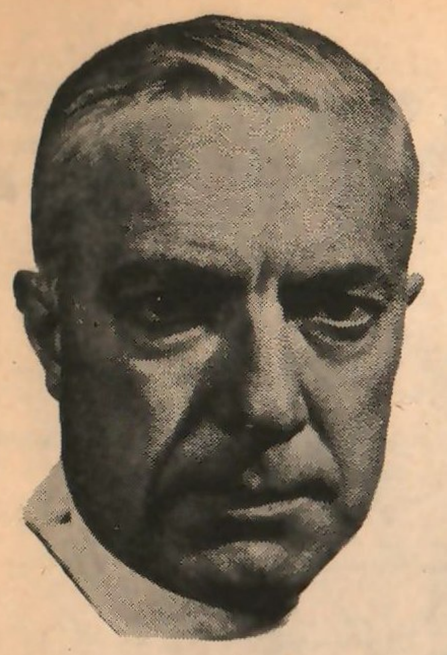

An Important Message

To Every Man And Woman

In America

Losing His Or Her Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dryness of your hair, the itchyness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff — **these are Nature's Red Flags** warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

HOW COMATE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

The development of an amazing new hair and scalp medicine called Comate is specifically designed to control seborrhea and stop the hair loss it causes. It offers the opportunity to thousands of men and women losing their hair to bacterial infection to reverse the battle they are now losing on their scalps. By stopping this impediment to normal hair growth, new hairs can grow as Nature intended.

This is how Comate works: (1) It combines in a single scalp treatment the essential corrective factors for normal hair growth. By its rubifacient action it stimulates blood circulation to the scalp, thereby supplying more nutrition to still-alive hair follicles. (2) As a highly effective antiseptic, Comate kills on contact the seborrhea-causing scalp bacteria believed to be a cause of baldness. (3) By its keratolitic action it dissolves ugly dandruff. By tending to normalize the lubrication of the hair shaft it corrects excessively dry and oily hair. It eliminates head scales and scalp itch.

In short, Comate offers you in a single treatment the best that modern medicine has developed for the preservation of your hair. There is no excuse today except ignorance for any man or woman to neglect seborrhea and pay the penalty of hair loss.

COMATE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

To you we offer this UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. Treat your scalp to Comate in your own home, following the simple directions. See for yourself in your own mirror how after a few treatments, Comate makes your hair look thicker and alive. How Comate ends your dandruff, stops your scalp itch. How Comate gives your hair a chance to grow. Most men and women report results after the first treatment, some take longer. But we say this to you. If, for any reason, you are not completely satisfied with the improvement in your own case — AT ANY TIME — return the unused portion for a prompt refund. No questions asked.

But don't delay. For the sake of your hair, order Comate today. Nothing — not even Comate — can grow hair from dead follicles. Fill out the coupon now, and take the first step toward a good head of hair again.

Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and excessive hair loss. In such cases neither the Comate treatment nor any other treatment is effective.

Note To Doctors
Doctors, clinics and hospitals interested in scalp disorders can obtain professional samples and literature on written request.

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21 WEST 44 ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped."
—L.H.M., Los Angeles, Cal.

"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out." —D. M. H., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin."
—D. W. G., c/o FPO., N. Y.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula."
—Mrs. R. LeB, Piqua, Ohio

"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair."
—C.E.H., N. Richland, Wash.

"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker, I can tell it."
—Miss C.T., San Angelo, Tex.

"Now my hair looks quite thick."
—F. J. K., Chicago, Ill.

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years and Comate has improved it so much."
—Mrs. J. E., Lisbon, Ga.

"I've used a good many different 'tonics.' But until I tried Comate, I had no results. Now I'm rid of dandruff, and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker."
—G. E., Alberta, Canada

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling."
—R. H., Corona, Cal.

"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it."
—L. W. W., Galveston, Tex.

"It really has improved my hair in one week, and I know what the result will be in three more. I am so happy over it, I had to write!"
—Mrs. H. J., McComb, Miss.

COMATE CORPORATION Dept. 712A
21 West 44th Street, New York, N.Y. 10036

Please send at once the complete COMATE hair and scalp treatment (60 days' supply) in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied with the results, or you GUARANTEE prompt and full refund on return of unused portion.

☐ Enclosed find $10 (check, cash, money order). Send postpaid.

☐ Send C.O.D. **Enclosed is $1 deposit.** I will pay postman $9 plus about $1.50 in postal charges on delivery. Save the $1.50 by enclosing $10.
Canada, Foreign, APO, FPO, add $1 -- No C.O.D.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

RUSH THIS NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

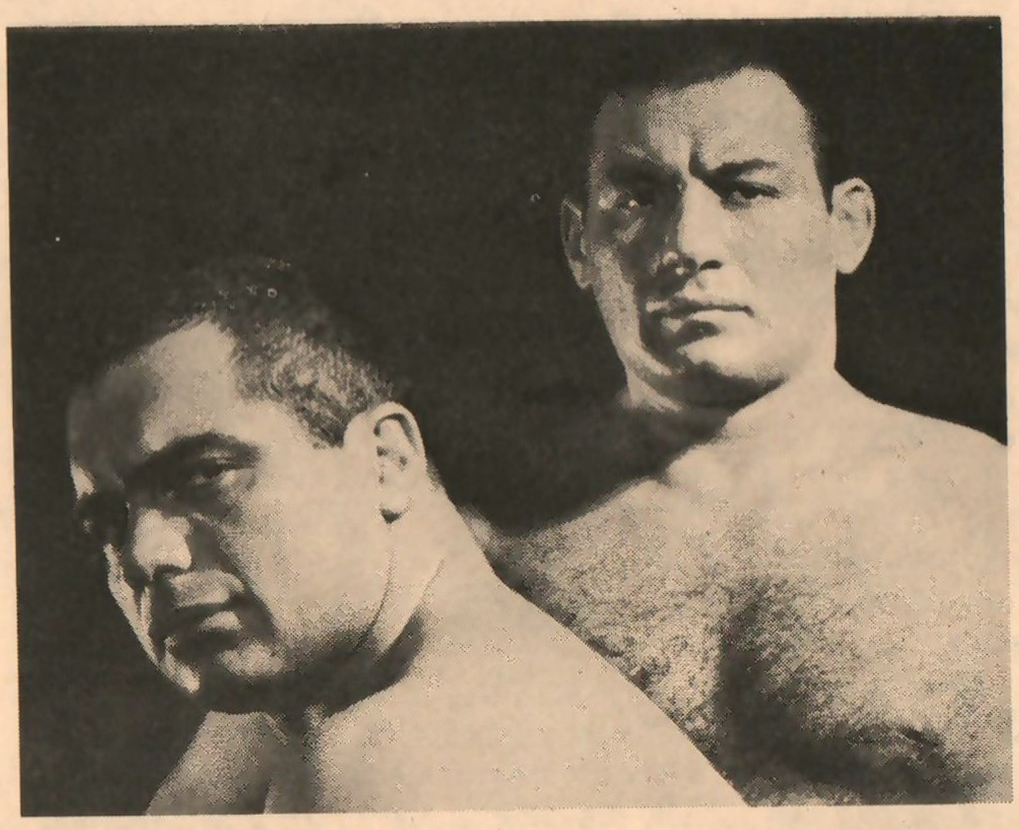
HERE'S WHAT'S HAPPENING, BABY!

BUDDY COLT, THE heavyweight champion of Georgia, pulled a big upset recently when he edged Fred Blassie in a sizzling match that went only 18 minutes. Blassie, who has been living in Los Angeles for the past few years but who considers himself a native of

Georgia heavyweight champ, handsome Buddy Colt, who scored major upset victory.

Georgia, was in Atlanta to attend to some personal matters when local promoter Paul Jones talked him into "Taking a couple of matches." Blassie, who was the hottest attraction in the South before he left for California, couldn't resist the temptation to get back into a Georgia wrestling ring. Explaining his loss to young Colt, Blassie said, "I was way off form because I was out of shape. I hadn't even been near a gymnasium in almost a month. But I don't want to take any credit away from Buddy. He's a helluva wrestler."

The Tolos brothers are miles apart. Chris is wrestling in the southeast while John is raising hell in California. Wonder why they

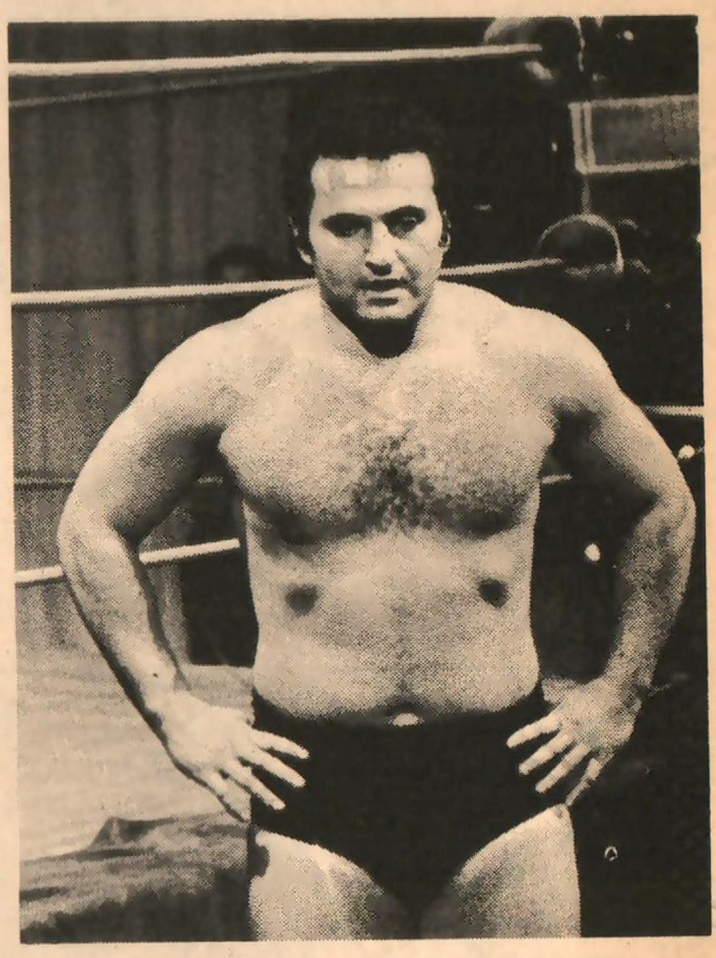


Tolos brothers, John (left) and Chris, as they looked when appearing as a top tag team in the mid-1960's. They are still very active in the ring, but you'll have to travel 3,000 miles to see both of them.

don't team up like in the old days ... George (Two-Ton) Harris is managing Bronco Lubich and Chris Markoff ... Jerry Brisco and Argentine Apollo are look-alikes ... Luis (Apache Lou) Martinez and Harley Race are engaged in a blazing feud ... Tarzan Tyler insists he's in the best shape of his entire career ... We're happy to see talented Guy Mitchell back in action ... Crusher Lisowski insists he has retired for good, but we're betting he'll be back. Wrestling is in Crusher's blood. He can't live without it.

"Flying" Fred Curry still fuming about that disqualification loss to The Shiek at Toronto. After splitting open Fred's head with some kind of sharp object he had concealed in his trunks, the Shiek continued the brutal attack. This so upset Bobo Brazil, who was watching from the wings, that he ran into the ring to assist the stricken Curry. But in the judgment of the referee, the entry of Brazil into the ring constituted a violation of the rules so he immediately disqualified Curry. If you can figure that one out you're smarter than we are.

How's this for a tag team: Bulldog Brower, 280-pounds, and Frenchy Lamont, 98-pounds ... Cor-



Popular "Flying" Fred Curry, he's furious at The Shiek.

respondent Viktor Berry reports that Spiros Arion is a smash hit in Australia, and that the Masked Gladiators are terrorizing Japan. Viktor also says that the bloody matches between Stan Stasiak and Ray Stevens in Northern California are just about the most vicious series in the history of California wrestling.

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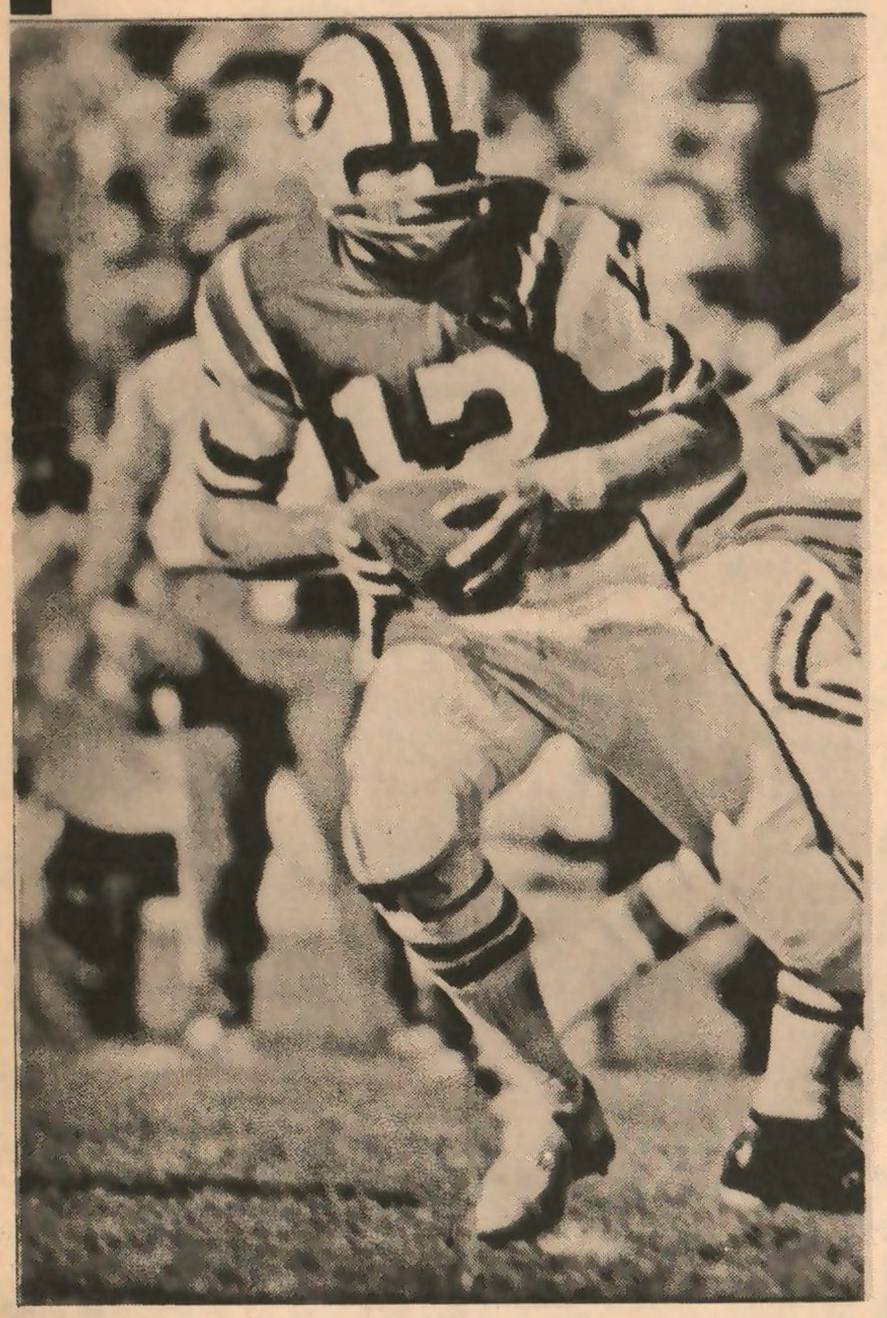
PRO-FOOTBALL POSTERS



Giant Size 24"x36"

all 26 Teams and
30 Stars available

only $1.25 per Team

only $1.75 per Star

A Decoration and Conversation Piece

Here is a handsome, full color painting of all 26 Pro-Football Teams and 30 of your favorite stars, excitingly reproduced in a large 24" x 36" size, suitable for hanging on any wall. These exciting souvenirs are done in official team colors, and are reproductions of action paintings showing your favorite team or star in real life action poses. A popular gift and collectors item for the den, family room, bedroom or TV room. There's no question that any pro-football fan will be delighted with these exciting posters. All 26 Teams are available and the following 30 Stars:

- ☐ TOMMY NOBIS
- ☐ DICK BUTKUS
- ☐ BOB LILLY
- ☐ BART STARR
- ☐ HOMER JONES
- ☐ JOE NAMATH
- ☐ DARYLE LAMONICA
- ☐ MEL FARR
- ☐ JIM TAYLOR
- ☐ BOB GRIESE
- ☐ JOHN MACKEY
- ☐ GALE SAYERS
- ☐ O.J. Simpson
- ☐ ROMAN GABRIEL
- ☐ SONNY JURGENSEN
- ☐ GEORGE SAUER
- ☐ LANCE ALWORTH
- ☐ RAY NITSCHKE
- ☐ JOHN BRODIE
- ☐ DAN REEVES
- ☐ TOM MATTE
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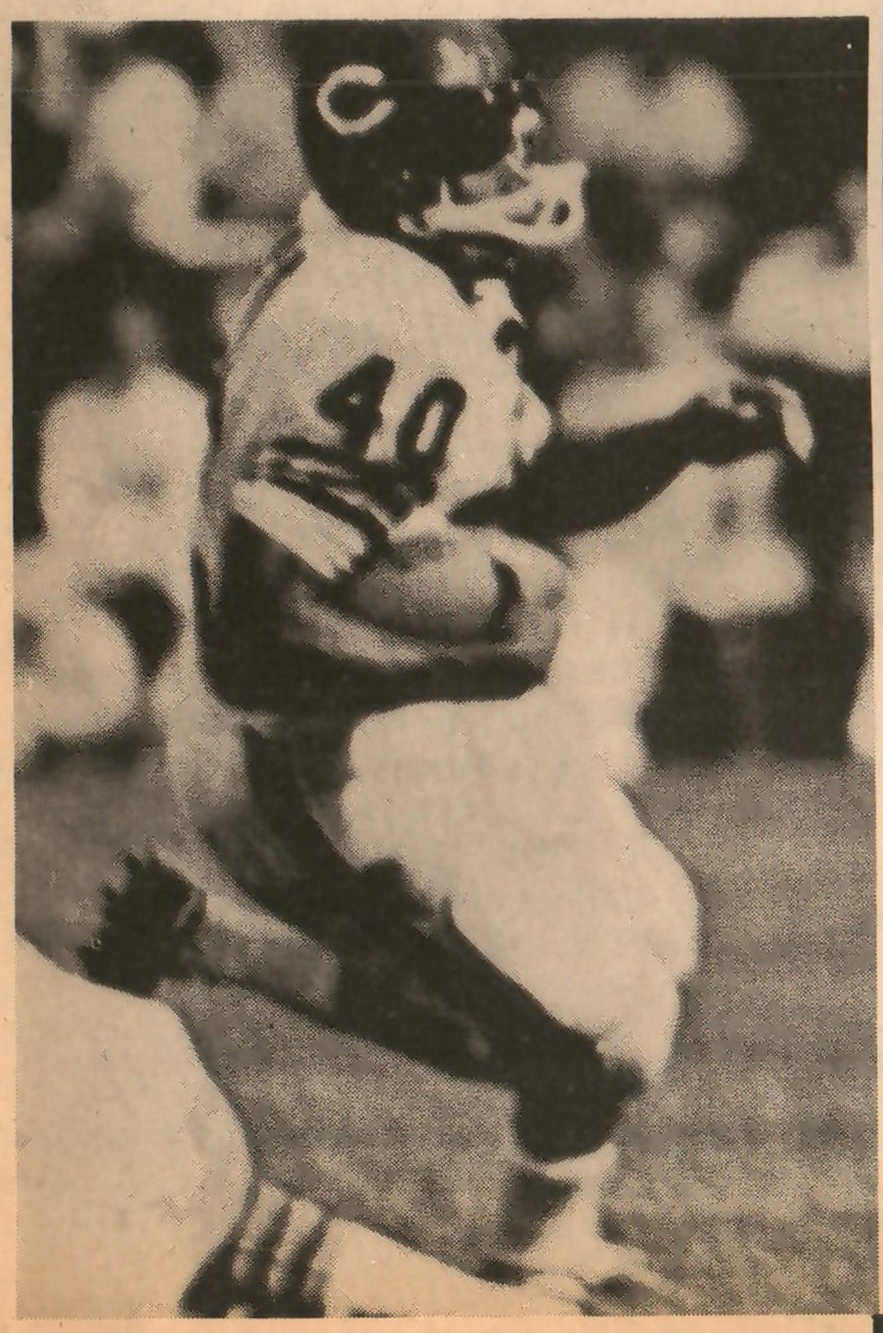

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WHAT'S HAPPENING, BABY

(Continued from Page 6)

Eddie Graham returned to New York rings after an almost five-year absence by battling Baron Scicluna to a draw. The large Madison Square Garden crowd remembered Eddie well from the old days and gave him a rousing ovation—a well deserved ovation.

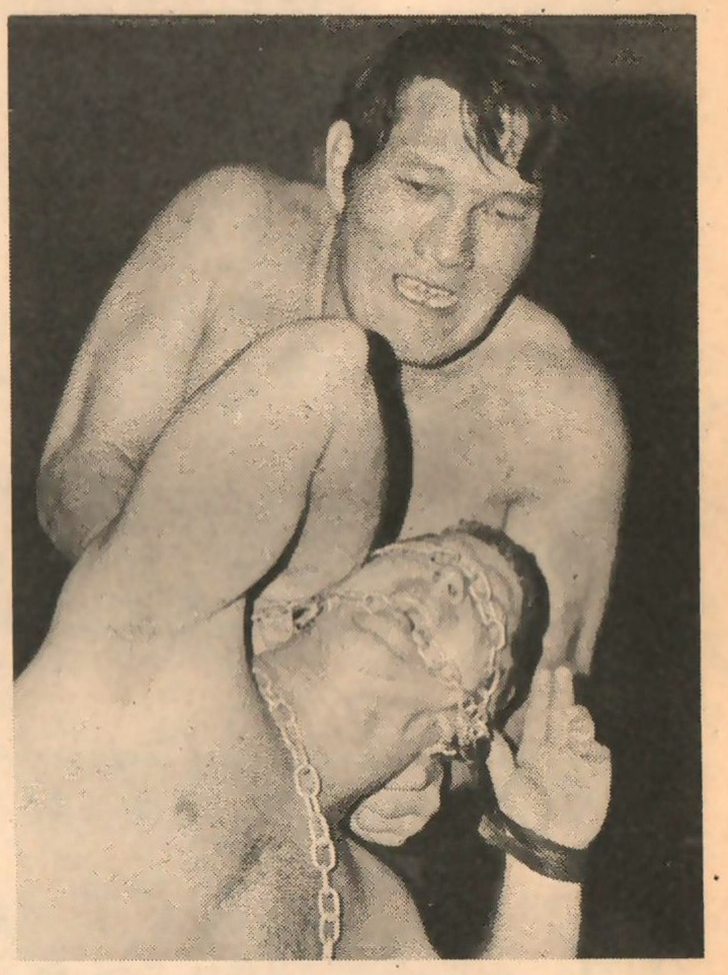
Speaking of New York wrestling, the 17,232 fans who paid $66,486 into the Garden box office were stunned when Bruno Sammartino failed to return to the ring in time and was declared the loser in his bout with 300-pound Bepo Mongol. But a few weeks later, the champ roared back to flatten Mongol.

Champion Bruno Sammartino, still the great idol, still unbeatable in return bouts.

Thunderbolt Patterson hams it up while being introduced before recent match in Florida. He gave Dory Funk Jr. one of his toughest battles.

Did you know that Taro Tanaka was aboard a hijacked airplane recently, and that the stewardess asked Taro if he could get the gun away from the hijacker? The famous wrestler said he could and would. But after thinking it over, he decided against trying because he feared a wild shot might hit a passenger. "I could have got that nut's gun," Tanaka said later. "No sweat. But with so many people around, well, it wasn't worth the risk."

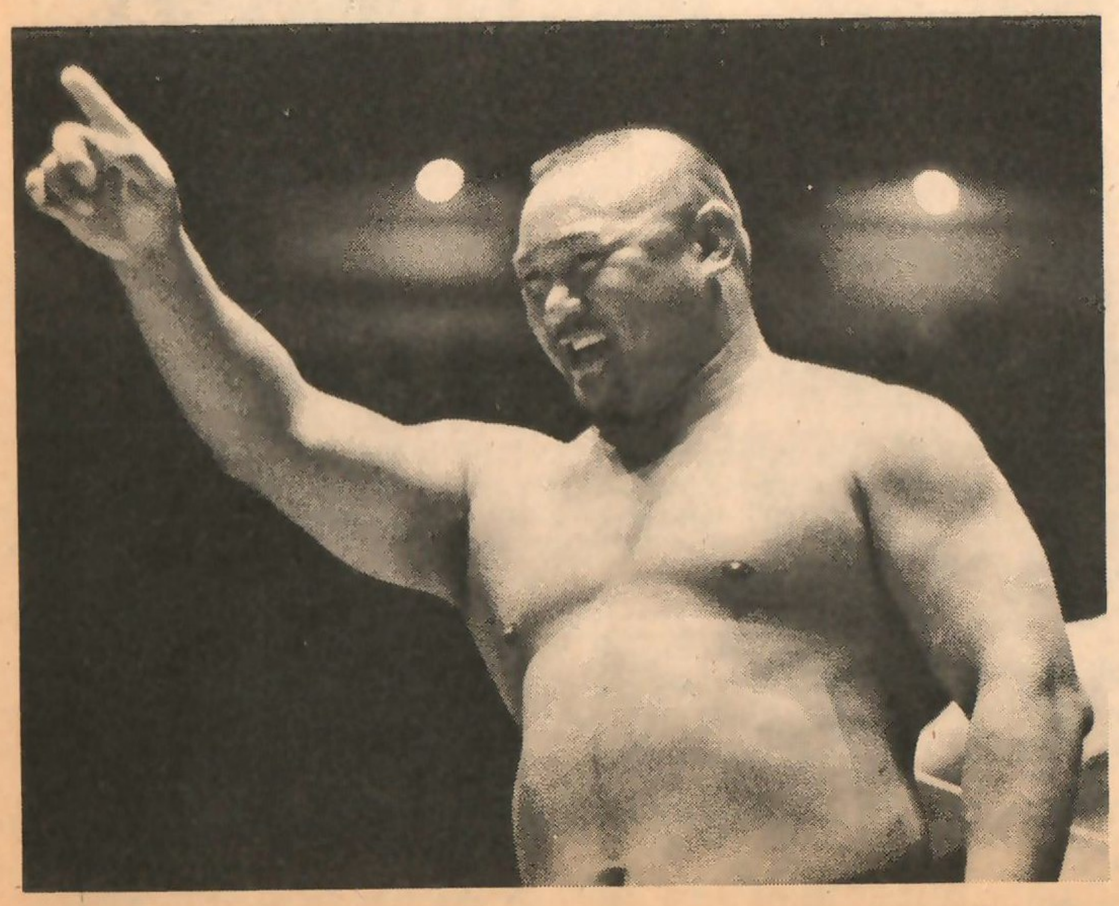
Thunderbolt Patterson gave Dory Funk, Jr. one of his toughest matches to date at Orlando, Fla... The Vancouver (Canada) Athletic Commission suspended "Maniac" Brown one week for striking a fan. Brown is co-holder of the Canadian tag team title with Johnny Quinn



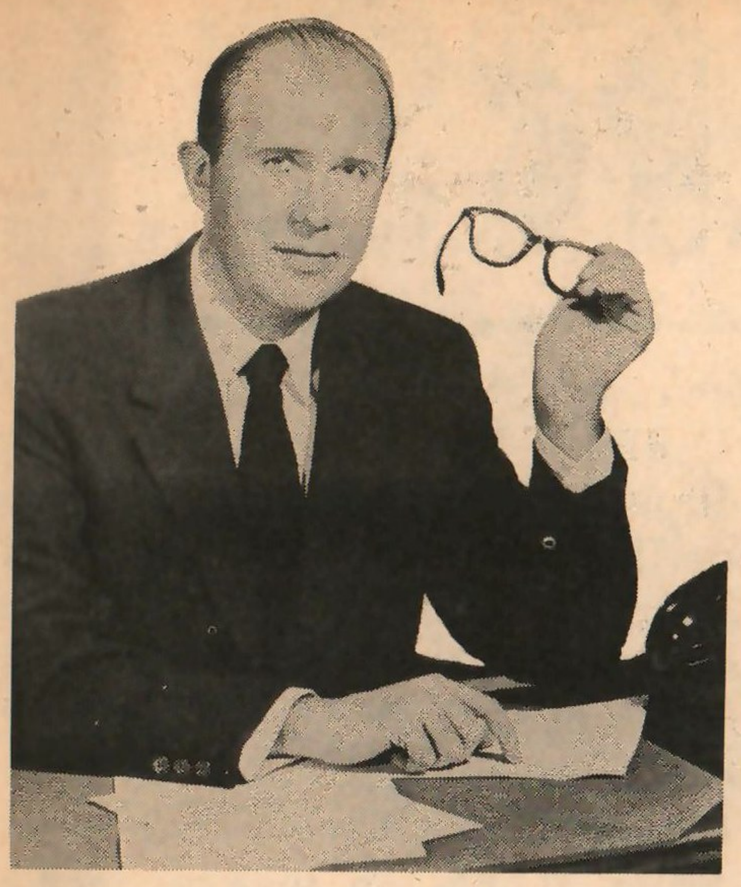
Giant Korean Pak Song at work. He is called best Oriental wrestler in U.S.

..Pak Song, the giant Korean, is being called the best Oriental wrestler ever to compete in U.S. rings. Song is currently centering his activities in Texas rings...Correspondent Robert Felton reports that Chief White Owl extended his winning streak in Indian Death matches to a whopping 137 in a row. His 137th victim, ferocious Bulldog Brower, was far from a soft touch. The bout took place at Akron, Ohio.

So many of you fans have been asking how to get back issues of The Wrestler and Inside Wrestling. Please see the full page back issue ad published in every issue. It gives full details. □



Taro Tanaka had an opportunity to be a national hero when he was on hijacked plane. But he decided not to take any action because he feared a stray bullet from the hijacker's gun would kill or wound a passenger.



Don Bolander says: "Now you can learn to speak and write like a college graduate."

Is Your English Holding You Back?

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English,*" says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. For almost twenty years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes.*

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question: **What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?**

Answer: People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence—handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question: **What do you mean by a "command of good English"?**

Answer: A command of good English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question: **Are there other advantages to be gained by acquiring a command of good English?**

Answer: Yes! Words are actually "tools of thought." The more you learn about words and how to use them to form and express your ideas, the better your *thinking* becomes. For this reason a command of good English often pays off in unexpected ways.

Question: **Wouldn't I have to go back to school to gain a command of good English?**

Answer: No, not anymore. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home—in only a few minutes each day.

Question: **Is this something new?**

Answer: Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question: **How do I know it works?**

Answer: There are thousands of letters in my files, testimonials from people in all walks of life who have used the proved Career Institute Method to achieve amazing results. If you send in the coupon below, I will share some of these letters with you.

Question: **Who are some of these people?**

Answer: The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method has helped business men and women, homemakers, industrial workers, clerks, secretaries . . . almost anyone you can think of.

Question: **How long will it take me to learn to speak and write like a college graduate, using your method?**

Answer: Some people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question: **How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?**

Answer: I will gladly mail you a free 32-page booklet which explains the new easy-to-follow Career Institute Method and tells you how you can gain a command of good English quickly and enjoyably at home. Send coupon, card, or letter today to Career Institute, Dept. **2208**, , 555 E. Lange St., Mundelein, Ill. 60060.

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YOUR LETTERS

KINISKI-VALENTINE; HERE'S HOW IT REALLY WAS...

I thought your article, "This is Your Life, Johnny Valentine," (Aug/70 Inside Wrestling) was simply terrific. However, I wish to call your attention to what I believe was a technical error in the article. The incident concerns the title bout between Gene Kiniski and Valentine at Toronto some years ago. I was at ringside in Maple Leaf Gardens that night and this is what really happened:

After 45 minutes of savage brawling, with Valentine taking most of the punishment, they wound up slugging each other all over the floor—outside the ring! When the referee tried to break them apart, a stray punch knocked him unconscious. Valentine then forced Kiniski back into the ring and got the champion in an abdominal stretch. As Johnny increased the pressure, Kiniski's strength began to wane and he was ready to give up. But, damn it, there was no referee around to officially accept his surrender.

At that point, some excited fans actually picked up the unconscious referee and shoved him into the ring. But he was useless and when Valentine realized he was wasting his strength and time, he released Kiniski and allowed him to slide to the floor.

A fan leaped into the ring and joyously lifted Johnny's hand as the great crowd of 15,000 cheered wildly. But it was meaningless. A new referee was appointed by officials and the match continued after a long intermission during which Kiniski recovered his senses.

When the bout passed the hour mark, Valentine tried one of his famous elbow smashes. It missed Kiniski's head and Johnny's elbow crashed into the mat, slicing open a deep gash. The loss of blood weakened Johnny and he was soon pinned. What rotten luck. But that's exactly what happened.

ALEX MASUR
Toronto, Canada

OUTLAWS MAKE HIM "BAD GUY" FAN

I have never been what you could call a "Bad Guy" supporter. In fact, I have always bitterly disapproved of the tactics used by men like The Sheik, Bull Curry and Turo Tanaka. But all that changed the first time I saw a new tag team called "The Outlaws." They come from Texas, where, I understand, wrestling is really wild. And they sure lived up to their reputation. The Outlaws are really Dick Murdock and Dusty Rhodes, and despite the methods they use, they are the most exciting team I have ever seen. The Outlaws have even won the respect of some of their "Good Guy" fellow wrestlers. Bobo Brazil, Haystack Calhoun and Fred Curry have all publicly expressed their admiration for The Outlaws.

If I had to sum up what I think about this fabulous new team, I would put it this way: They have the strength of Sammartino, the cunning of Lou Thesz and the marvelous timing of Buddy Rogers.

I look forward to a feature article on The Outlaws in one of your great magazines.

BILL McDONALD
Detroit, Michigan

WHEREVER YOU ARE, MR. BRISCO...

I was thrilled by your article about Jack Brisco, "Meet the Incredible Mr. Brisco (Oct/70 Inside Wrestling). It was terrific. And I'm speaking not only for myself but for all the thousands and thousands of Brisco fans. I realize you can't keep publishing articles about the same wrestlers all the time because there are so many of them. But I do wish you would have a follow-up article about Jack as soon as possible.

Your two articles, "This is Your Life, Johnny Valentine," and "This is Your Life, Bruno Sammartino," were also great. In fact, they were the most touching articles I have ever read. Perhaps you will consider doing "This is Your Life, Jack Brisco."

Jack hasn't been wrestling in this area recently, so I'd like to say, Mr. Brisco, wherever you are, all of us here in Georgia are anxiously awaiting your return. We're also patiently waiting for you to take Dory Funk's title.

JEANNIE HARRELL
Valdosta, Ga.

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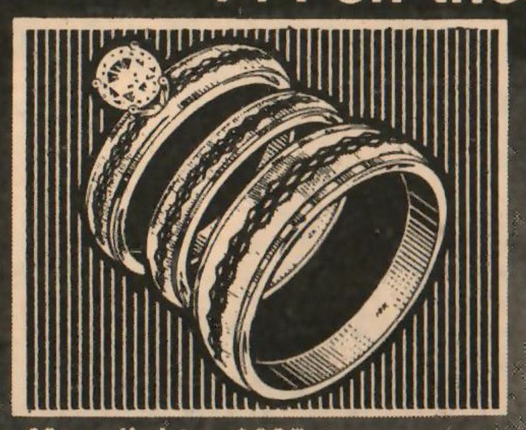

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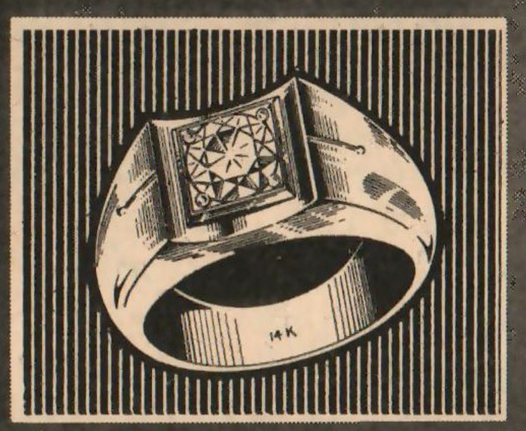

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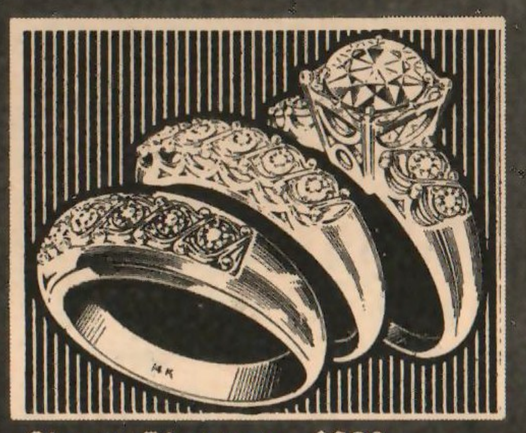

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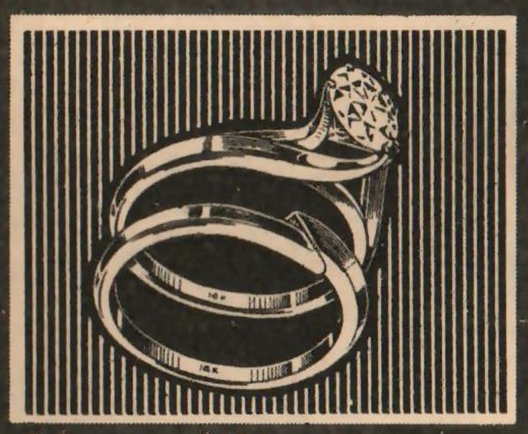

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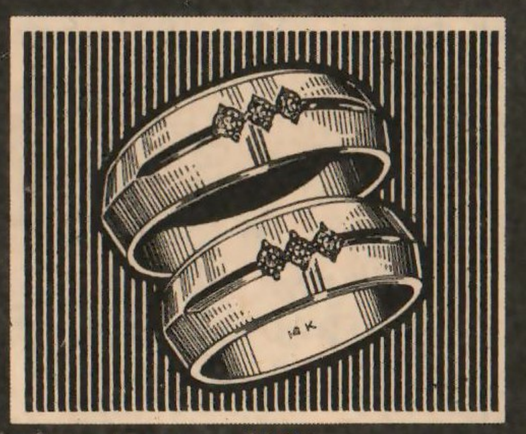

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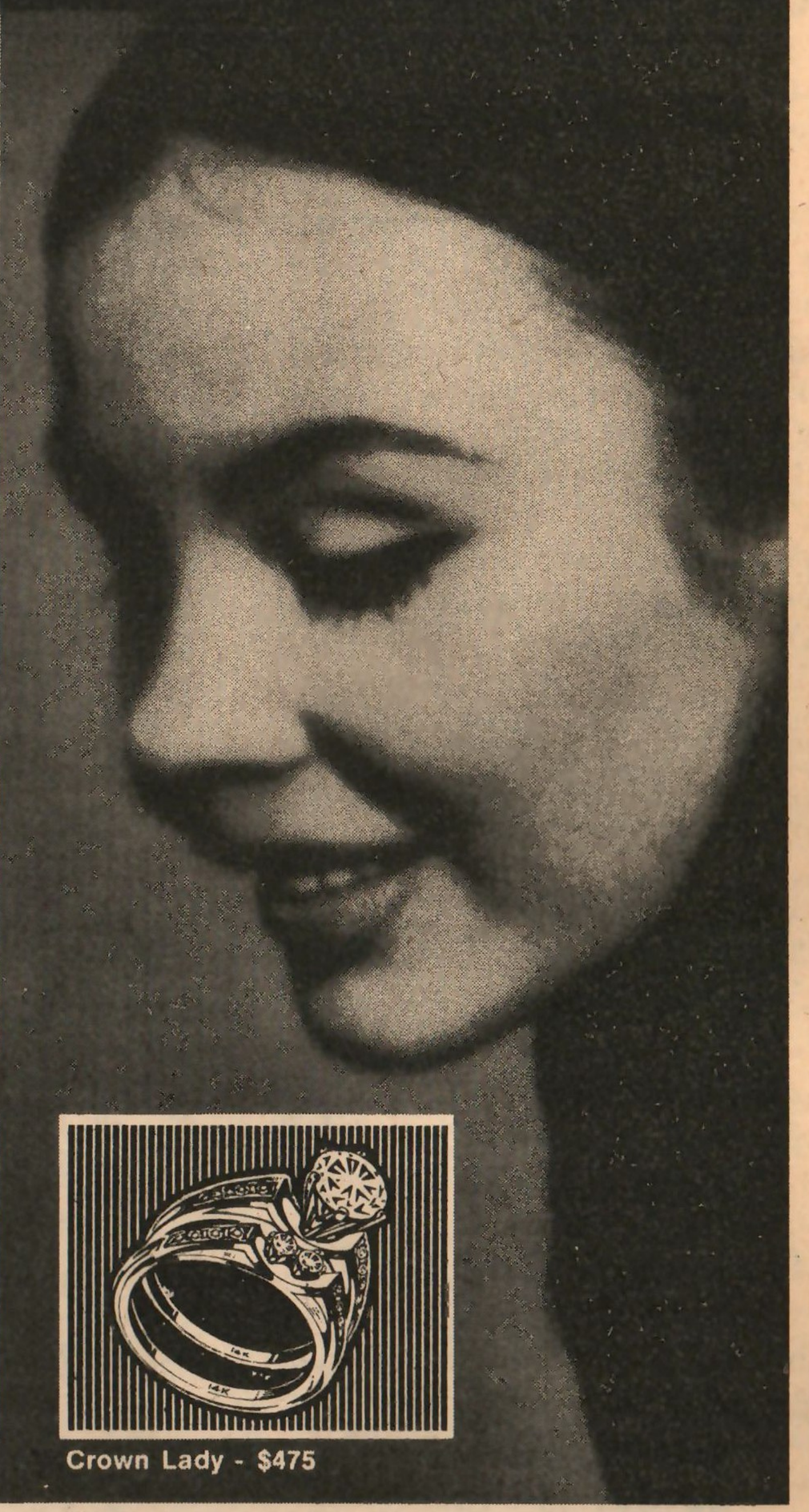

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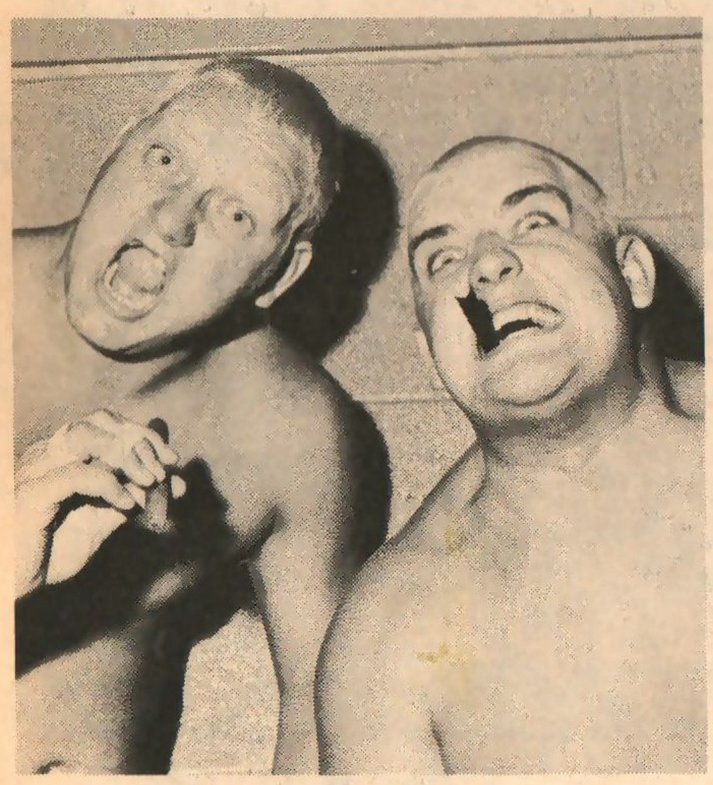
REPORTS FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

FLORIDA WRESTLING
By Tom Goode

THE OUTLAWS, Dick Murdock and Dusty Rhodes, are the hottest tag team to invade Florida in years. In fact, during their first week of action in this part of the country, they gra bed the state championship from Jose Lothario and Argentine Apollo. The Outlaws followed quickly with another surprising victory, this one over Lothario and Dory Funk Sr. But they were finally stopped by the father and son team of Dory and Terry Funk.



The Outlaws, Dick Murdock and Dusty Rhodes, a hot team.

While on the subject of Jose Lothario, the popular Mexican ace is still the Brass-Knuckles king, having defended his crown against such well known challengers as Dale Lewis, Thunderbolt Patterson and El Lobo.

Dale Lewis teamed up with his old foe Thunderbolt Patterson against The Outlaws, but they failed in their attempt to take the title.

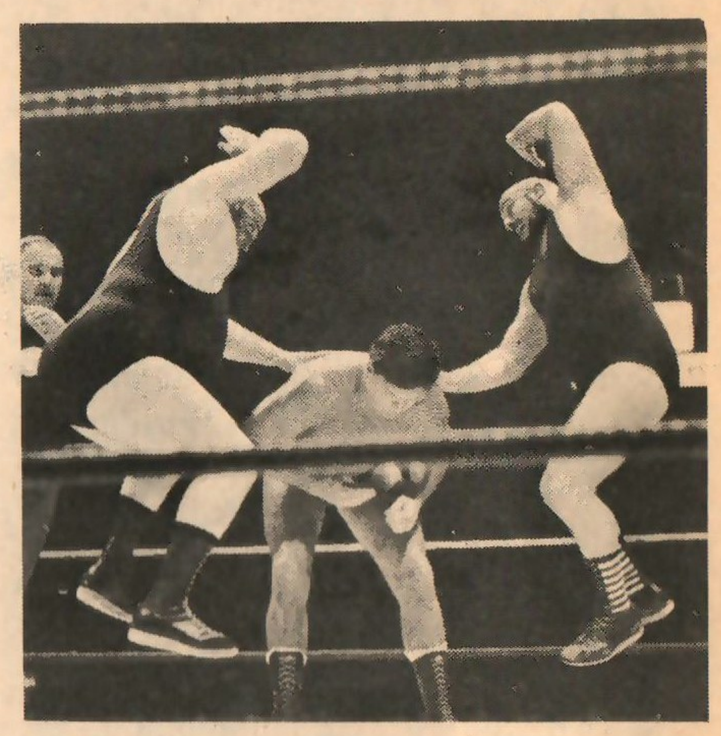
The Kentuckian wound up the winner of a 5-man Battle Royal, edging out Dale Lewis, Danny Miller, Mr. Saito and Ali Baba. Hiro Matsuda held the Great Mephisto to a draw, Jack Brisco topped Ronnie Garvin and Tarzan Tyler won by disqualification over Dale Lewis.

Ella Waldek successfully defended her state title twice—against Sherri Lee and Bonnie Watson . . . Dazzling Jack Brisco looked more dazzling than ever while retaining his Florida state crown against the Great Mephisto . . . El Lobo was exposed on a recent television show as Jim Wolfe.

NEBRASKA MAT NEWS
By Jaye L. Huey

USING HIS FAMOUS purely scientific style, Reggie Parks pinned Frank Hester in exactly 19 minutes on the big show at Omaha's Civic Auditorium. In other bouts: Pepper Gomez edged Blackjack Lanza after a brutal 10 1/2 minutes of warfare . . . Fabulous Red Bastien dropped Stan "Krusher" Kowalski. And in the big main event of the evening, with the AWA's world's tag team championship hanging in the balance, Mad Dog and Butcher Vachon won a two-out-of-three-fall bloodbath from big Tex McKenzie and Stan "Plow Boy" Frazier. The thrilling battle lasted 45:58. The referee was the immortal Ernie Dusek.

Other recent results in the Omaha area: Tarzan Tyler edged Stan Frazier; Tex McKenzie topped Frank Hickey; The Viking drew with Tito Kopa; Red Bastien and Pepper Gomez won by disqualification



The notorious Vachons, Mad Dog and Butcher, still champs.

over the Vachons (since a title can't change hands on a disqualification, the Vachons retained their title).

IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA
By Larry Barnhizer and Joe Pottgisser

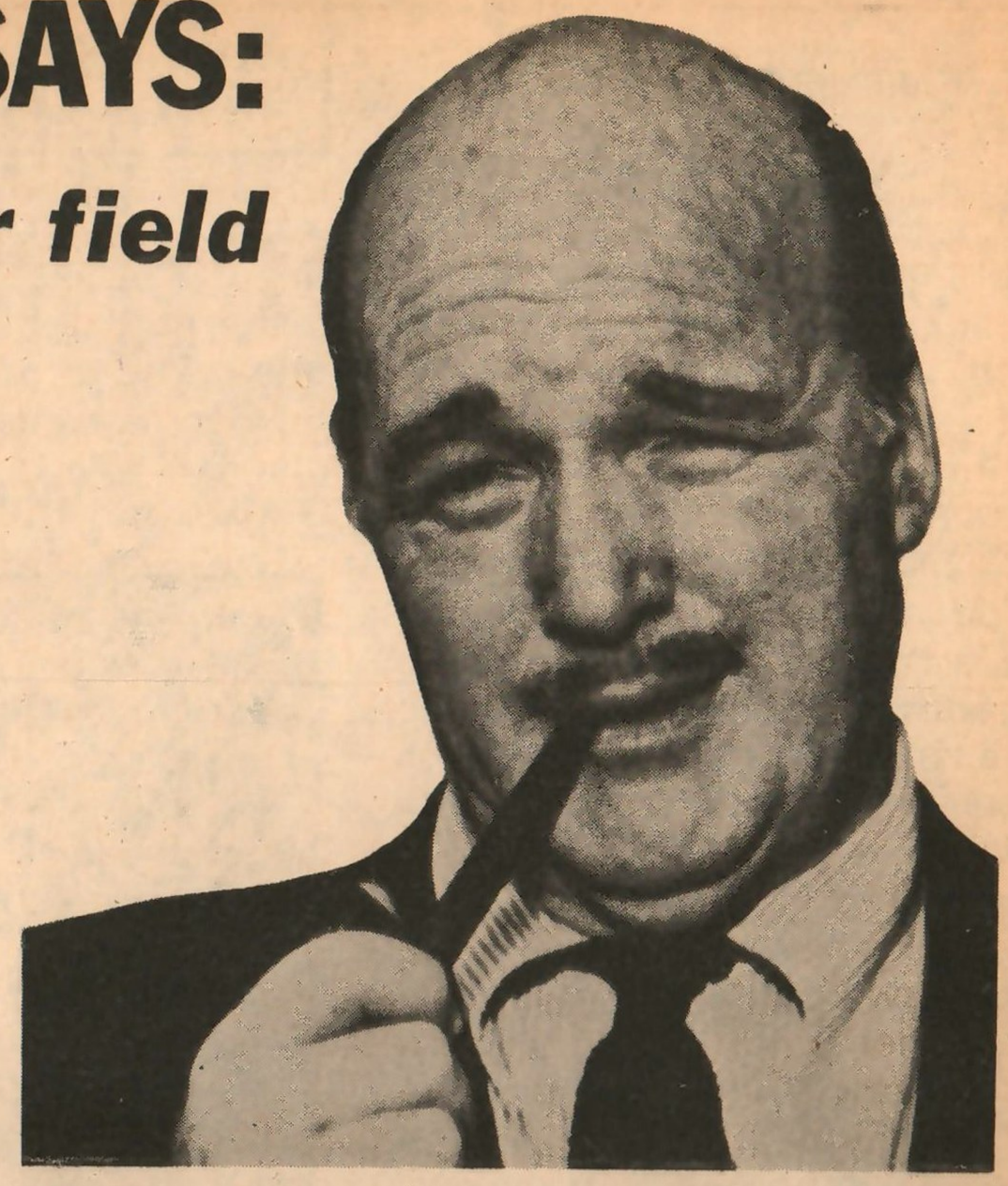
Ray Stevens, victim in highly controversial bloodbath.

Pat Patterson won the U.S. title from Ray Stevens at Sacramento in a highly controversial bout. With the bout even at one fall apiece, Patterson was thrown out of the ring, where he slipped a sharp object under his mask. As soon

(Continued on page 14)

TOM McCAHILL SAYS:

"The appliance repair field is so uncrowded it's almost lonely!"



Someone once said that if you build a better mousetrap, the world will beat a path to your door. In the home appliance business, a lot of enterprising companies have gotten rich peddling a long list of handy electrical gadgets for the home. The trouble is, the dozen or more appliances in the average American home can go on the fritz, and men with the proper training to do repairs are as scarce as knee-length skirts on teen-agers.

Good Appliance Repairmen are a rare breed these days. Those with a little ambition are booked so solidly you can wait days to get somebody to fix a balky refrigerator or cantankerous toaster. Sometimes, you have to settle for a bum job from a guy who had no business calling himself an Appliance Repairman in the first place.

This brings me to my point. If you want to make money in a field that's begging for trained technicians, there's a fine, low-cost home-study plan available that teaches you how to handle every type of Appliance repair in detail — including refrigeration, air conditioners, and even small gas engines. The course was prepared by the instructors at National Radio Institute. This is the oldest and largest home-study school in the Electronics/Electrical fields with more than fifty years' experience training men like yourself for new careers or spare-time or full-time businesses of their own.

A few years ago, NRI recognized the increasing demand for trained Appliance Repairmen. They set about preparing well-illustrated, easy-to-understand lessons that teach you how to repair home, commercial and farm Appliances. NRI even added a professional Appliance Tester that's included in their low tuition. With the Tester and a few basic tools you probably already have, you're equipped to service most Electrical Appliances. If you aren't making $5 to $7 an hour in spare time fixing Appliances for friends and neighbors within a few months after enrolling, my name isn't McCahill.

The reason I'm no doubting Thomas, is because the staff at NRI is composed of experienced instructors who guide you through the course with more personal attention than you'd get in many classrooms. With the kind of help they give a student and the kind of course they have, you can be the man in demand in this field — even if you've never rewired a plug, or got fed up with school at the 9th grade.

The best advice I can give you is to clip the coupon below and send for the NRI Appliance Training Catalog. It's free, and there's no obligation. NRI doesn't employ salesmen, so nobody will be knocking at your door. All it will cost you is a postage stamp. Take it from Uncle Tom, the Appliance Repair field needs good men. Now.

Tom McCahill

Tom McCahill

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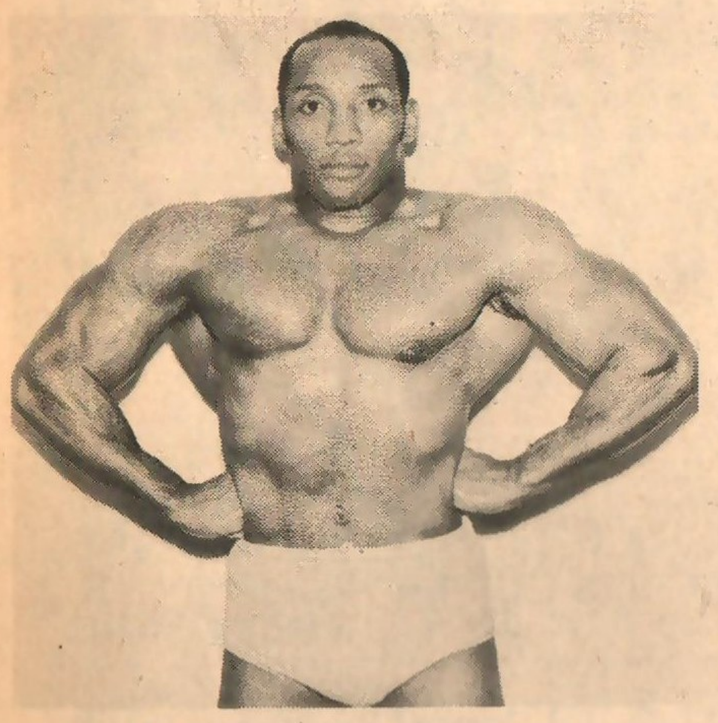
(Continued from Page 12)

as he returned to the ring, he started a savage butting and jabbing (with the sharp object) attack which hammered Ray into unconsciousness. In a co-feature, Earl Maynard and Prince Maivia took two-out-of three-falls from Stan "Crusher" Stasiak and the Masked Gladiator.

At Stockton: Ray Stevens over Stan Stasiak; Ciclone Negro and Prince Maivia whipped the Great Pomparo and the Masked Gladiator; Bobby



Earl (Mr. America) Maynard, a big hit in the Golden State.

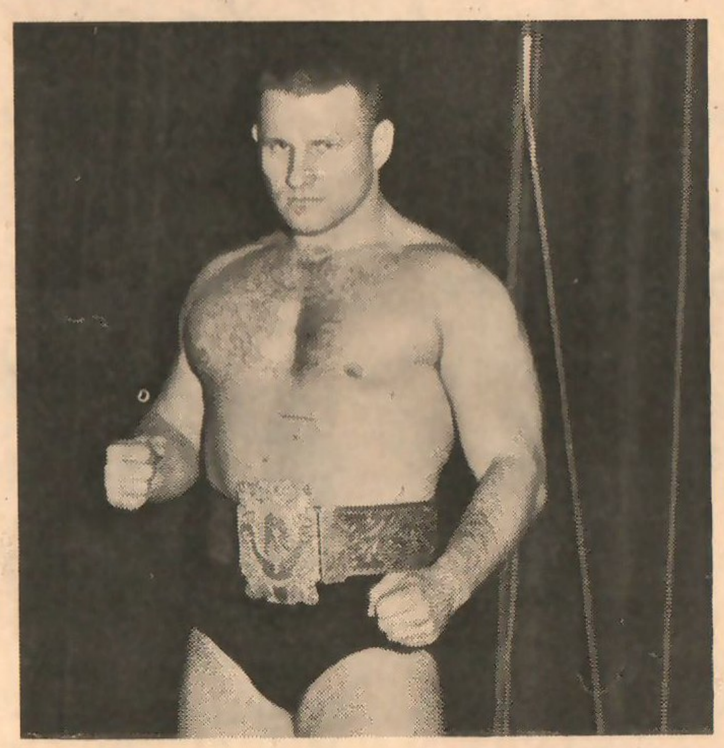
Nichols edged Paul DeMarco; Pat Patterson retained his U.S. crown by stopping popular Earl Maynard.

At Modesto: Ray Stevens and Prince Maivia were awarded the decision over Pat Patterson and Stan Stasiak when Patterson was cut so badly around the face he was unable to continue.

At San Jose: Pat Patterson was awarded another victory over his arch rival Ray Stevens when Ray was unable to continue after being kicked in the stomach. In other bouts: Angelo Puglasie defeated Rick Renaldo; Ciclone Negro over The Enforcer; Mighty Brutus whipped Kenny Ackles; Ray Stevens and Prince Maivia defeated Pat Patterson and Stan Stasiak.

ALONG THE GULF COAST
By Gerald McMullen

WALDO VON ERICH was fined $750 by the NWA for interfering in a bout at Meridian, Miss. The target of the powerful German's assault was popular Bill Watts. Luckily, Rene Goulet and Billy "Red" Lyons



Waldo Von Erich, his savagery almost exploded into a riot.

were watching the savagery from the rear of the arena and they rushed to Watts' aid, thus saving him from possible death.

Sputnick Monroe kept his promise: he trimmed down to a sleek 215 pounds and pulled one of the major upsets of the decade by defeating Danny Hodge for the world's junior heavyweight crown. How about that?

Bobby Whitlock topped the Blue Yankee. Whitlock is the Mississippi state champion.

TEXAS RASSLIN'
By Bill Woodall

AFTER THE WILD and bloody match at Fort Worth in which his Texas heavyweight title was on the line, Johnny Valentine admitted: "I can't ever remember having a tougher match than this one." The opponent who made it so tough for the great veteran was white-masked Mr. Wrestling. The bout, which started off in fast, clean style, suddenly broke wide open when Valentine couldn't resist using his forearm as a sledge hammer on Mr. Wrestling's head. Though dazed and reeling, the masked sensation somehow managed to survive 7:44 before Valentine pinned him. But Mr. Wrestling came back to take the second fall with a reverse cradle hold in 6:49. To the delight of the crowd, Valentine disqualified himself in the deciding fall after 8:09 of

Mr. Wrestling engaged in wild feud with Johnny Valentine.

roughhouse punch-swapping.

At Dallas: Bob Orton topped Mike "The Alaskan" York; Karl Kox was subdued by Wahoo McDaniel; Jesse James over Ronnie Hill; George Scott edged Lord Montague; Johnny Valentine was dropped by sensational Mil Mascaras; Bull Curry won over Boris Malenko.

At Fort Worth: Jim Pesek whipped Joe Blanchard; Bob Orton used a cradle hold to pin Mike York; Jack Sanders was hammered to defeat by newcomer Oki Shikima; George Scott and Killer Kowalski went to a wild 15 minute draw; George Scott pinned Karl Kox; Boris Malenko and Killer Kowalski teamed up to whip Bull Curry and Bob Orton.

(Continued on page 64)

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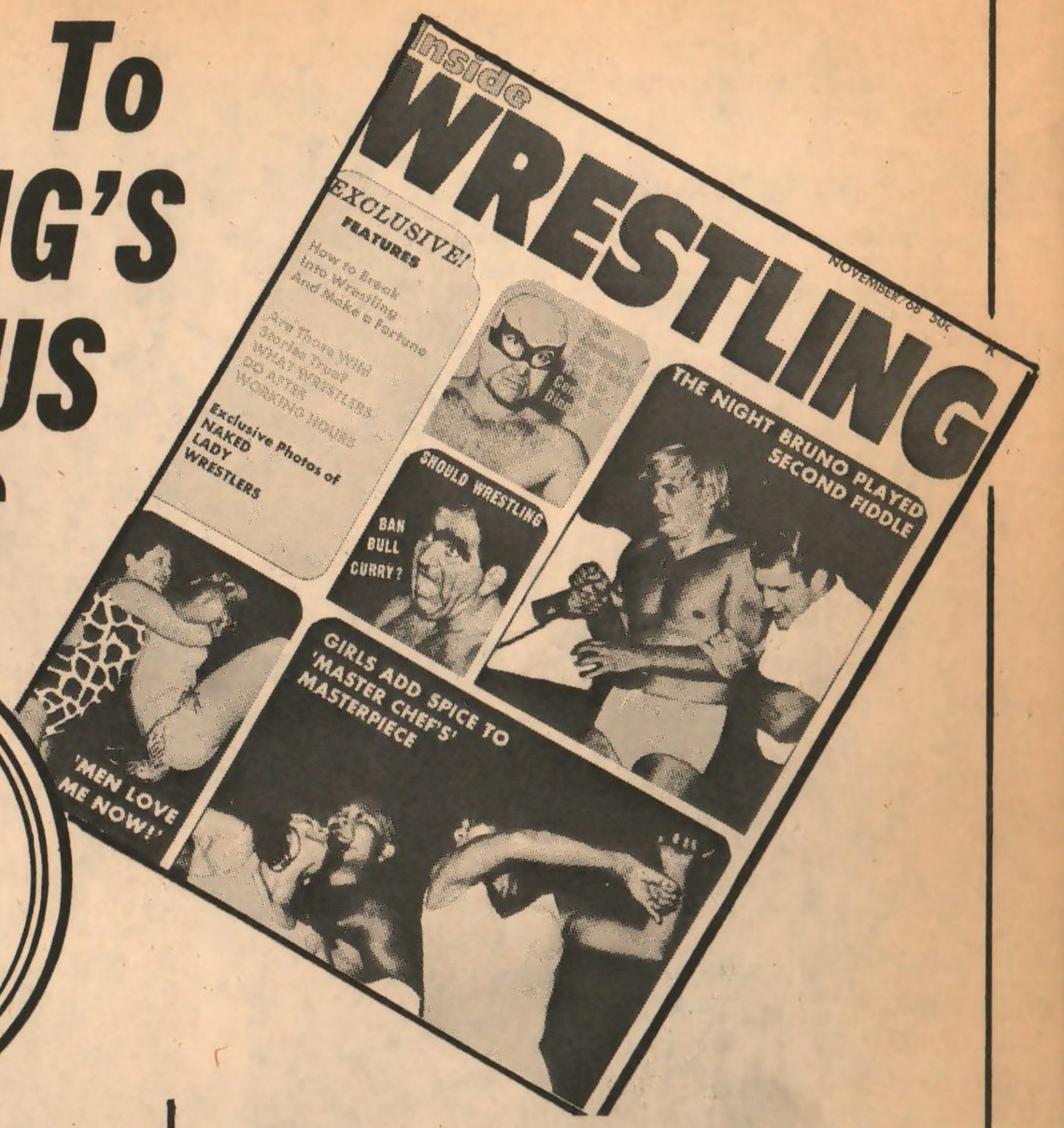

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BEAUTIFUL SHARON JOY

STEAM-ROLLING TOWARDS THE CHAMPIONSHIP

ASK ANYBODY WHO is in a position to know whom they think the next girl wrestling champion will be and the almost unanimous answer will be, "Sharon Joy."

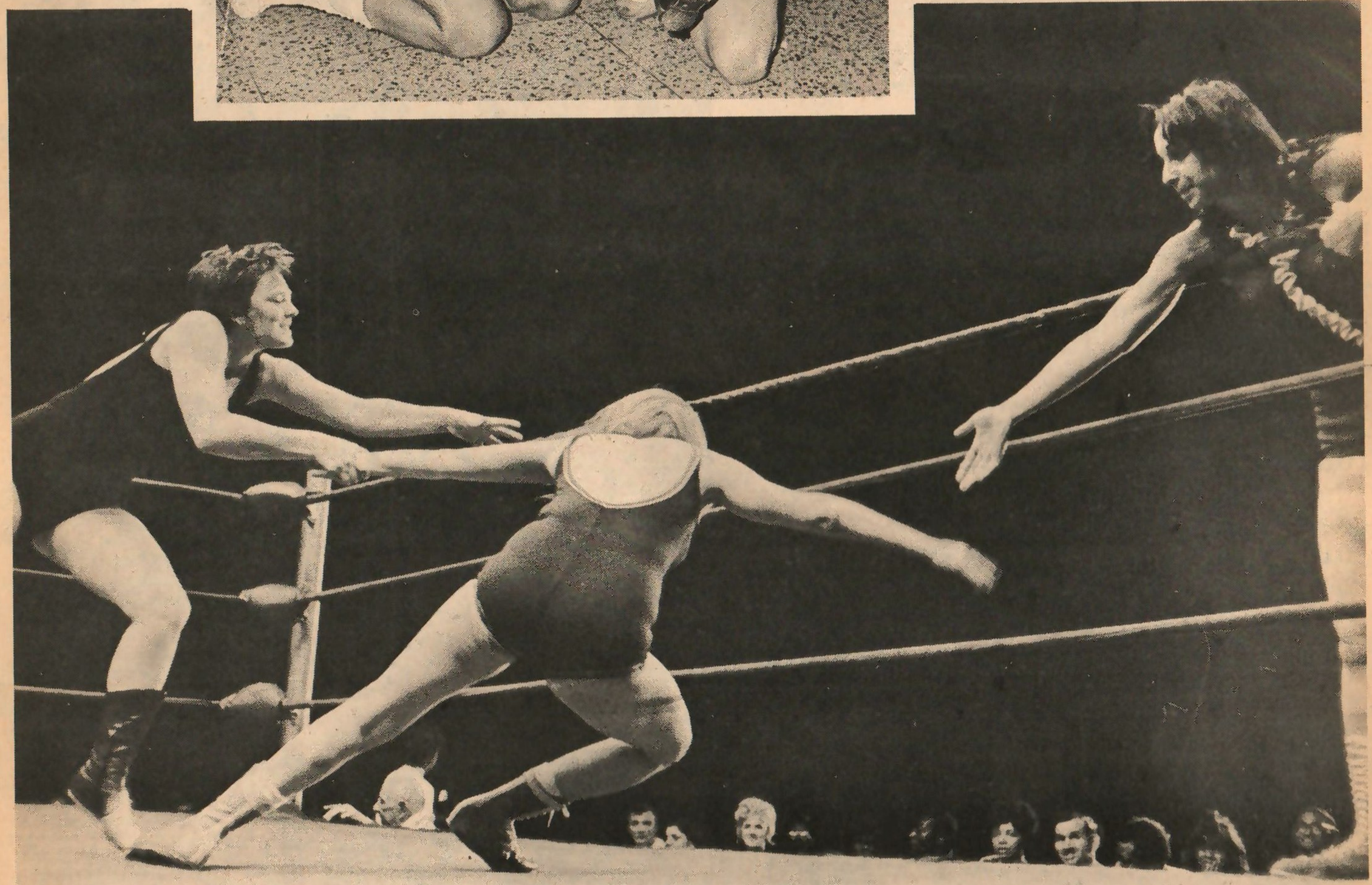
It is a surprising answer when you consider that the honey blonde, with all the curves in the right places, hasn't been wrestling very long. In fact, most of the other contenders for the championship consider her a novice.

"Why she's not even dry behind the ears!" snapped the leading title contender, Toni Rose.

And what does the champion herself think? Fabulous Moolah puts it this way: "Sharon has a lot of ability and a lot of spirit. Everytime she gets into the ring she's what we in the business call, 'All fired up.' And you have to be fired up all the time if you expect to make it big in pro wrestling. It's the difference between champions

Rarely has a girl wrestler made as much progress in so short a time as the shapely blonde with the soulful eyes. And experts predict: "You ain't seen nothing yet!"

Before going into the ring, Sharon (right) and her tag team partner, Donna Christentello, bring some cheer to a handicapped youngster. Both girls seemed to enjoy themselves as much as the child. "He's adorable," Sharon said.



Sharon tries desperately to tag Donna while Paula Kaye (left) does her best to keep her from making contact. Soon after picture was taken, Kaye's partner, Rita Boucher, moved into the ring to help, and that brought Donna racing to aid the stricken Sharon.

and also-rans."

Donna Christantello, a top contender who has wrestled as Sharon's tag team partner several times, has tremendous respect for the young sensation. "Sharon will go all the way," Donna recently predicted. "I say that because I'm in a position to know as well as anybody, having been her partner I understand the way she lives and thinks and her ambitions. She's got everything going for her—strength, natural ability, quickness of mind, will-to-win and guts." Donna paused, then added, "You can't possibly make it without guts. A girl has to have the guts to pick herself up off the floor again and again in a bout and still have what it takes to go on and win."

After a recent bout in Washington, D.C., one of our reporters interviewed Sharon in her motel room. The interview went this way:

Q—Sharon, there has been a great deal of speculation about you and your wrestling career; you know, things like you're a sure bet to become champion; you're the most

beautiful girl wrestler of all time; that you'll be the girl who finally breaks down the barriers against girl wrestling in every state, New York included. I'd like your comments on those statements.

A—What you say is very, very flattering. I only hope I don't let down the people who said those nice things. But to be specific, I don't consider myself anywhere near being champion of the world. Not yet. Why I can name a dozen girls whom I consider a lot better in the ring than me. Yes, it is true they have far more experience than I do, but even then, I'd consider myself fortunate if, for example, I was as good as Toni Rose or Donna when at that stage of my career. There have been times when I hoped Toni would break her neck, but I only thought that in the heat of battle. I didn't mean it and I respect Rose for what she is—a truly great wrestler who gets terribly rough because she never wants to lose. I can't blame her for that. I never want to lose either. As for me being the wedge to break down the last barriers against girl wrestling, I don't know what to say except that I think it terribly unfair for us to be banned anyplace—particularly in great states like New York. I can't imagine on what the powers in New York base their rejection.

Q—You seem very emphatic about the banning of girl wrestling in certain states.

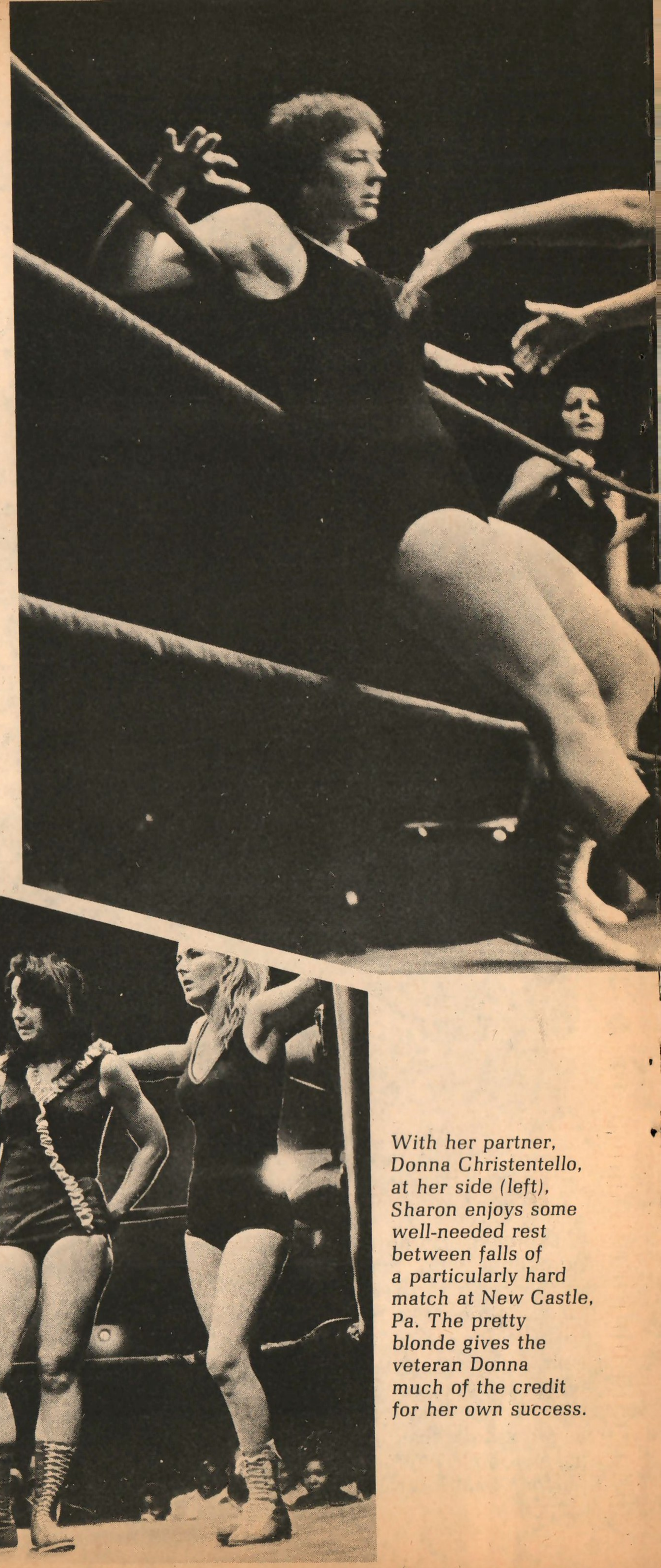
A—Yes, Very much so.

Q—You've been in the ring against the champion, Fabulous Moolah. Haven't you?

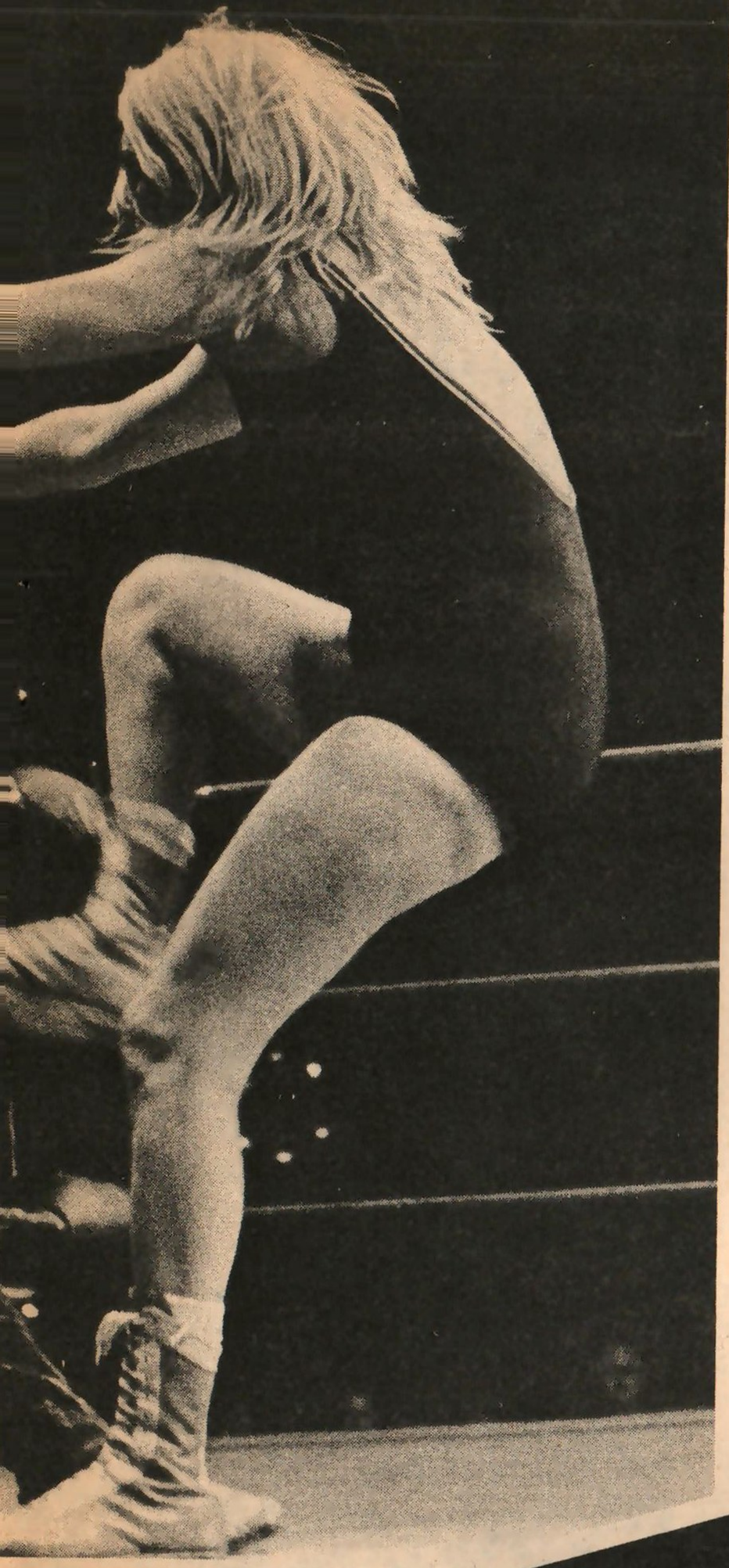
A—Yes. Several times.

Q—What is your opinion of her? I mean . . . is she as great as they say she is?

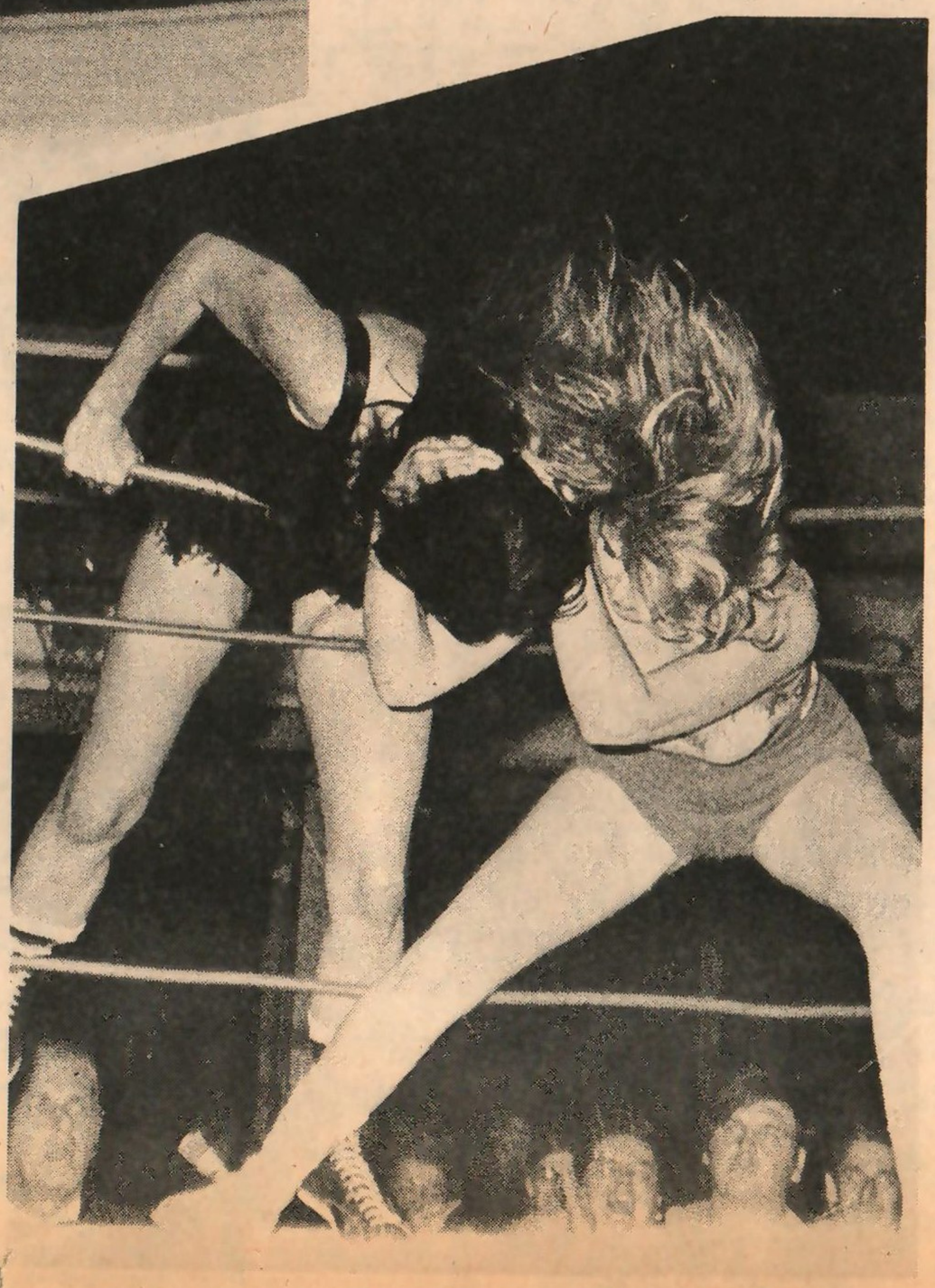
A—Yes. There's no ques-



With her partner, Donna Christentello, at her side (left), Sharon enjoys some well-needed rest between falls of a particularly hard match at New Castle, Pa. The pretty blonde gives the veteran Donna much of the credit for her own success.



Sharon is about to attack the seemingly frightened Paula Kaye by sticking her foot into Paula's stomach, grabbing her behind the head and then flipping her, in a complete somersault, across the ring, all to the delight of the big crowd.



Sharon's golden hair whirls around her face as she grabs Toni Rose's head and prepares to flip her off the apron and into the ring. The sizzling bout took place at E. Liverpool, Ohio. Rose, who has had some bitter bouts against Sharon, admits, "She has good ability."

tion about it. She's tremendous. A super athlete.

Q—If you wrestled Moolah tonight, let's say, how do you think you'd make out? Would you beat her?

A—You're putting me on the spot with that question. To be honest, I don't think it's a fair question.

Q—I'm sorry, Sharon, but I think it is an important question. A very important question and I would appreciate some kind of answer.

A—Well . . . I don't think I would beat her at this time. But I'm pretty sure she would have to call on all her strength and experience to beat me—if she did beat me. What I'm trying to say is that it would be a war and no matter which one of us won, she'd know she'd been in the toughest fight of her career. That's all I'm going to say on that question.

Q—But I'd like to go further about Moolah . . .

A—No! I said I'd have nothing more to say on that question. Now please, I ask you to understand my position. If you're going to keep pressing the question, I'm sorry, but that's the end of the interview.

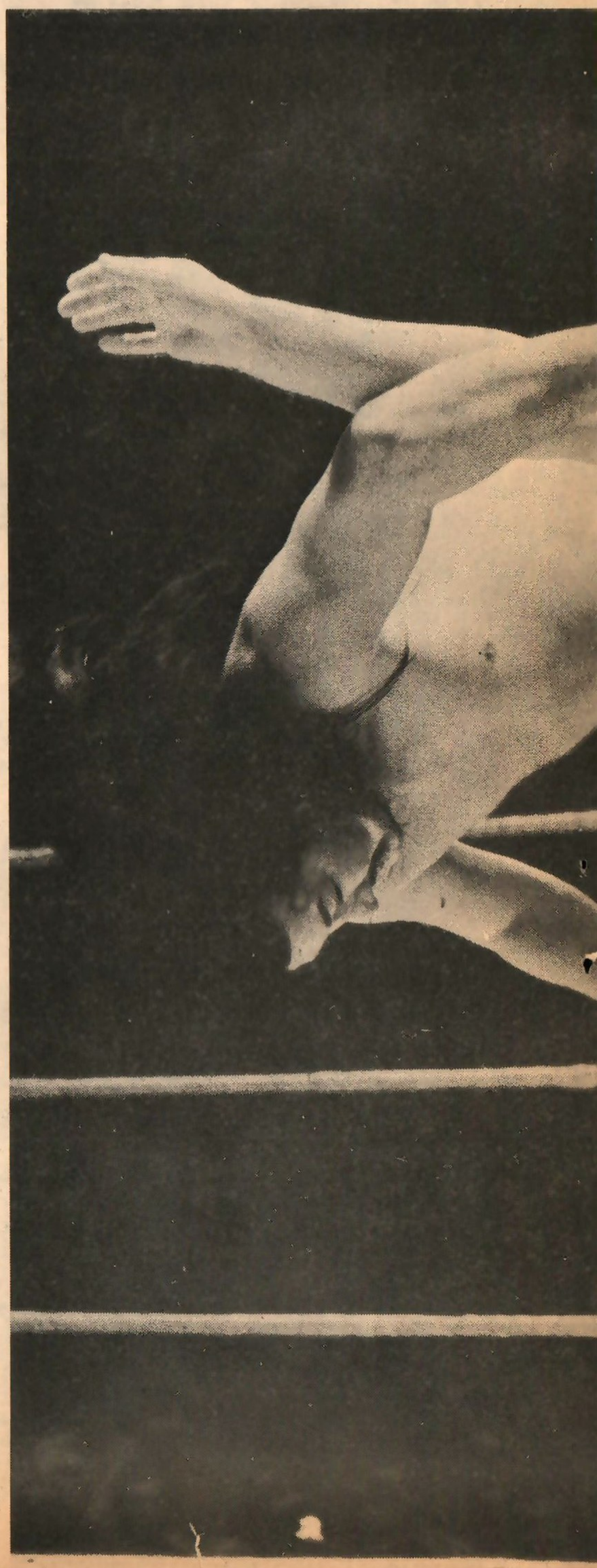
Q—I understand. I'm sorry. I was only trying to do my job. Let's go to something else. Boy friends, for instance. You must have thousands of them, Sharon.

A—Well, maybe not thousands, but enough. More than I can handle. Men these days seem to be attracted to athletic-types. And that, I believe, is a healthy sign, what with so many young people getting hung up in dope and just plain dropping out of society. I think there is a turn back toward the old Betty Co-ed-type of All-American girl. I hope people classify me that way. I believe

(Continued on page 62)

THE MYSTERY OF THE

Soon after he met that meek old man in Detroit, strange things began happening to Frankie Lane. The strength in his body almost doubled and he started to grow taller. Whatever the secret was for this astonishing transformation, it was locked in the battered black bag the man carried



THERE IS A LITTLE Italian restaurant four short blocks north of where the great Cobo Arena stands in downtown Detroit. Most of the wrestlers know about this restaurant and after the matches one can see many a famous face being stuffed with the specialty of the house, veal marsala.

Frankie Lane knows about the restaurant, and one cold winter night last year, he was sitting alone at a secluded table pecking away at a dish of oysters on the half shell. As he sank his fork into the last oyster on the dish, a man who must have been in his early 60's shyly walked up to Frankie and introduced himself.

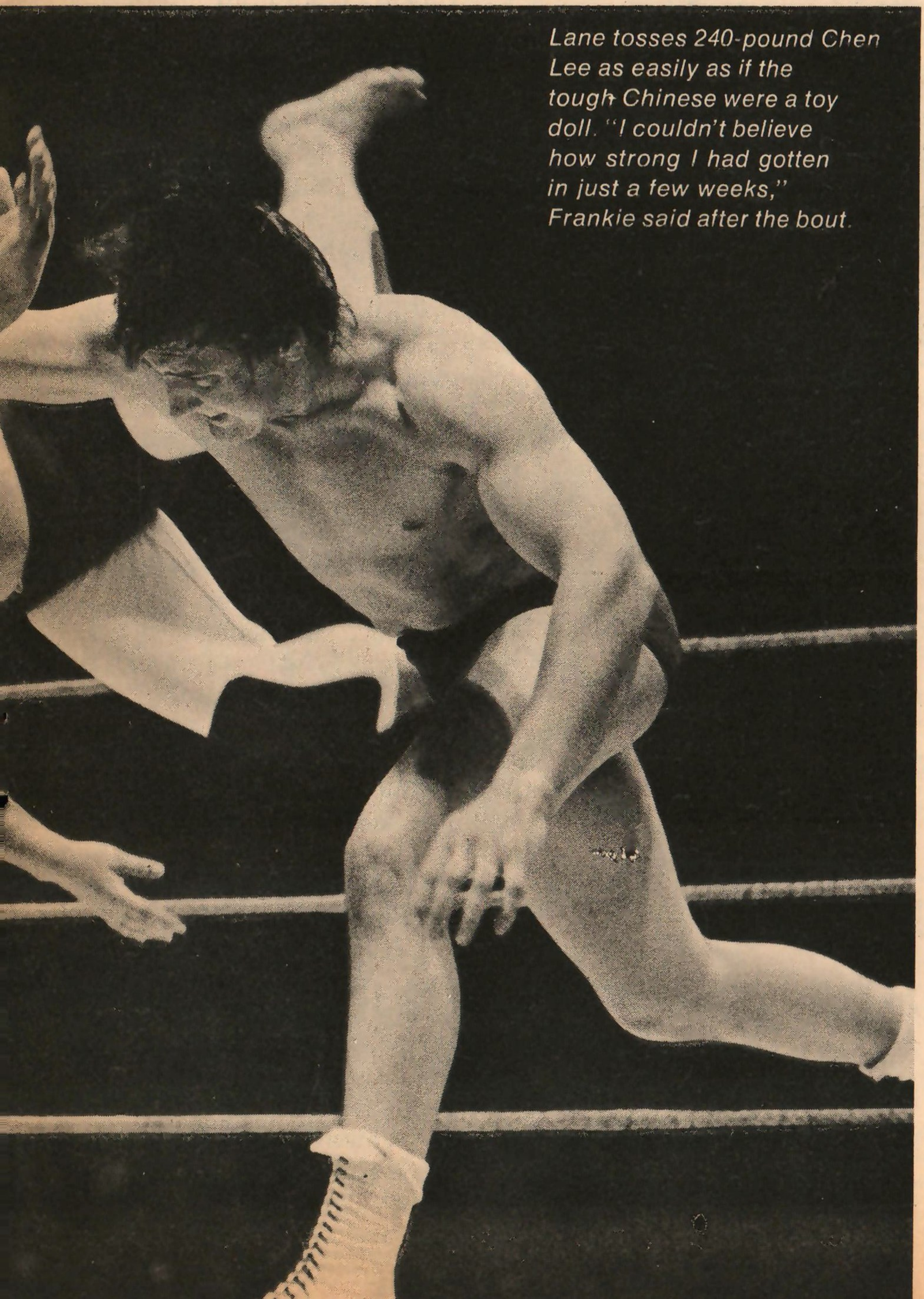
"Pardon me, Mr. Lane," the man said in a soft, polite voice that was laced with an Eastern European accent. "May I speak with you for a little while? I think I can be of service."

Frankie, who by now is used to being hailed by strangers, rose to his 6′2″ and smiled down at the man. "It would be my pleasure, sir," he said. "Can I buy you a drink? Or a dish of spaghetti, perhaps? They make superb spaghetti here."

The old man was startled by Lane's receptiveness and thrilled by his warmth and generos-

LITTLE BLACK BAG

Photographed by TONY LANZA



Lane tosses 240-pound Chen Lee as easily as if the tough Chinese were a toy doll. "I couldn't believe how strong I had gotten in just a few weeks," Frankie said after the bout.

ity. "I may have a small glass of wine, Mr. Lane. Just a small glass."

Lane ordered the wine, then looked inquisitively at the stranger. "Now, sir, what can I do for you?"

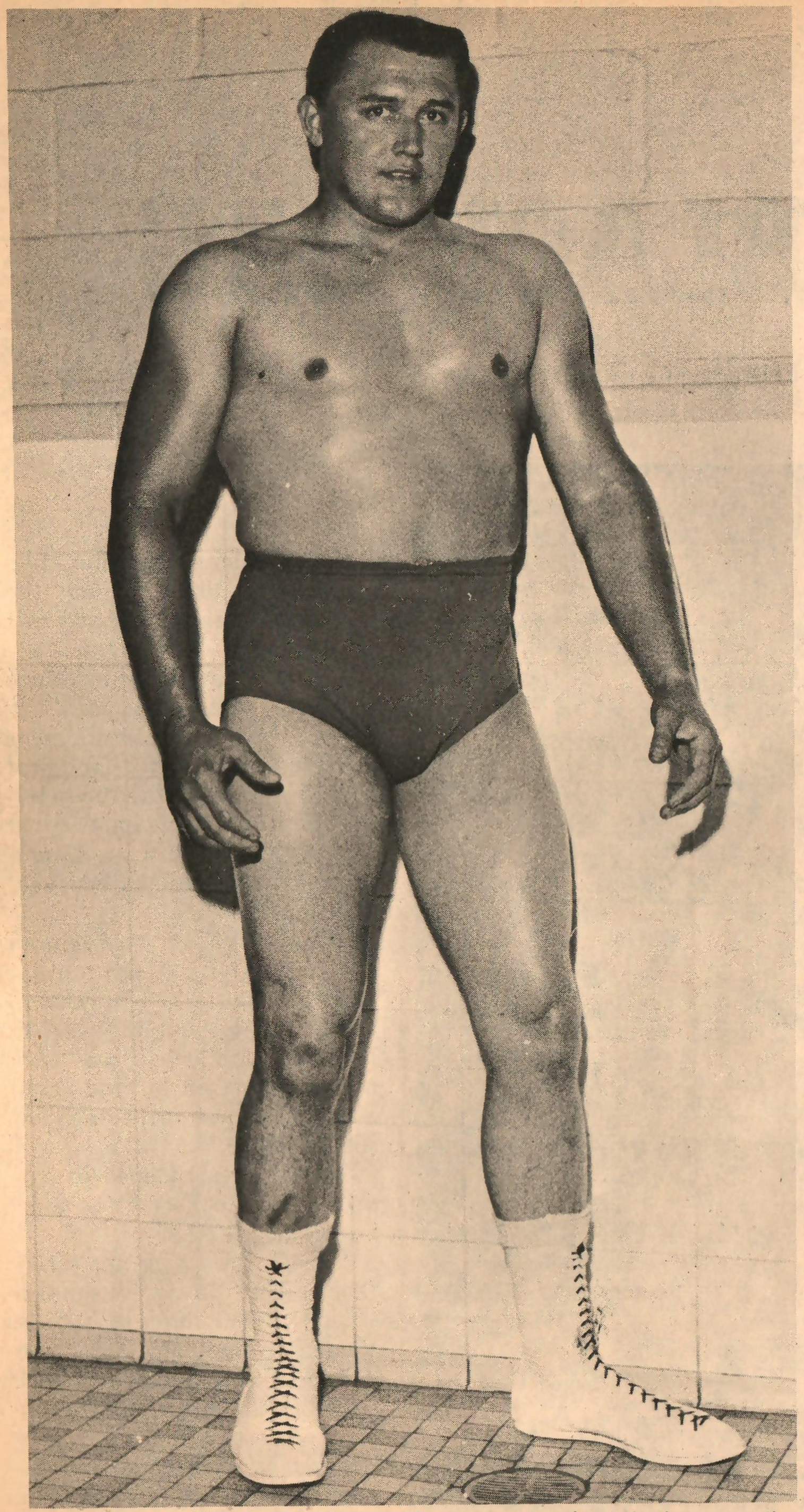
"First, allow me to introduce myself," the man said. "My name is Morris Donowski. I was born in Poland before the first World War, but I have been living here in Detroit for the last thirty years. I work for a company that makes various vaccines and medicines."

More at ease now, the man got to the point. "I am a great wrestling fan, and I have seen every one of your matches in Detroit. Although I am very much impressed by your skill and speed, I do feel somewhat sorry for you."

Lane's eyes widened in surprise. "*You* feel sorry for *me*?" he asked.

"Yes," the man answered. "But please do not misunderstand the meaning of my words. You are a fine man. Big, good-looking, strong. Indeed you have been blessed. But you are in a profession of true giants. Supermen! And to be a success, you too must be a superman. There is no other way."

Lane, who at first thought the man to be just another fan, sud-



This picture of Lane was taken in Montreal approximately three months before he had met the mysterious old man in Detroit. Frankie often refers to the photograph as "the before-I-got-lucky-picture of my life."

denly looked at him in a new light. Frankie edged forward in his seat. "Exactly what are you driving at, sir?" the 225-pound wrestler asked.

"As I said before," the man replied, "I think I may be able to help you."

"Help me! How?"

"Let us say, by making you a superman."

"A superman?" the startled wrestler exclaimed.

"That is what I said."

They sat talking in that little Italian restaurant until the owner told them it was time to close. Then they walked to Lane's hotel where they talked far into the night.

What the little man and the wrestler talked about that night might never be known. Each maintains a deadly silence. But shortly thereafter, the little man, carrying a small bag, accompanied Lane to the gym each day. What does the little black bag hold? Some guess that in it is some miraculous salve or capsule that invigorates the growth properties of the body. Still others maintain that Morris Donowski carries a unique muscle building device in his little black bag.

Frankie just smiles when the question is put to him.

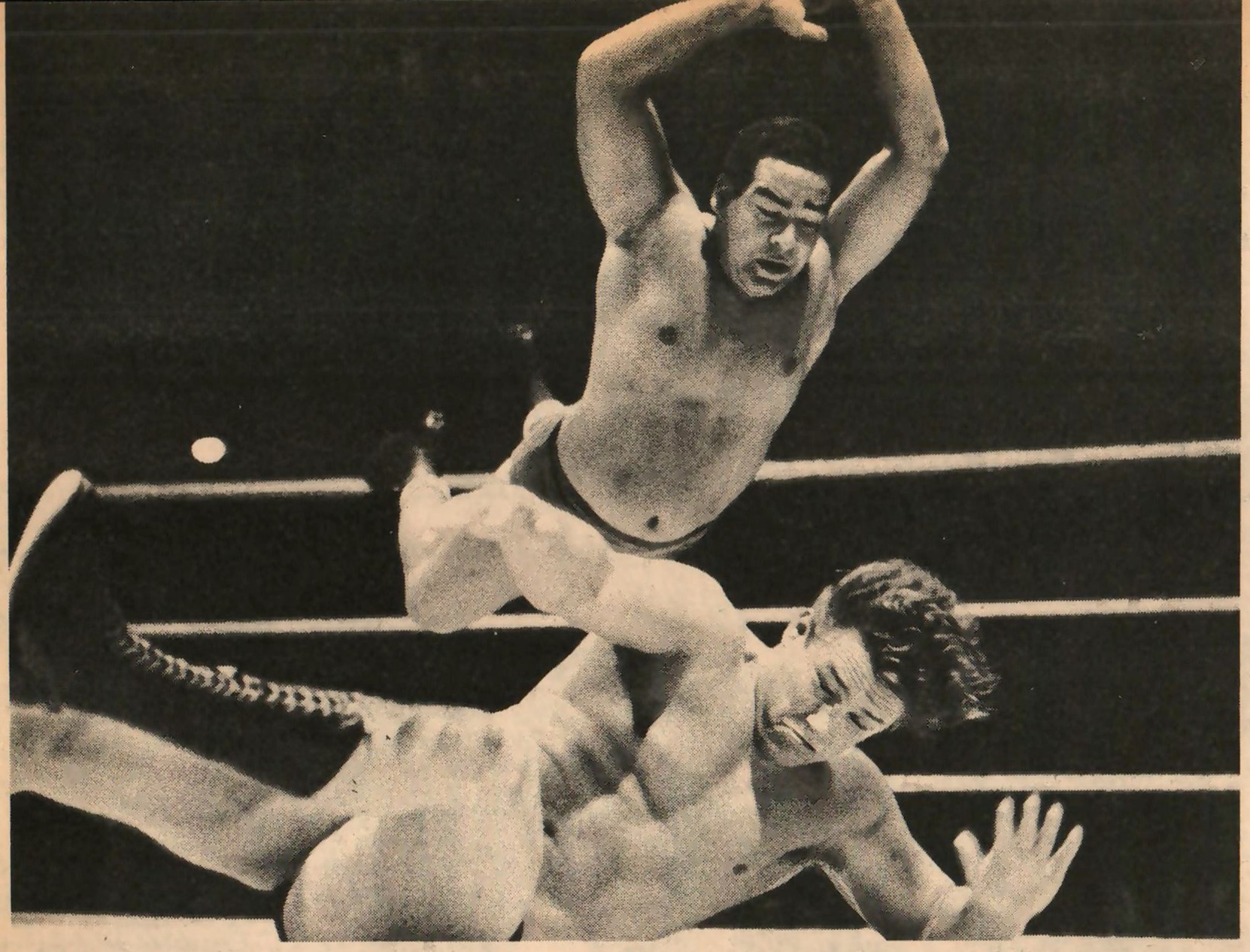
"Something like that," he'll say. And that's all he'll say.

But here is the evidence: Frankie Lane has grown an extra inch and put on twenty and three-quarter pounds in only six months!

Will Frankie grow into something super-human? Will his strength eventually develop to the point where no man will be able to stand up against him for even a few seconds?

"Wait and see," Frankie says, as he smiles mysteriously.

Ask him this: If whatever you are taking or doing is so



Lane tries to scurry out of the way as Don Serrano comes zooming in at him from above. This match, which took place in Montreal, was Frankie's first bout in which he tested his new strength. After the match had gone ten minutes, Lane picked up Serrano, lifted him to shoulder height, then heaved him out of the ring. Don never returned and Lane had a very important victory.

great, why don't you sell it? You could make a fortune overnight!

"That isn't my decision to make," Frankie will say.

But, in the meantime, whatever the potion or device is that he is using, Frankie Lane has been helped exceedingly. He now has one of the finest potentials in the business; a potential promoters and fans are well aware of. Frankie has been catapulted into the limelight of main events since he has become so much stronger. He has more than held his own with the likes of 500-pound Cry Baby Cannon, 260-pound Mark Lewin, and the 400-pound Masked Assassin—men who have vastly more experience than Frankie.

Frankie is a product of Canada. He began wrestling in high school and from there went on to the mats in college. Frankie has been a professional for a relatively short time, but his lack of experience hasn't lessened the fans' ardor. He is noted for his fair play in the ring. But if the going gets tough, he also has a reputation for dealing out a lot more than he takes.

Many an opponent has made the mistake of underestimating Frankie. His quiet and easy-going manner is deceptive. Once taunted, he responds in kind.

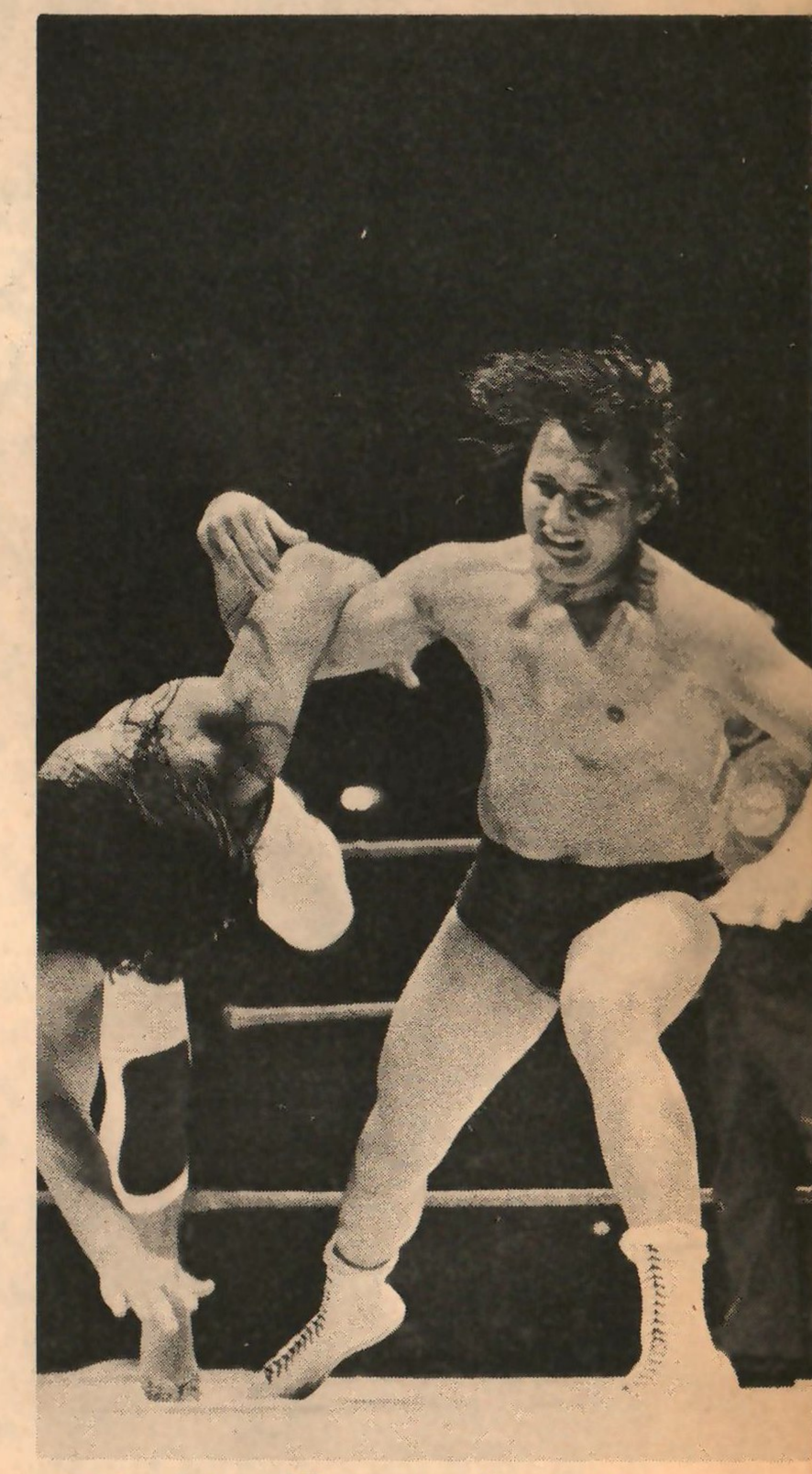
Frankie's favorite holds are the stomach stretch and the flying scissors. But the real secret of his ring success is his incredible speed. He maneuvers from one position to another so fast that more than one opponent has stepped back to gaze at him in astonishment.

"I admit I have found new strength," Frankie says. "But what is more incredible is that the added weight hasn't diminished my speed at all."

Still in his 20s, Frankie looks forward to each bout with the enthusiasm of a small boy at Christmas. "The best sound I can hear is that of the fans cheering me when I enter the ring," he says. "It gives me such a feeling, I really can't explain it. At times I feel it's all a dream."

And what if he does turn into a bona fide "superman"?

Frankie just smiles at the question and walks away. □



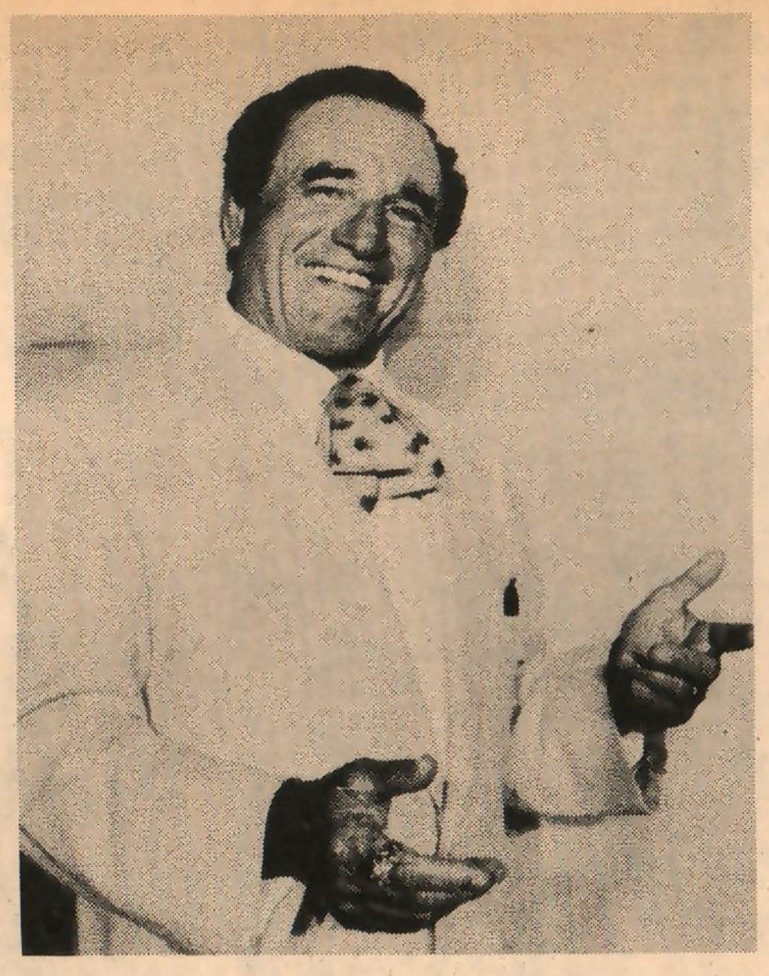
This picture illustrates the enormous power in Lane's arm as he easily flips Chen Lee on his head.

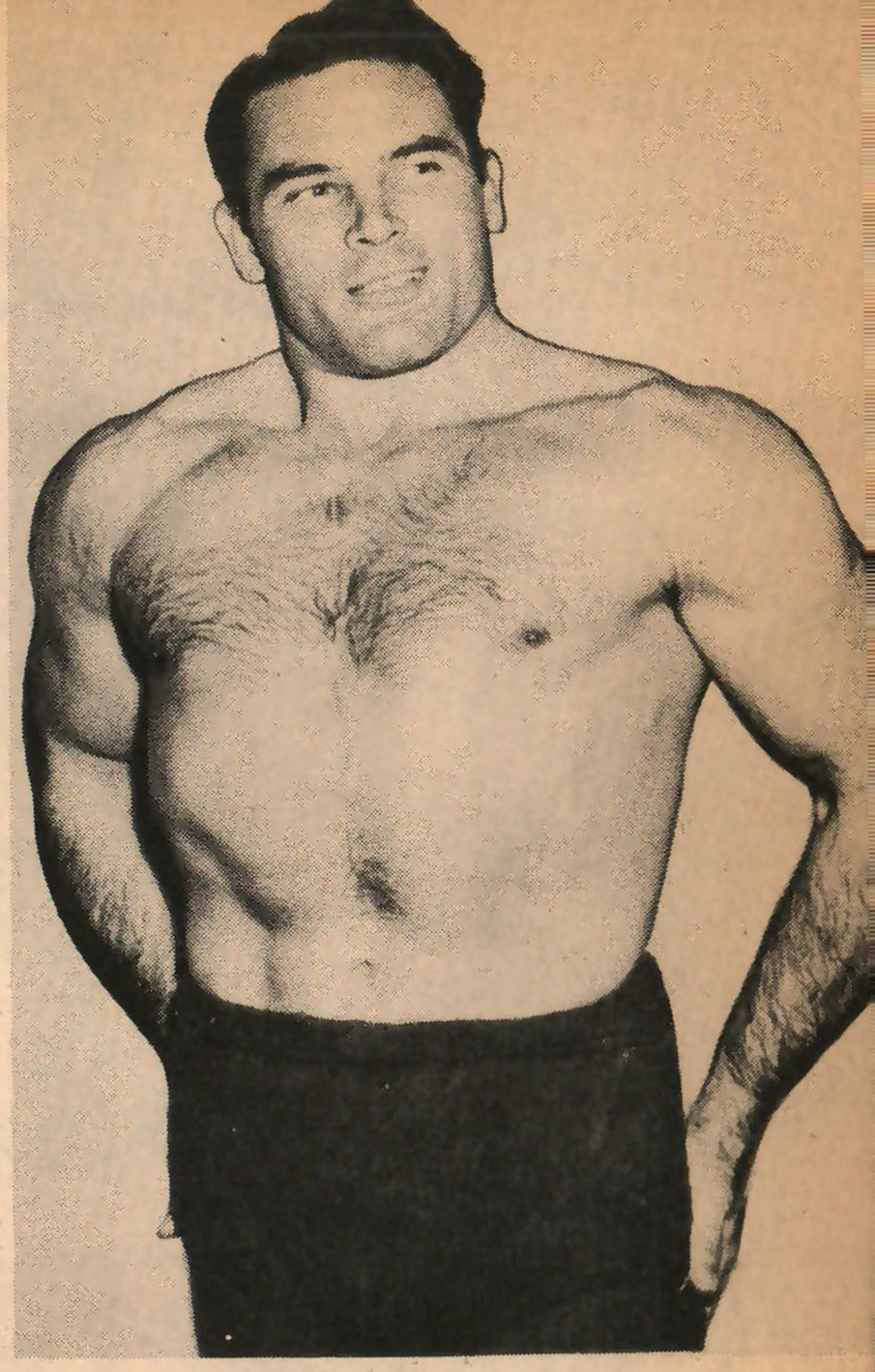
OLD TIMERS REUNION AT THE OLYMPIC

Picture taken in the Los Angeles Olympic Auditorium, where all the old timers had wrestled when in their primes. Left to right: Baron Leone, Karl Davis, Enrique Torres, Dave Levin, Warren Bockwinkle, Billy Varga and Gino Garibaldi. They all received a tremendous ovation.

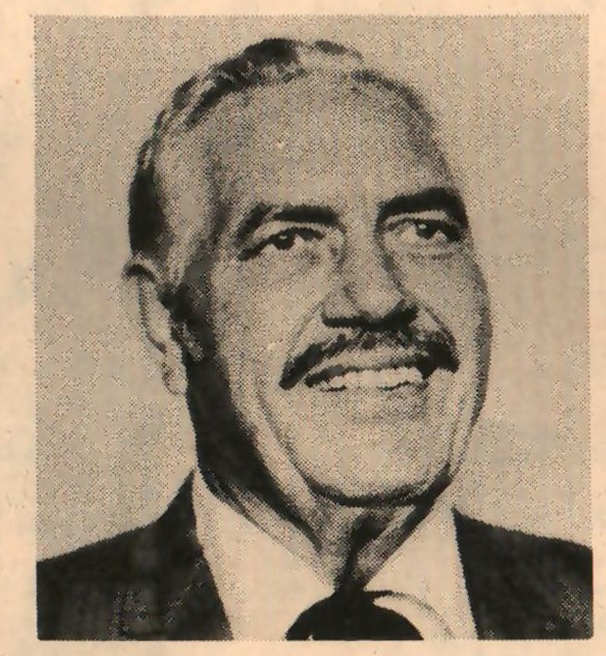
It was like a big family reunion that revived a million memories not only for the famous old timers in the ring, but also for all those fans who remember

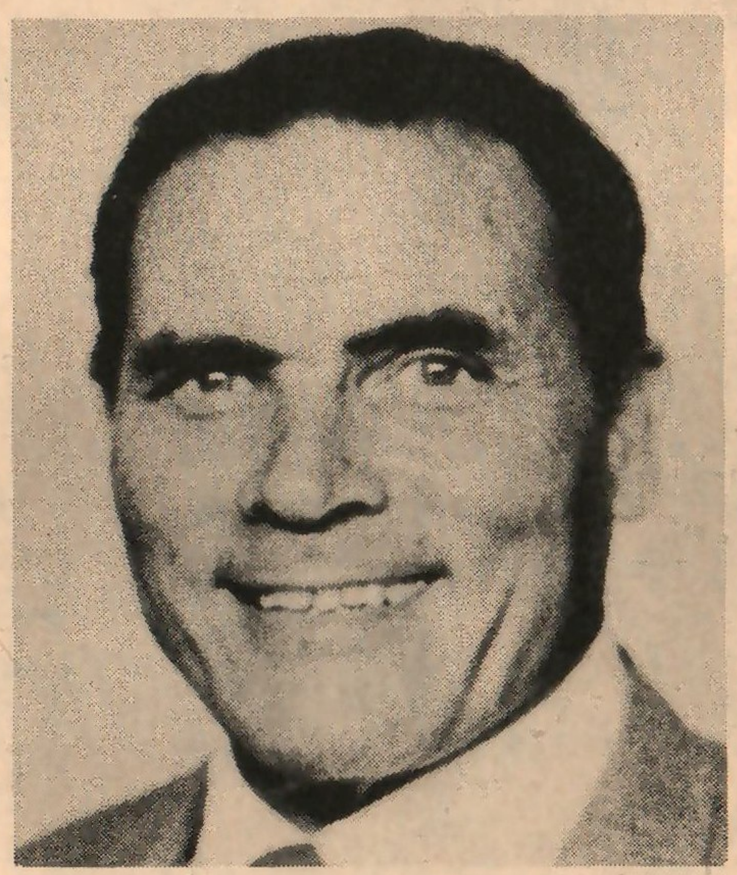
THEY WERE INTRODUCED by veteran announcer Jimmy Lennon. As their names were called they stepped to the center of the ring, waved their hands to acknowledge the cheers of those who remembered, then stepped back to their places in the long line. It was an unforgettable night of nostalgia and proof that old wrestlers never die—they don't even fade away.





The famous Baron Leone as he looked in his glory days (left) and as he appears today (above). Leone brought a new dimension to wrestling with his great creativity. The length of his hair proves he was far ahead of his times.



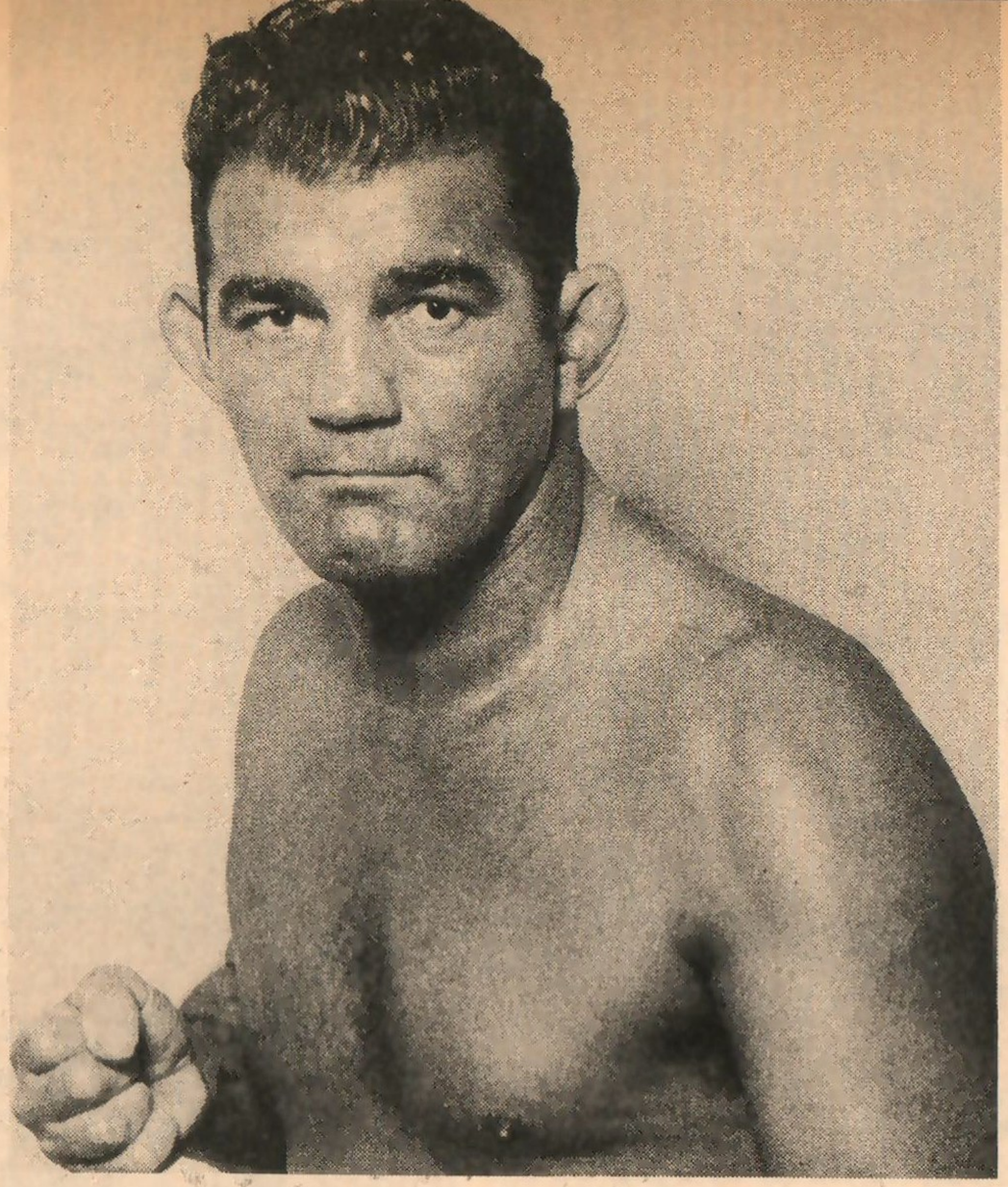


Jules Strongbow, biggest of the old timers (left and above). In his prime the great Indian weighed 300.

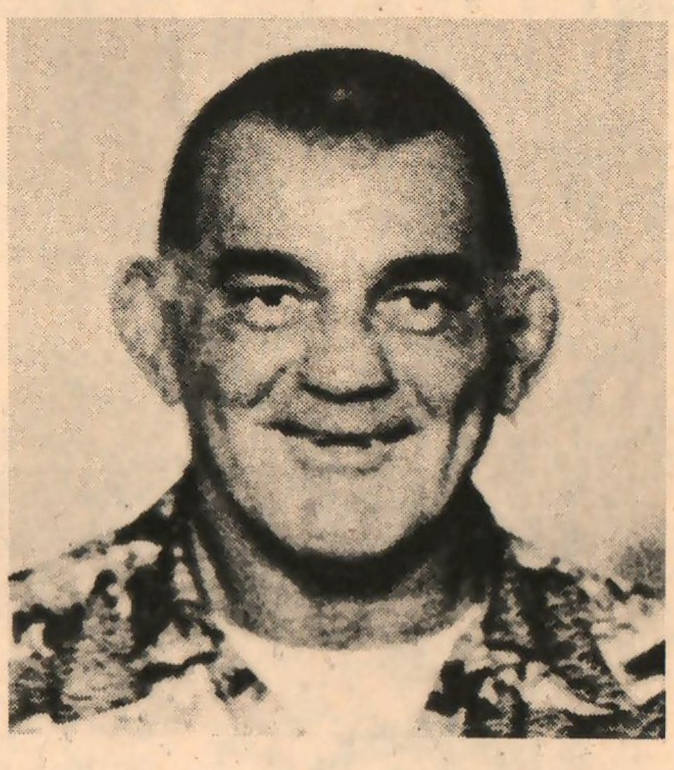
Dave Levin (top and above) was the only former world champion at the reunion. He won the title in 1936 from Ali Baba, but lost it in 1937.

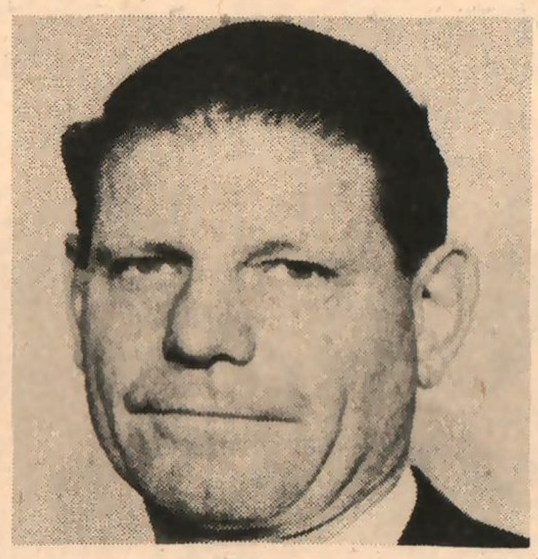
It was billed as "Old Timers Night," to celebrate the 25th Anniversary of televised professional wrestling from the oldest wrestling club in America, Los Angeles' Olympic Auditorium.

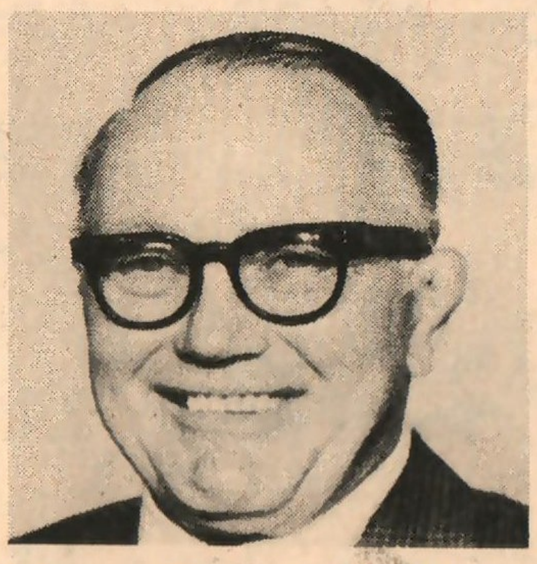
As announcer Lennon called out the names, veteran fans felt as if the clock had been turned back a quarter of a century. "Introducing, the former world's heavyweight champion, Dave Levin." Looking half his age and just as handsome as he did the night he took the title from Ali Baba in 1936, Levin smiled broadly, thanked Lennon, and waved



Gino Garibaldi as he looked in his prime (left) and today (below). A fierce competitor and long a leading contender for the world title, Gino was the best of the famous wrestling family. His son, Leo, is still active as both a wrestler and a referee.







Warren Bockwinkle (left & above) was a tough, feared brawler. He is Nick Bockwinkle's dad.

Billy Varga in his prime (above) and today (left, above). Known as "Count," Billy was a brilliant strategist, lightning fast and extremely popular during his long career.

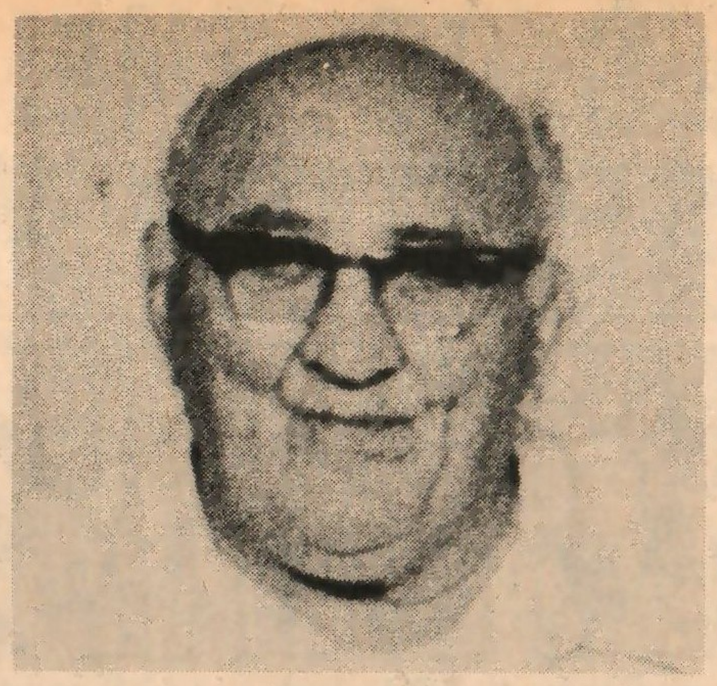
both hands high above his head.

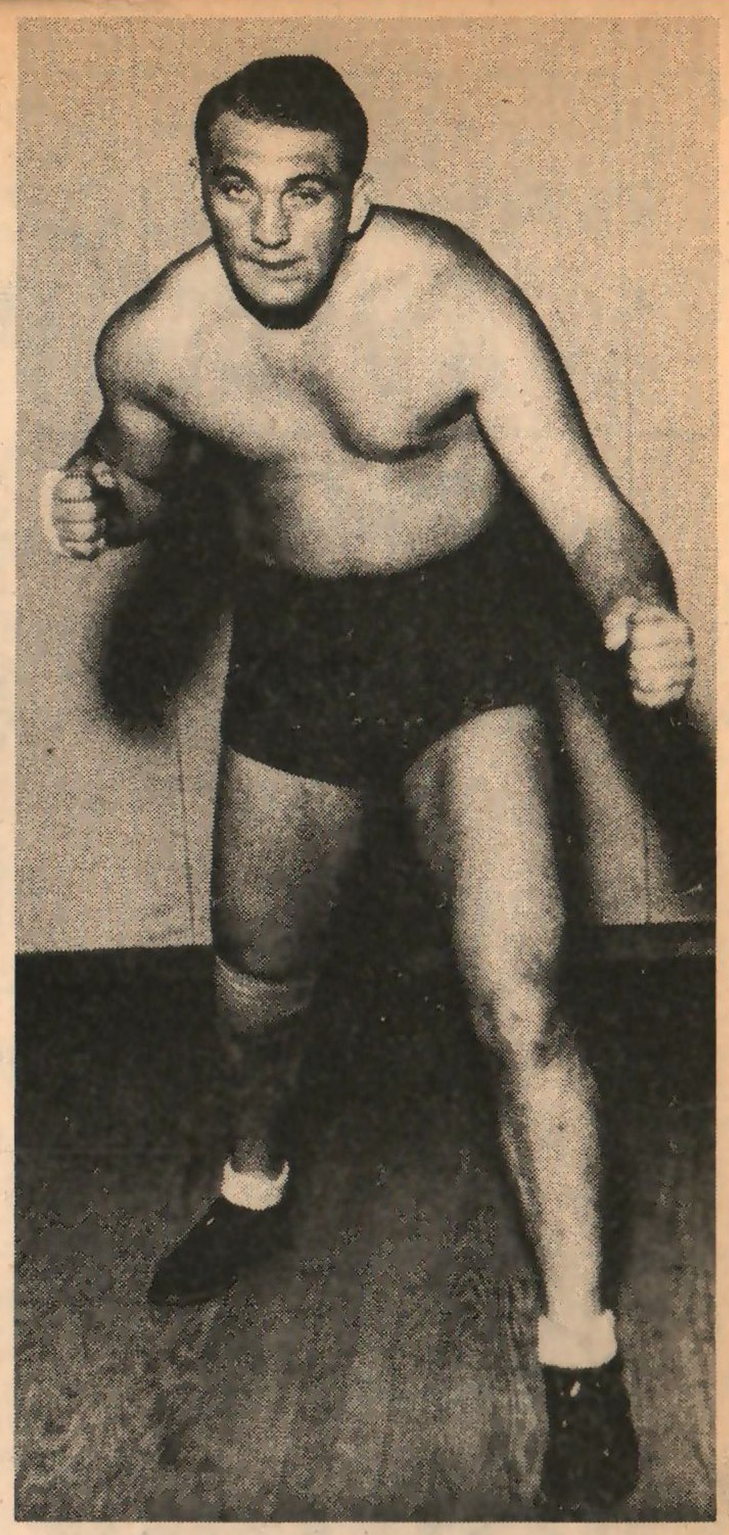
One-by-one their names were called—Gino Garibaldi, Baron Leone, Jules Strongbow, Karl Davis, Enrique Torres, Warren Bockwinkle, Billy Varga. More cheers, more fanned memories of the good old days.

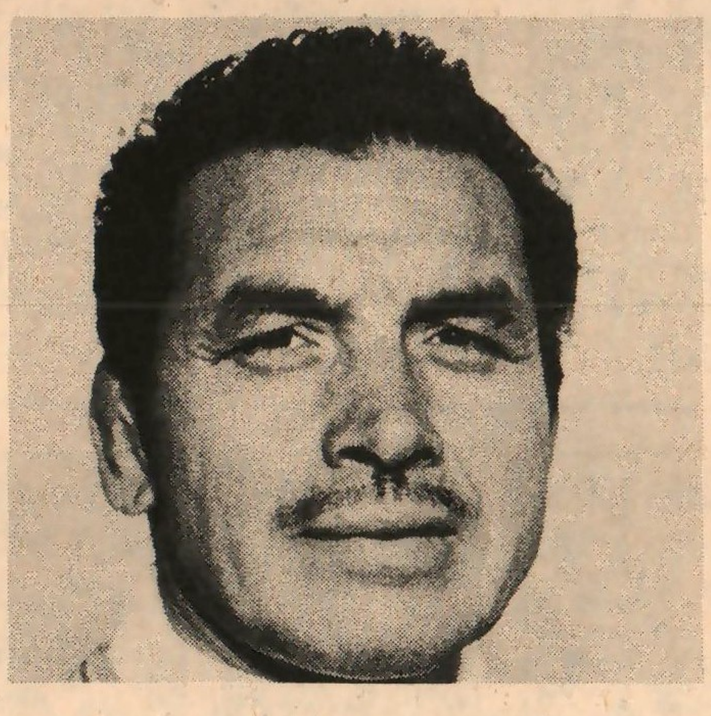
Every one of the old timers had wrestled at the Olympic. And they could recall exactly when and whom they wrestled.

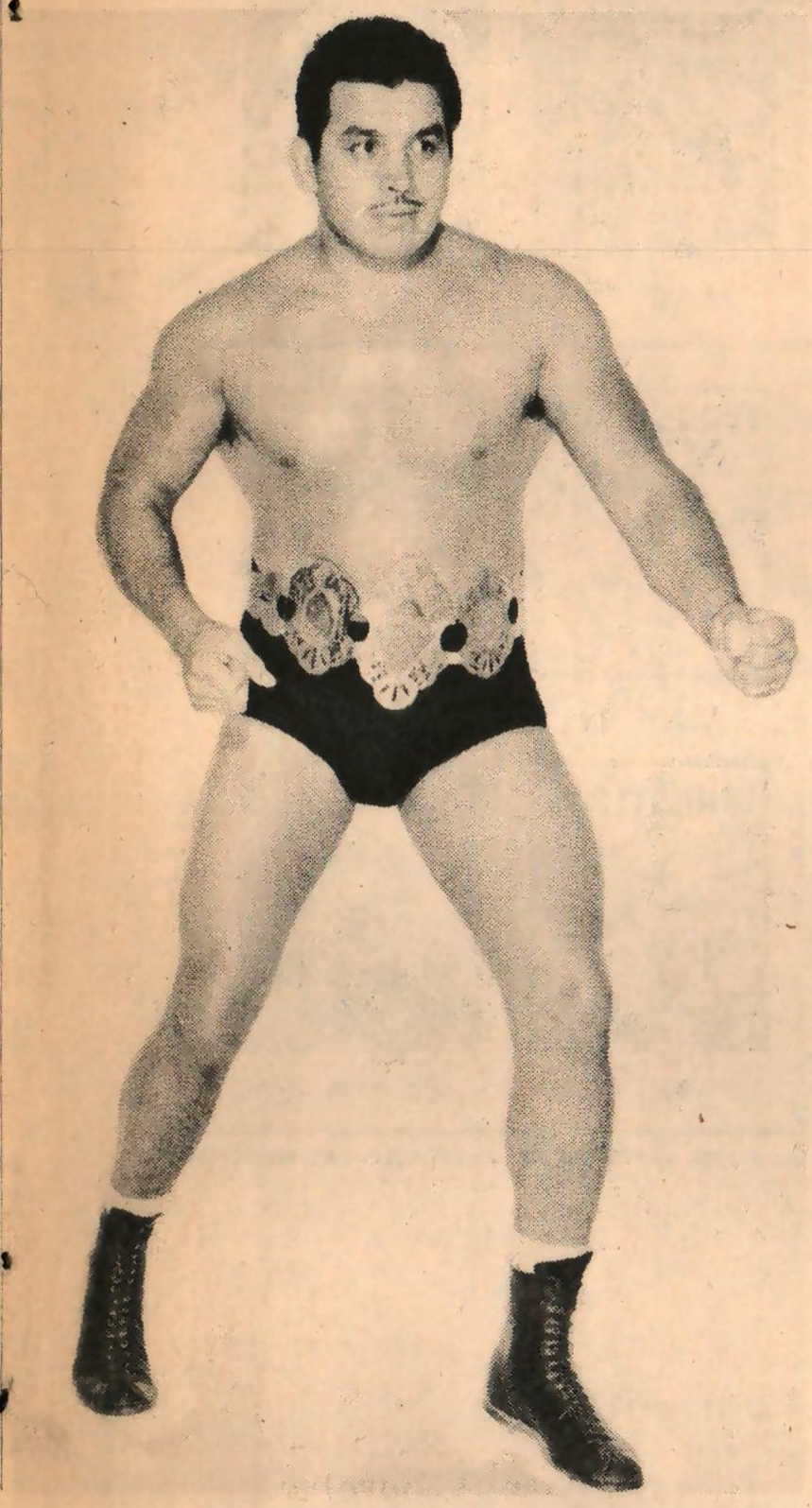
Gino Garibaldi, as tough as he was in his glory days, was the friskiest of the group. He slammed Baron Leone on the shoulder in what to Gino was a playful tap, but the echo

Karl Davis (right and far right) was known as "Killer Karl" during his heydays in the 1930's and 40's. A wildman in the ring, Karl was easily one of the great villains of all time. While he came within a hair of winning the title several times, he never really cared about being champion.









Enrique Torres (above & above right), was the greatest of all Mexican wrestlers. A real star.

boomed through the arena and Leone sagged.

"What d'ya say, Baron? Let's you and me have a re-match," Garibaldi said with an anxious grin on his face.

Leone shook his head. "First we gotta have a contract," he replied as he fought to keep a straight face. "I wanna know how much they're gonna pay me to stretch you out like I did back in '49!"

Gino and Leone burst into laughter and threw their arms around each other as they stepped back into line. It was a heart-warming end to an unforgettable evening. □

This was the first portrait of the famous old timers taken soon after they converged on Los Angeles. Left to right (standing): Baron Leone, Gino Garibaldi, Warren Bockwinkle, Karl Davis, Enrique Torres, Dave Levin. Kneeling: famous Los Angeles ring announcer Jimmy Lennon, Billy Varga and Jules Strongbow. Before long, they were jokingly challenging each other, then Garibaldi suggested a "Big Battle Royal!"

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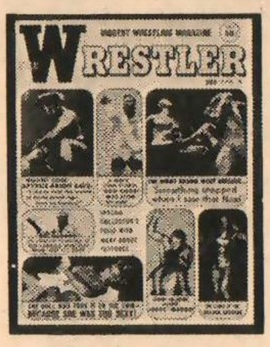

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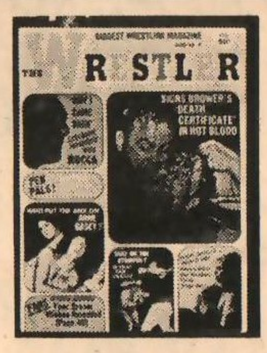

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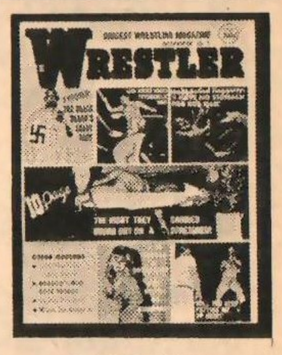

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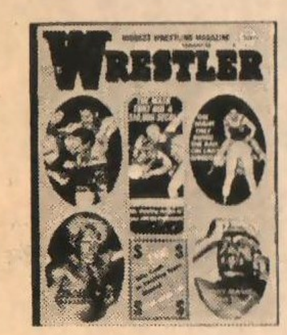

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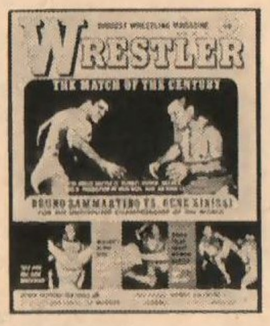

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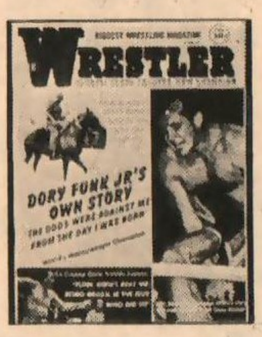

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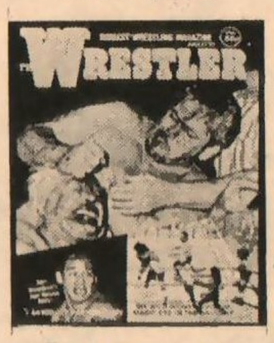

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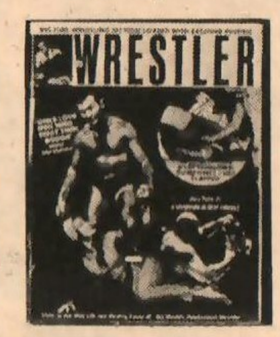

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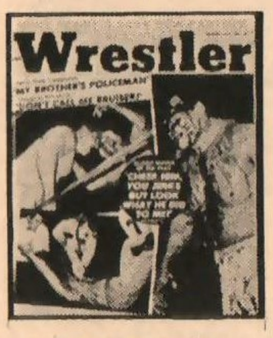

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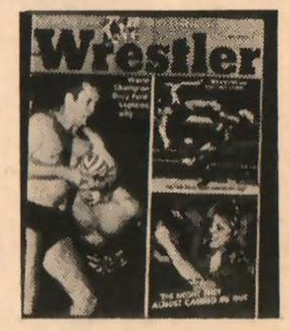

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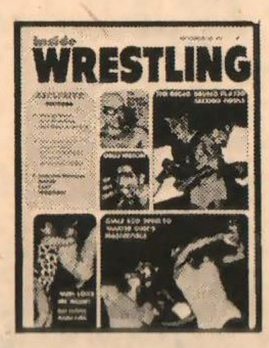

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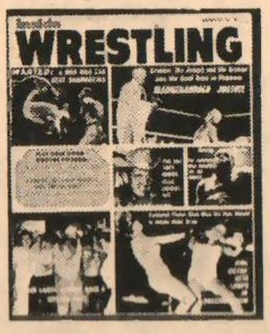

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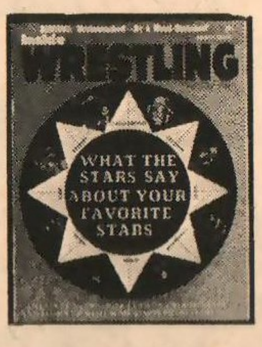

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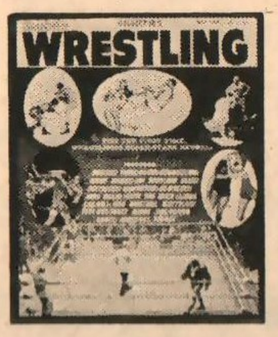

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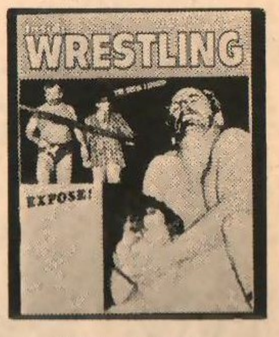

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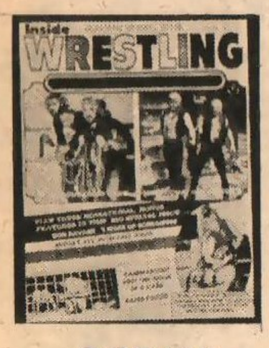

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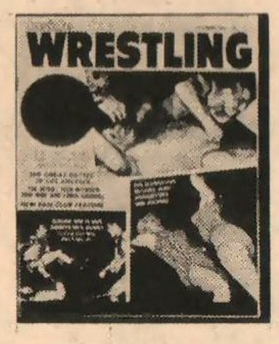

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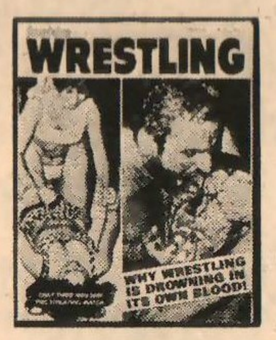

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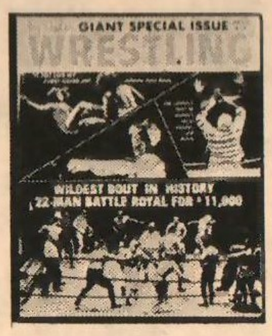

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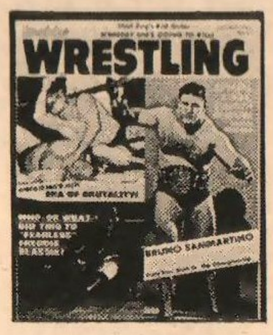

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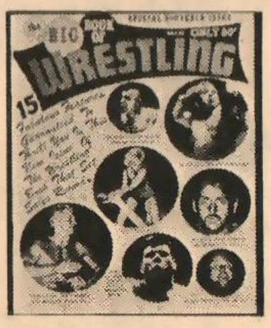

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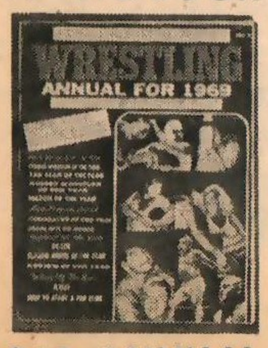

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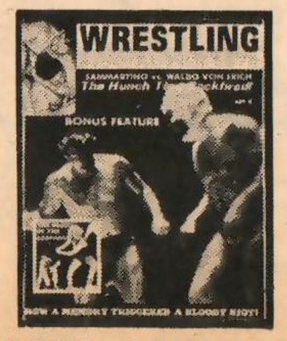

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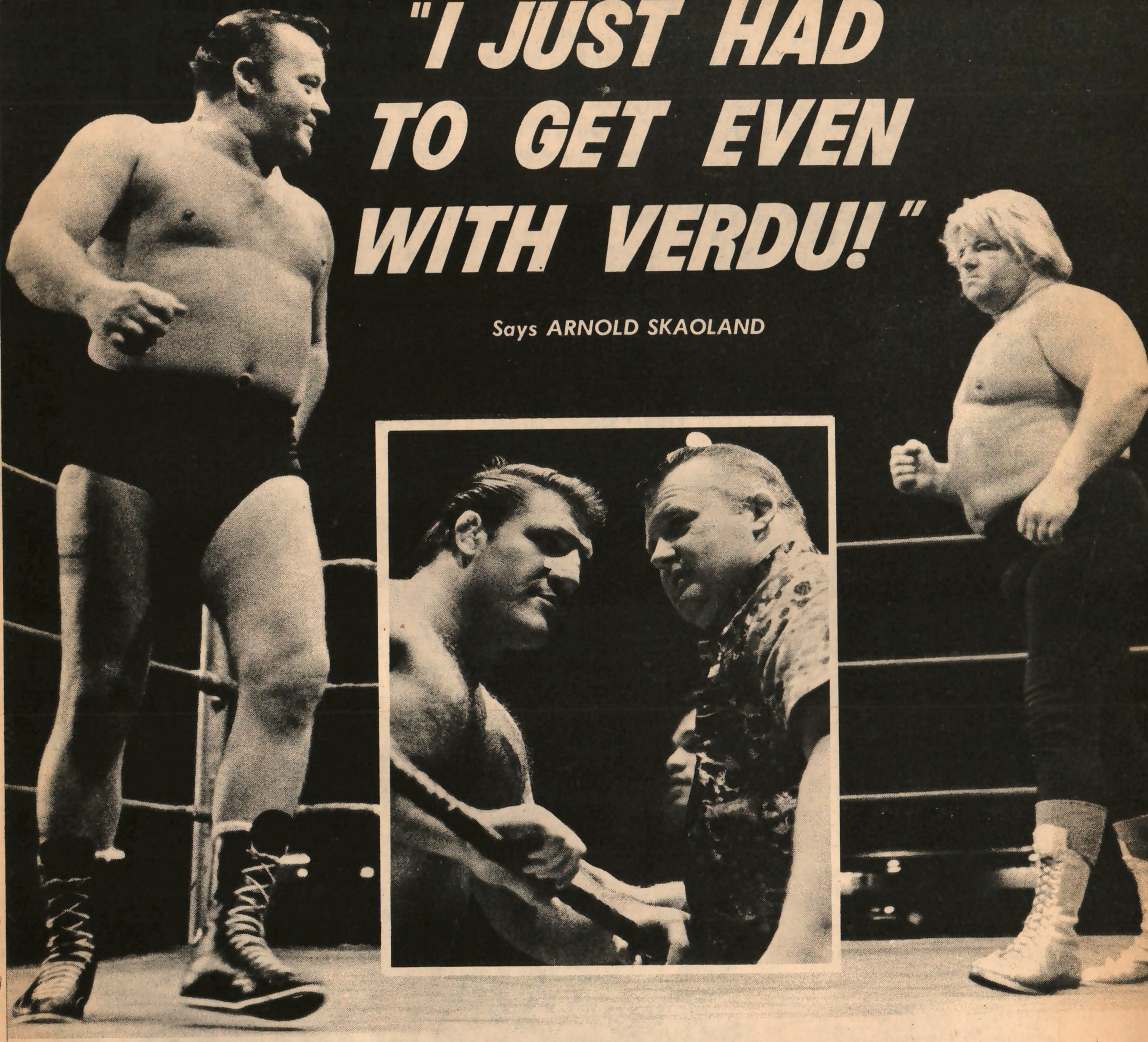
"I JUST HAD TO GET EVEN WITH VERDU!"

Says ARNOLD SKAOLAND



Skaoland (left) circles Crusher Verdu immediately after bell started their recent grudge match in New York. Insert photo shows Skaoland giving Bruno Sammartino last minute instructions before Bruno recently defended his championship in Boston.

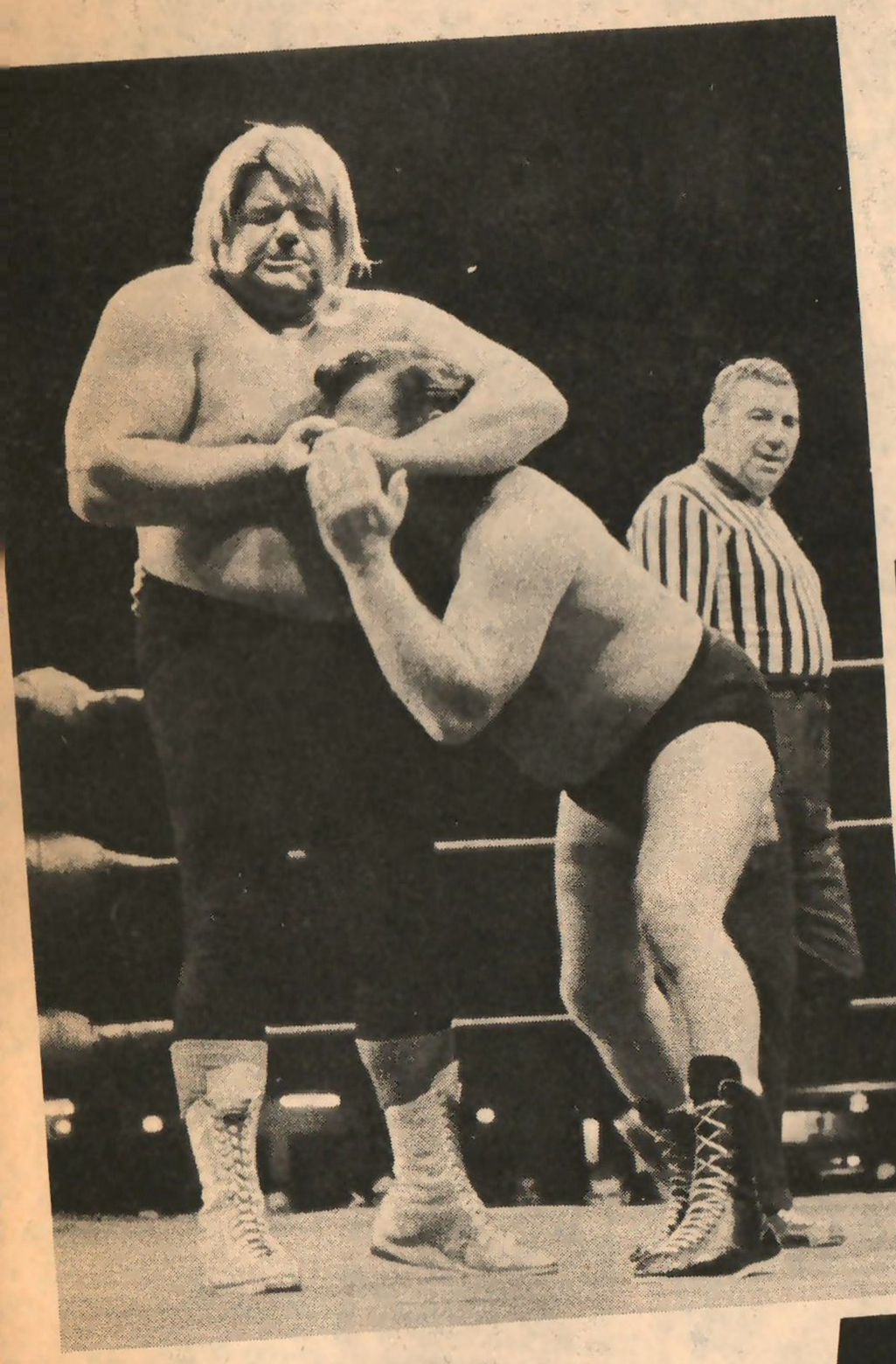
Arnie is Bruno Sammartino's manager and closest friend. They are so close, in fact, that when Bruno gets slugged, Arnie feels the pain. It was that way the night Bruno was beaten by Crusher Verdu, and Skaoland swore he'd make Verdu pay

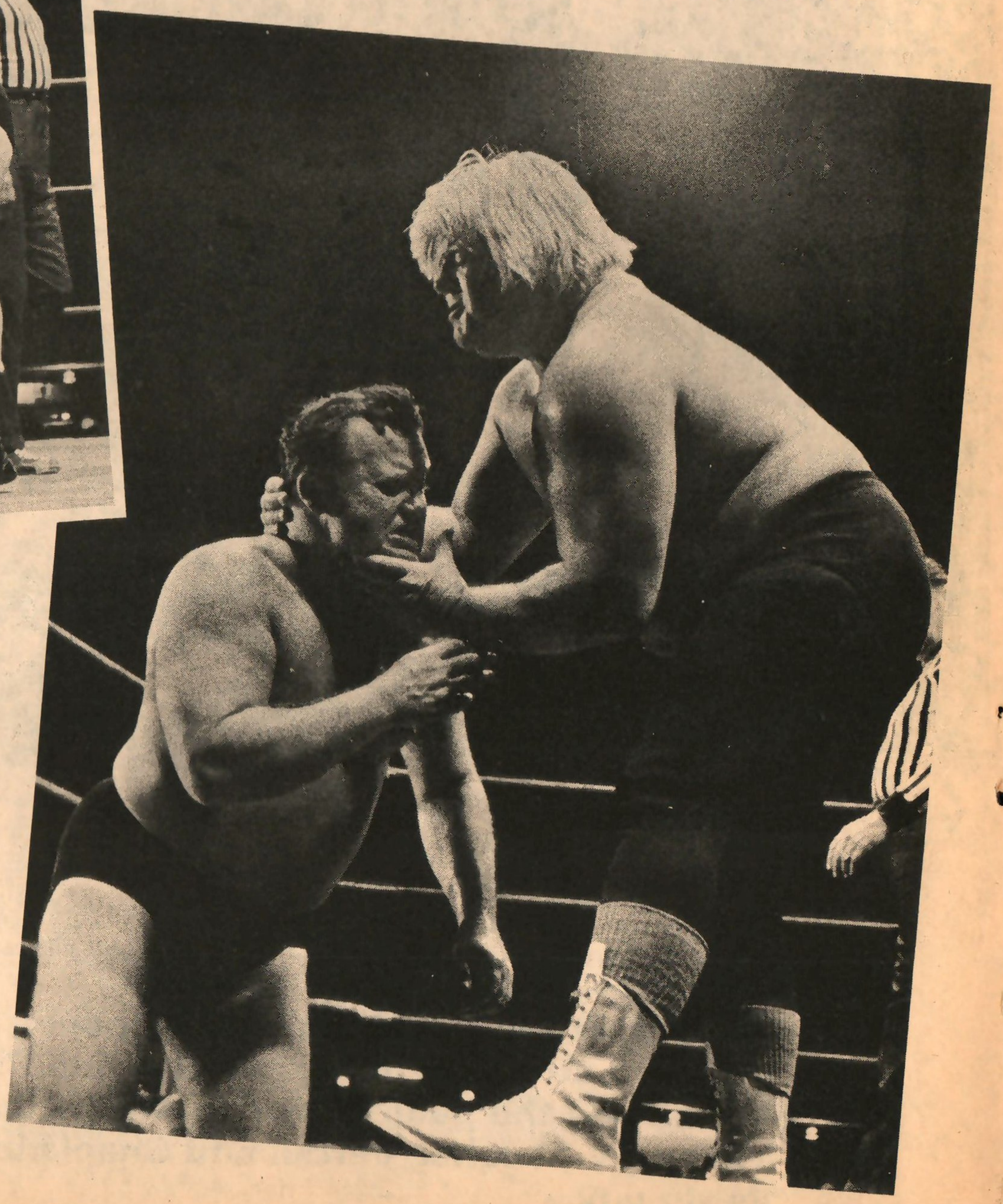
(Continued)

AS EVERYBODY WHO knows anything about wrestling knows, Arnold Skaoland has long been the faithful manager and closest friend of heavyweight king Bruno Sammartino. Sammartino himself puts it like this: "Down through the years, whenever I've had a serious problem and needed a real friend to confide in, I always had Arnold there to turn to, and the guy has never let me down yet. Why, if I had too," added the champion as he pointed to his great right arm, "I'd cut off my arm for him."

Skaoland, of course, is a respected professional wrestler in his own right, having been a top star up and down the East coast longer than he cares to admit. Arnold still wrestles as often as he possibly can.

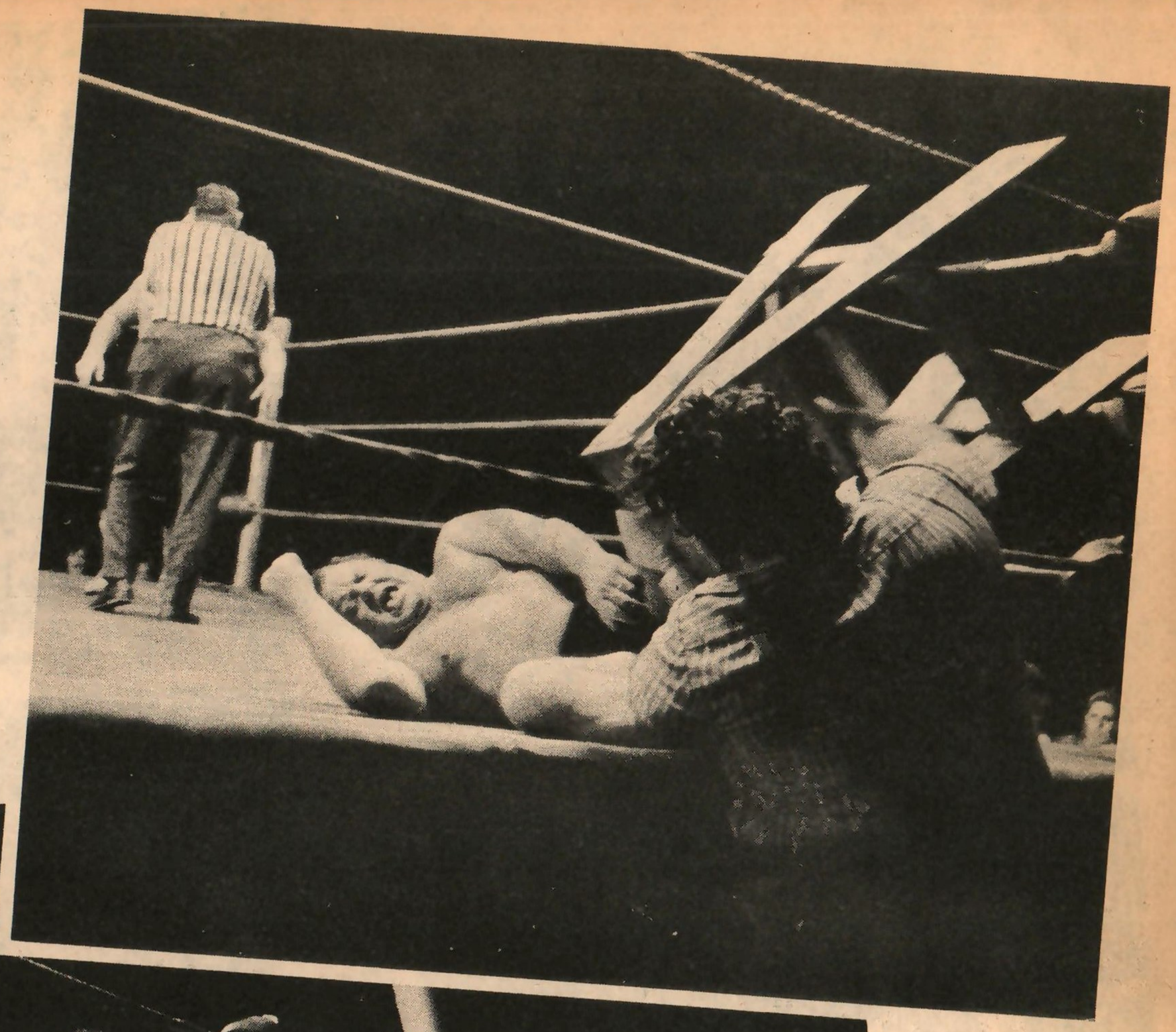
"I just can't keep away from it," Skaoland admits with a chuckle. "I guess it's in my blood. But it takes a lot of my time just doing the business for Bruno and I can't wrestle myself as often as I would like to. Actually, I'm torn between two loves: managing Bruno and my own career. But if I had to choose between the two, I'm sure I'd go with managing Bruno. The man is absolutely tremendous and I have devoted much of my life to doing ehatever I can do to help him."

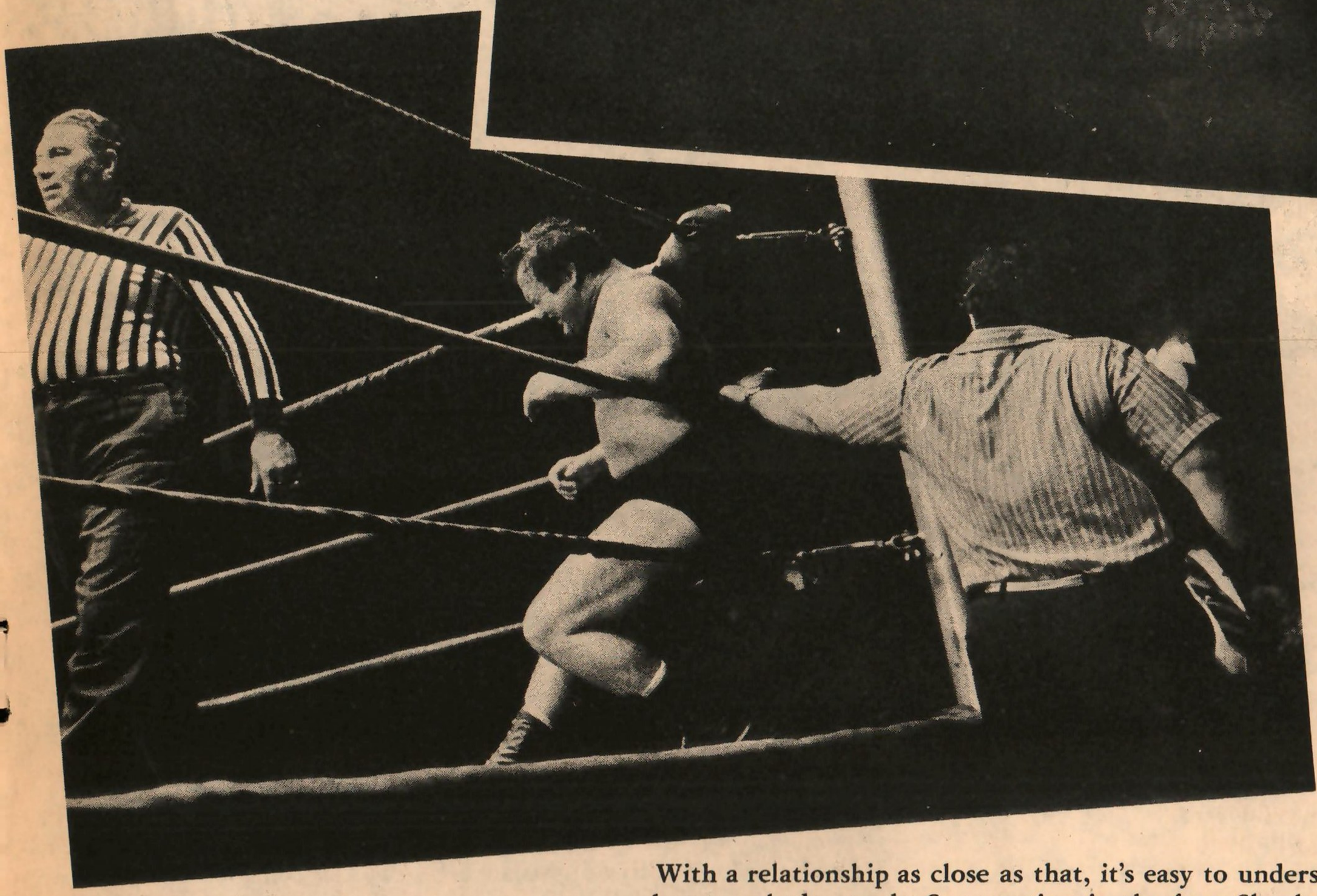




Verdu (blond hair) started fast and controlled match during its opening minutes. He seemed to overwhelm Arnold, a notoriously slow starter. Crusher clamped Arnie in a vice-like headlock (above), then slammed him to the mat (right) and lifted him up by the head. Verdu's next assault was spear-headed by a series of bone-breaking elbow-smashes which had Skaoland groggy and on the verge of defeat. Only Arnie's enormous courage and fierce will-to-win enabled him to survive the vicious onslaught.

Skaoland not only had Verdu's savagery to contend with, but also the foul and vicious tactics of Crusher's manager, big Lou Albano. When Arnie was drop-kicked to the mat near the apron of the ring, Albano picked up a chair and splintered it over Skaoland's body (right). Luckily, Arnie managed—how he did it we'll never know—to pull himself out of range and fall against the corner ropes (below). But even there he wasn't protected from Albano who leaned into the ring as far as he could stretch himself and let go a sweeping blow which dug into Skaoland's exposed ribs.

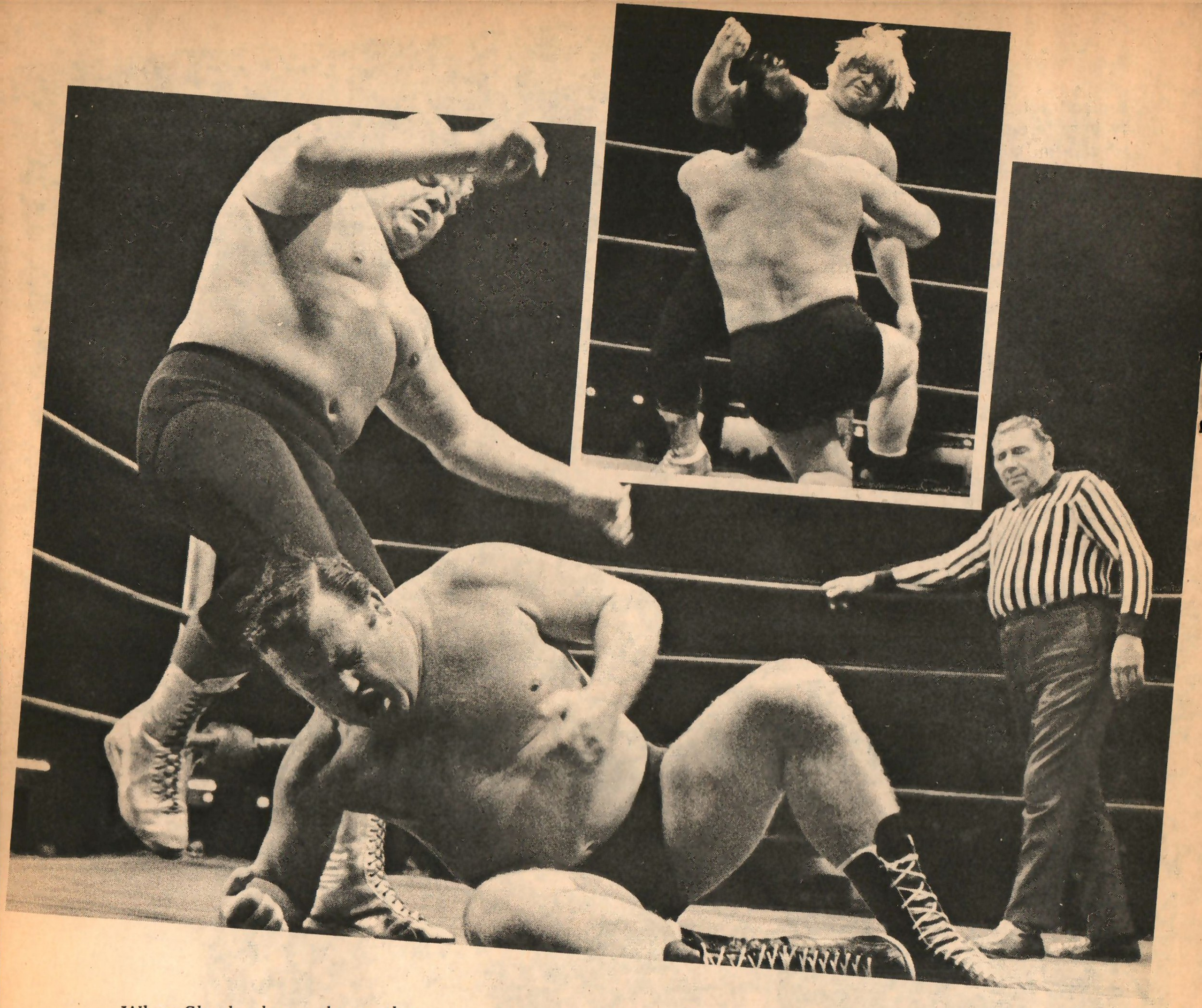




With a relationship as close as that, it's easy to understand why, when somebody smacks Sammartino in the face, Skaoland feels it right down to his own heels. And when somebody does Bruno wrong, Arnold can't rest until he gets revenge—for *both* of them.

It was that way ever since that historic night in New York's Madison Square Garden—before the largest crowd ever to watch a wrestling match in the city's history. That was the night a squat Spaniard named Crusher Verdu wound up with a disqualification victory over Sammartino.

"If I live to be a thousand," Skaoland said grimly, "I'll never forget



When Skaoland was shown the two pictures on this page an angry look clouded his handsome face. "I knew Bruno had a tough time with Verdu," Arnie said glumly, "but I really didn't know how tough until I got into the ring with that animal myself." These pictures illustrate vividly exactly what Arnie meant. Verdu is the greatest "knee-killer" in wrestling today. In large photo he gives Skaoland the knee on the side of the head, and (insert) Verdu slams his knee directly into Skaoland's mid-section. "My whole body ached for a week after that match," Arnie said.

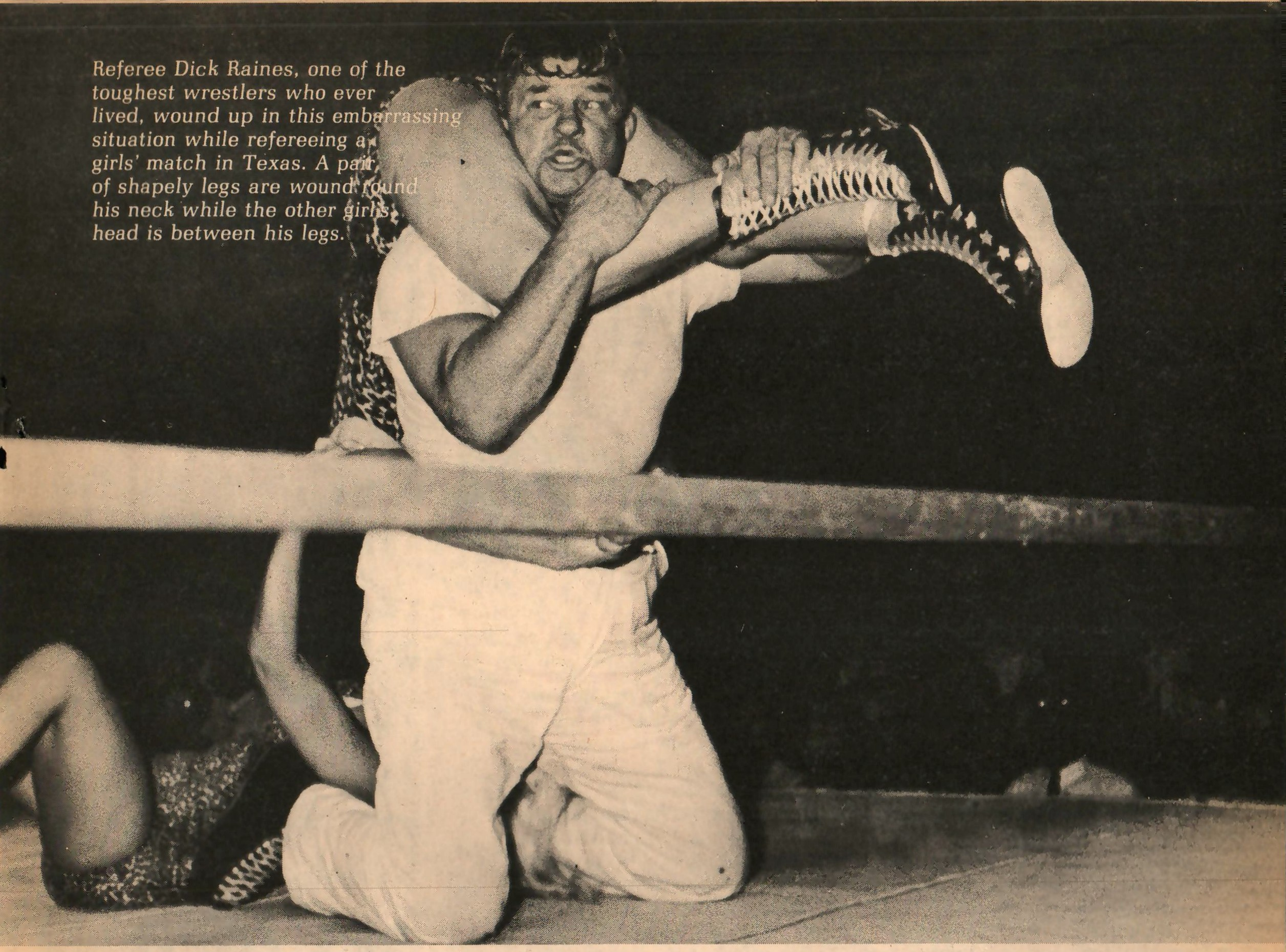
it, nor will I forgive Verdu for all the foul things he did to Bruno. Why the guy should be banned from ever wrestling again in America!"

Arnold couldn't ban Verdu, but he could—and did—the next best thing: try to work over the tough Spaniard in the ring.

After weeks of pleading with promoter Vince McMahon for a match with Verdu, McMahon finally gave in. "Okay, Arnie," the dapper promoter said, "if you want the match, you can have it. But remember, I warned you. Verdu is as tough and strong as a gorilla. He wrestles four or five nights a week so he's in top shape. You, on the other hand, wrestle whenever you get the chance, which isn't often. So if you want to risk your neck, be my guest..."

Skaoland thanked McMahon, and Vince retorted, "Don't thank me, Arnie, until *after* the match."

The grudge bout—grudge so far as Skaoland was concerned—took place in Washington, D.C., and the exclusive pictures on these pages show exactly what happened on the night a devoted friend was determined to avenge what he believed to be an unforgiveable injustice. □



Referee Dick Raines, one of the toughest wrestlers who ever lived, wound up in this embarrassing situation while refereeing a girls' match in Texas. A pair of shapely legs are wound round his neck while the other girl's head is between his legs.

SO YOU WANT TO REFEREE A GIRLS' WRESTLING MATCH?

Man, it sure looks like it would be a lot of fun. And it would! But there are a few drawbacks you'd have to take along with the "goodies." At least that's what the referees we surveyed say

(Continued)

Referee Johnny Heideman tries to get out from under the squirming bodies of Mae Goodner and Penny Banner. Johnny wound up in this position after he tried to break up the girls and Banner (the blonde) slugged him.

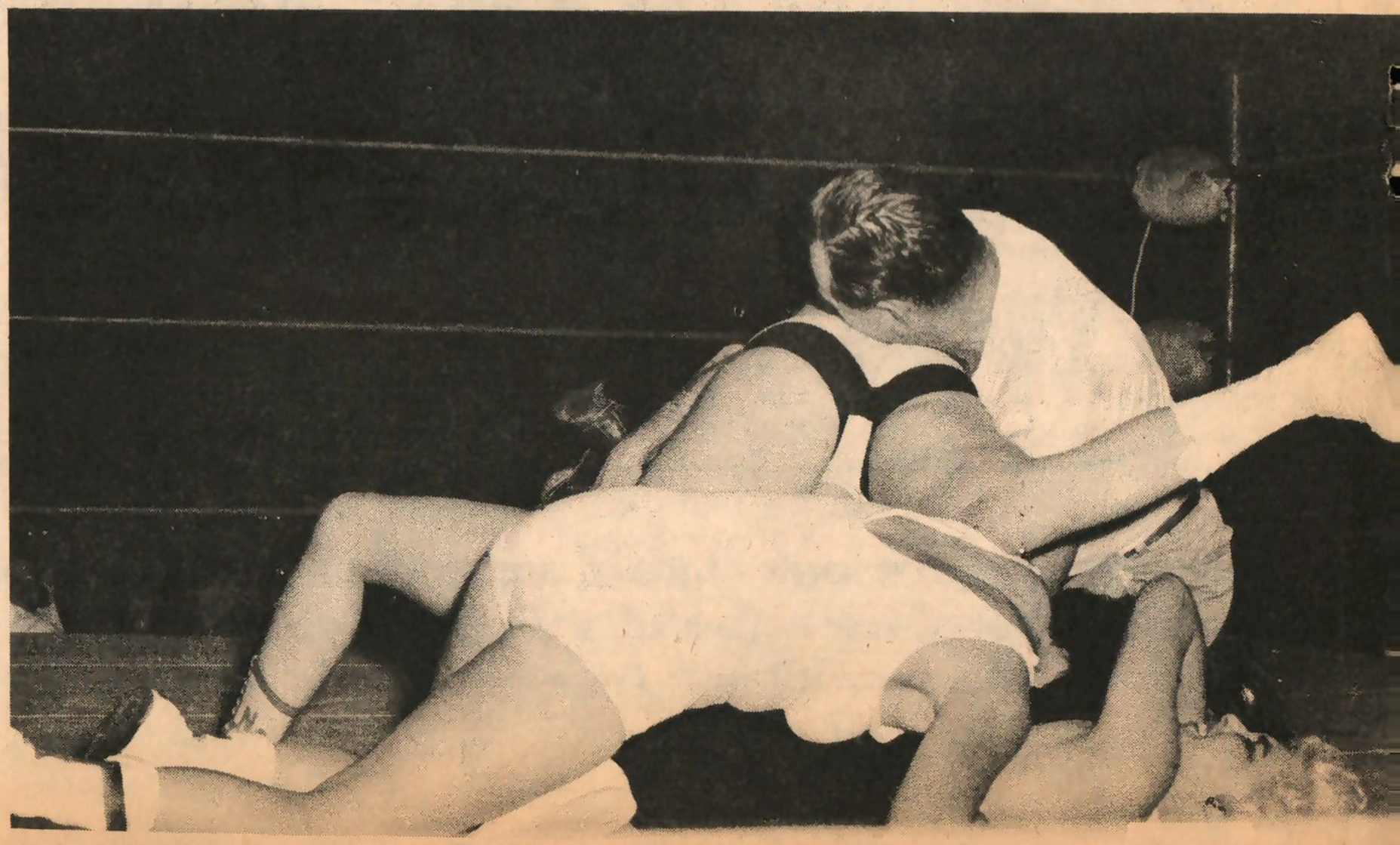
FROM THE MAIL we receive—and reading *behind* the lines—we get the impression that most men would give their eye teeth if they could referee a wrestling match between two—or more—girls.

It's human nature, we suppose, for any red-blooded man to feel that way. After all, look at all the *excuses* he would have to touch areas of the female body which, under any other circumstances, would get him a slap in the face. But would it really be so exciting? We tried to find the answer by interviewing a group of those lucky—or unlucky—men, depending on how you look at it, who are in the business of refereeing, and we came up with some startling revelations. Understandably, none of the referees we interviewed wanted to be identified, so we will refer to them only in general terms.

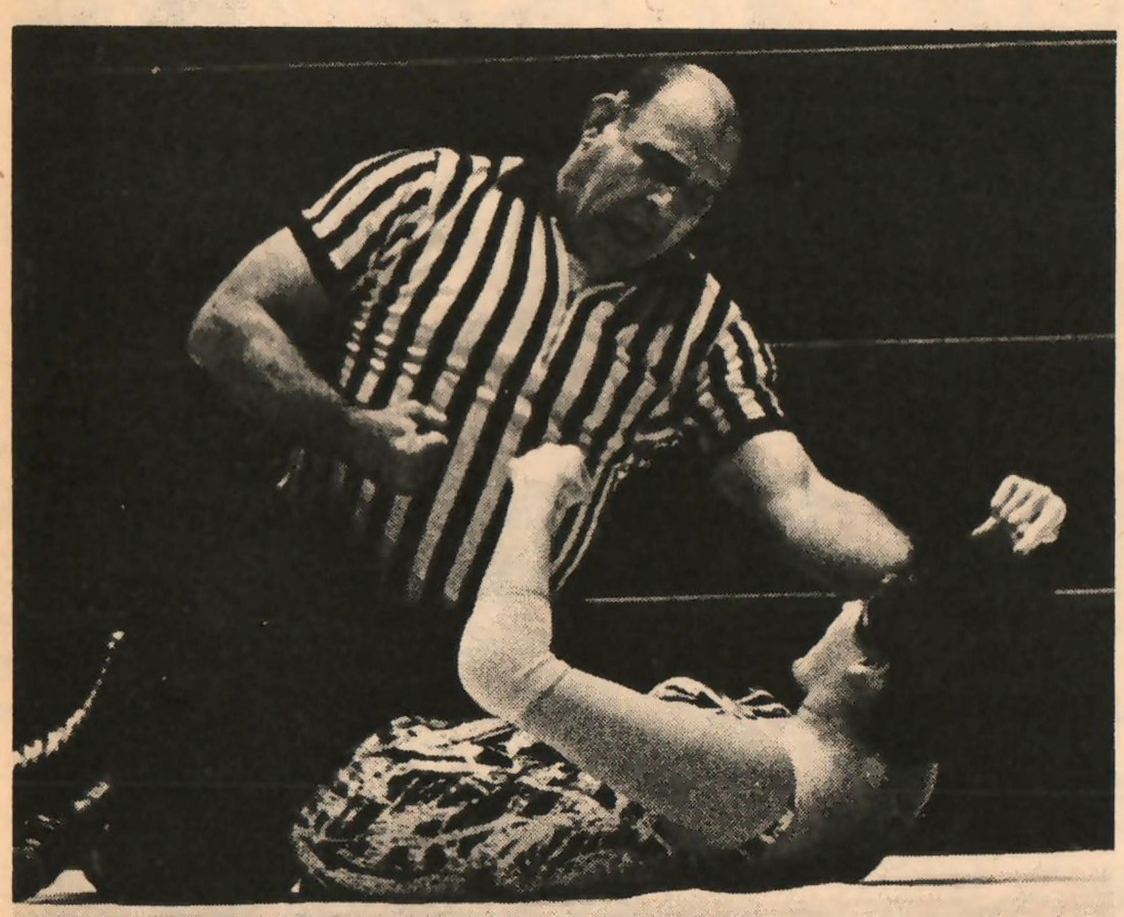
"I know a lot of men envy our work," said one long-time official. "But believe me, the little feel you get now and then doesn't make

This referee was pounced on by angry Rita Cortez because she didn't like some of his calls.

When referee Harold Mays was shown this picture he blushed and stuttered, "Gee, I really wasn't trying to use that girl's rear end for a pillow. It just looks that way." It certainly does, and we think Harold could have found a more dignified place to rest his weary head.



This poor referee looks like he's getting murdered as Fabulous Moolah (black suit) and Sharon Joy appear to be pouncing on him. Actually, Joy and Moolah were on opposing teams and the referee was knocked to the floor by Moolah when he tried to untie Sharon from the ropes.



Sometimes a referee must go to extremes to keep a bout under control. Belle Starr got referee Angelo Martinelli so mad that he threatened to punch her.

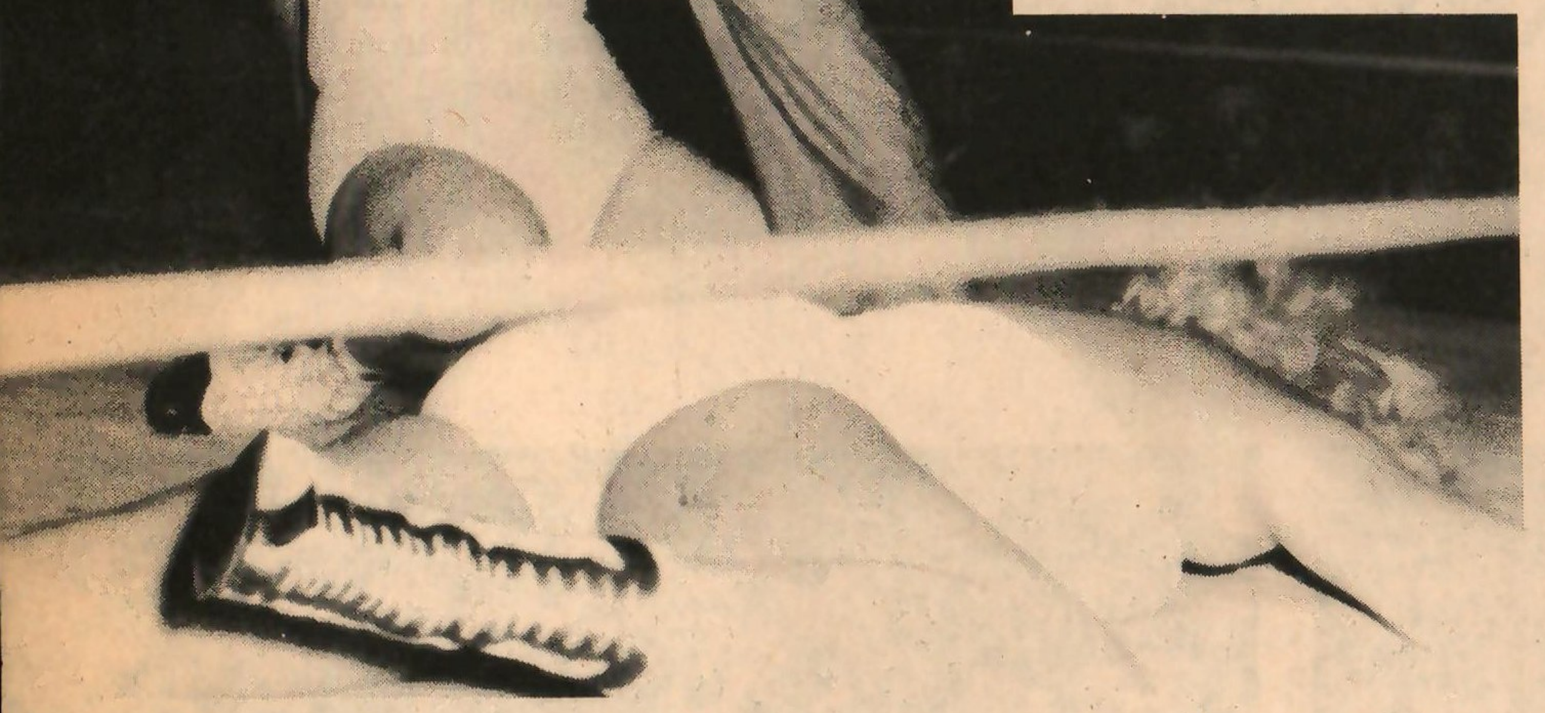
up for all the kicks in the head we take. No, there's really very few thrills refereeing a girl wrestling match."

But another referee saw it differently. "I wouldn't give it up for a million bucks," he expounded. "You have no idea the kind of kicks you get in that ring when you're in there with a couple of wild women—especially when everybody knows you're the boss. Why, I can tap a girl on her round behind with my hand, yell, 'Get offa there!' and the girl looks at me with her baby blues as if to say, 'You're my kind of man!' Yes, there are many extra bonuses you get in this business, and they're all good!"

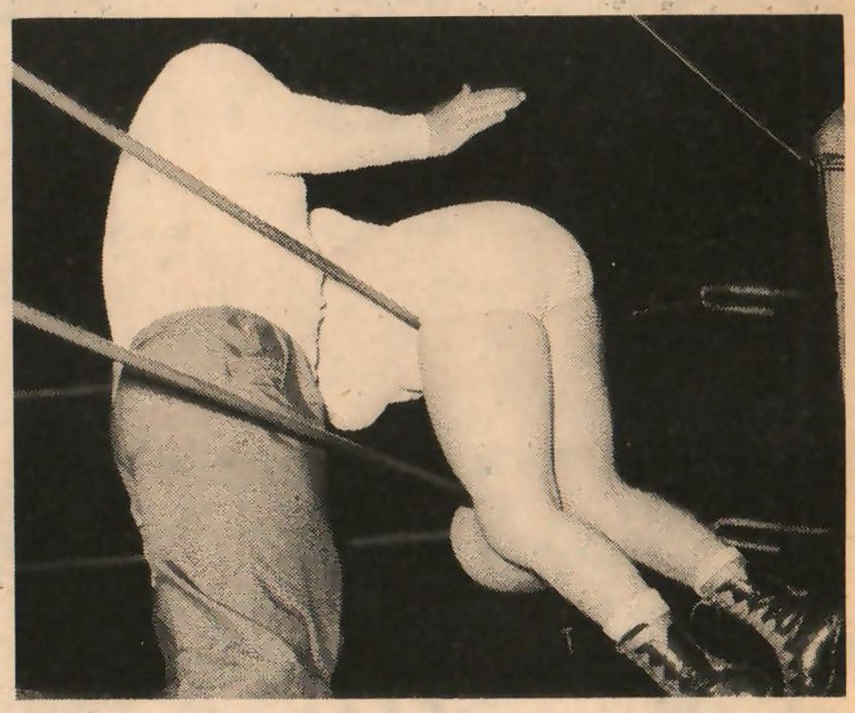
One referee, who has been working Texas wrestling matches for about 20 years, where girl matches are routine on most cards, was emphatic in his opinions. "Yes," he began, "refereeing girl matches is a lot of fun—most of the time, especially when you get a good-looking chick in there and you have a good imagination. You can really get your kicks. I don't want to mention any names,

There isn't a better referee in the world than Leo Garibaldi, but during this match, Bette Boucher made Leo lose his cool.

but there was one girl who used to wrestle quite often down here in Texas—she's one of the most famous girl wrestlers in the world—and, man, did I ever get my kicks whenever I worked her matches. She was a honey-blonde with a body you dream about but never see. And she would throw herself around the ring, in all kinds of very suggestive positions. To tell you the truth, I couldn't even remember my job, all I could think about was getting her alone! But I never did, unfortunately. I was just a referee. She had her boyfriends, I suppose—a million of them. All I could do was be jealous of them. I remember one night when this dream-girl was wrestling in Houston. She was wearing a skin-tight swim suit—a suggestive, very sexy pink color it was. I got all hot and bothered the minute she stepped into the ring. "If only I was alone with her,' I kept thinking. But I wasn't alone with her. There were about 6,000 people staring at her along with me. Still, I had a great advantage over them all because I was closest to her than anybody

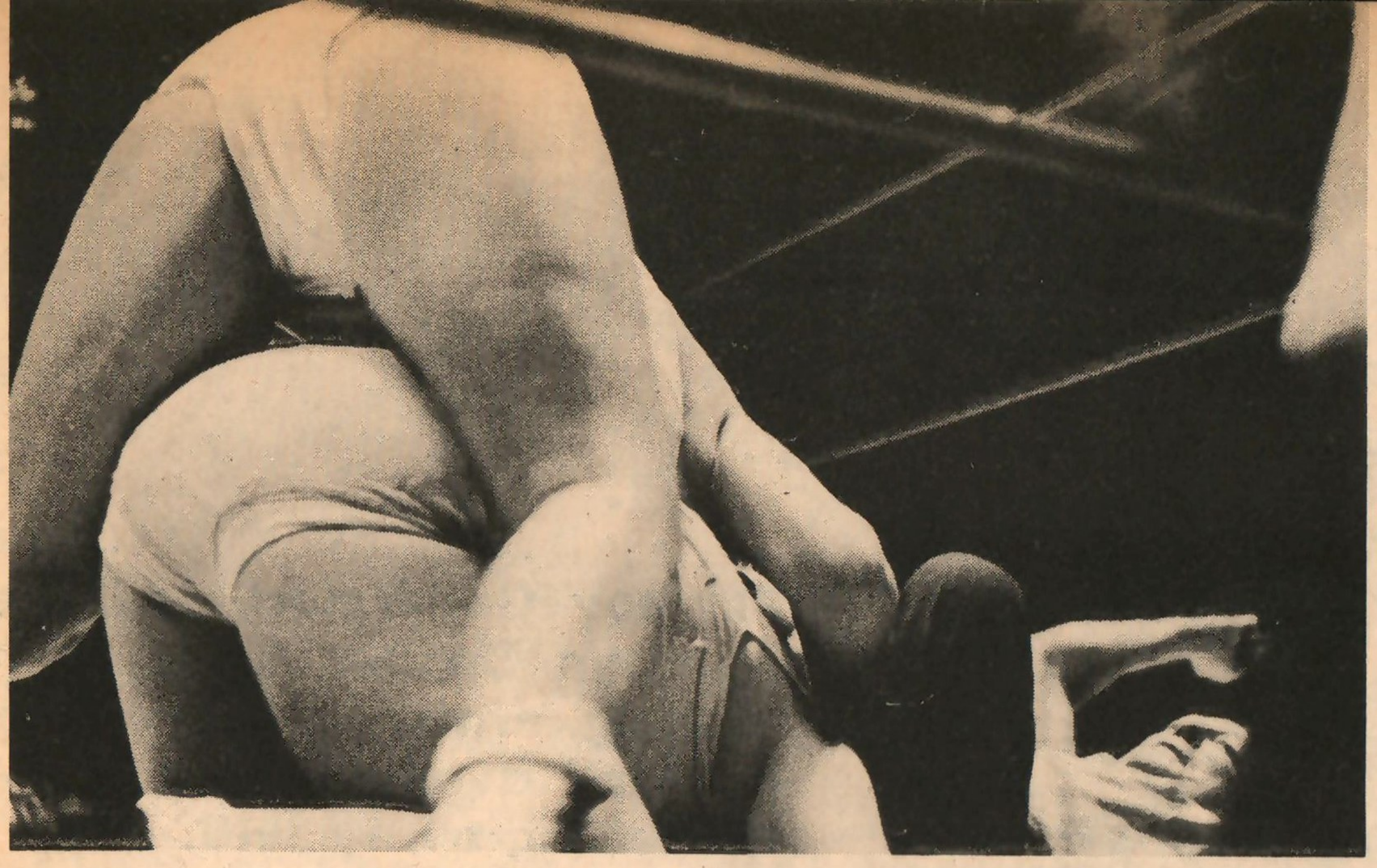


When Jane LaPorte refused to break after repeated warnings from the referee, and she later bit him, he became so enraged that he yanked Jane off her victim, shoved his fingers into her nostrils and pulled her back.



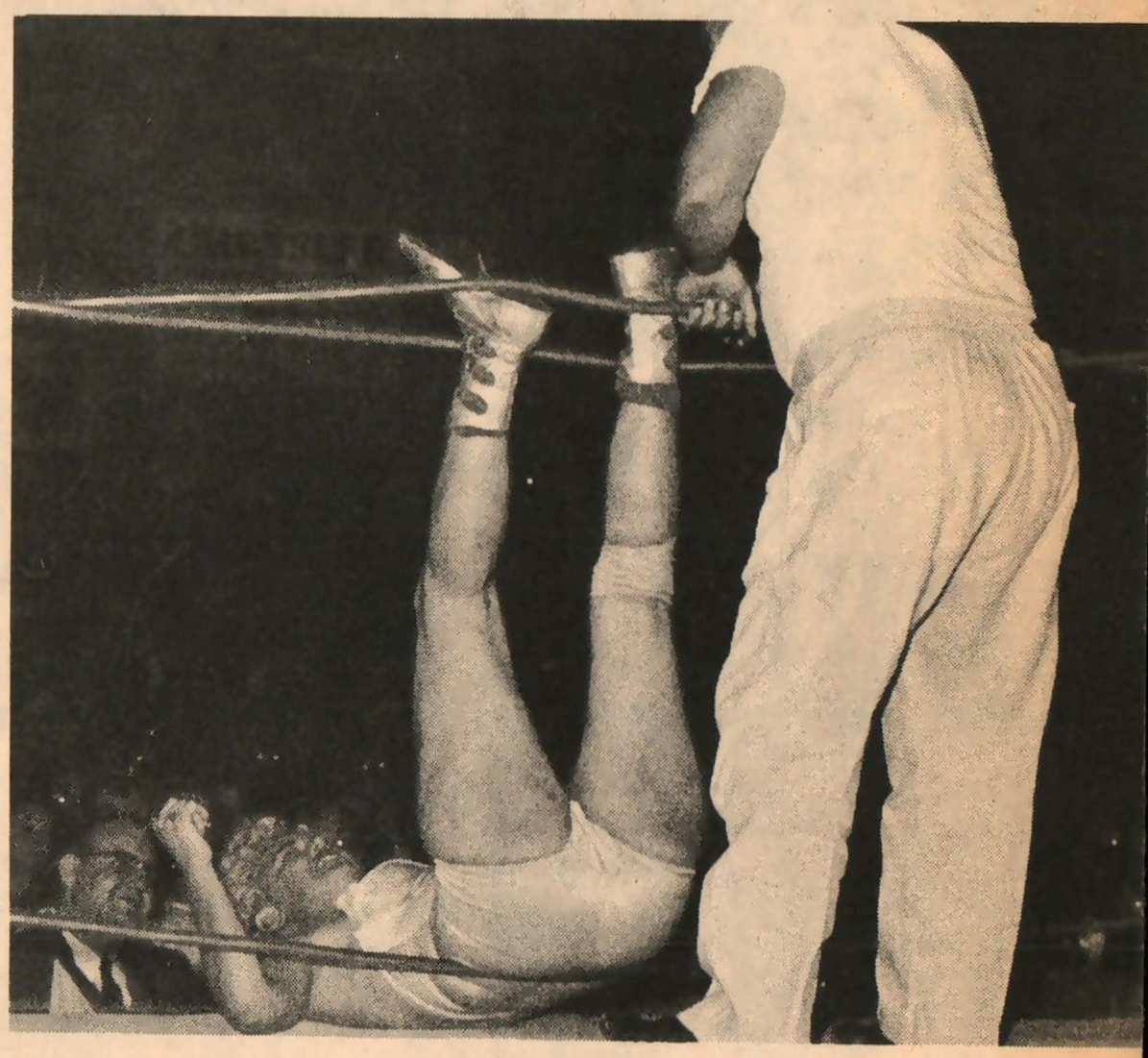
Mae Young, one of the roughest girl wrestlers of all time, got spanked by a referee one night.

Referee Walt Buckner slipped and fell while trying to untangle Tami Jones and Penny Banner (bottom). But look where Walt fell—smack into the front part of Tami's beautiful body. What's bad about that?



This referee, obviously frightened—and we can't blame him—tries to slide under the ropes to get away from the battling females who seem to have engulfed him. That's Judy Grable on the bottom, Carol Arnette on top. The referee did squirm to safety, but when he returned to the ring, he disqualified both girls. Coward!

When Bette Boucher was thrown out of the ring by her opponent in Plainview, Texas, Bette crashed down on the cement floor and suffered a concussion. The referee, sensing the danger, leaped to her aid and prevented her opponent from attacking.



Mae Young was deposited in this embarrassing position by Kathy Starr one night in Houston, Texas. The referee, who had been given a hard time by Mae, let her fall hard.

else. I could touch her! And I *did* touch her, just as often as I could —as often as I could get away with it without being too obvious. What a body, I can still *feel* it!"

Men who referee girl wrestling matches, of course, are of all ages; from about 25 to 60 years of age, and, naturally, the degree of *pleasure* they get from their work fluctuates with their ages. One referee, a young one, was all in a tither when talking about his work. "To tell you the truth," he began, "I can't wait to get home to my wife everytime I finish working a girls' match. Those gals get me so excited . . ."

Sexual excitement is, obviously, one of girl wrestling's strongest appeals but, until we conducted this survey, we had no idea that the same excitement filtered down to the men who referee those matches. Oh, well, live and learn. And, after all, sexual freedom is one of the great motivating forces behind what is commonly known as "The New Generation."

Welcome aboard! □

Playboy Gary Hart and the notorious Spoiler have been breaking arms and cracking skulls all over the country—and getting away with it! But one night, they went too far and the roof caved in on them . . .

By Gary J. Rowell

(Photos by the author)

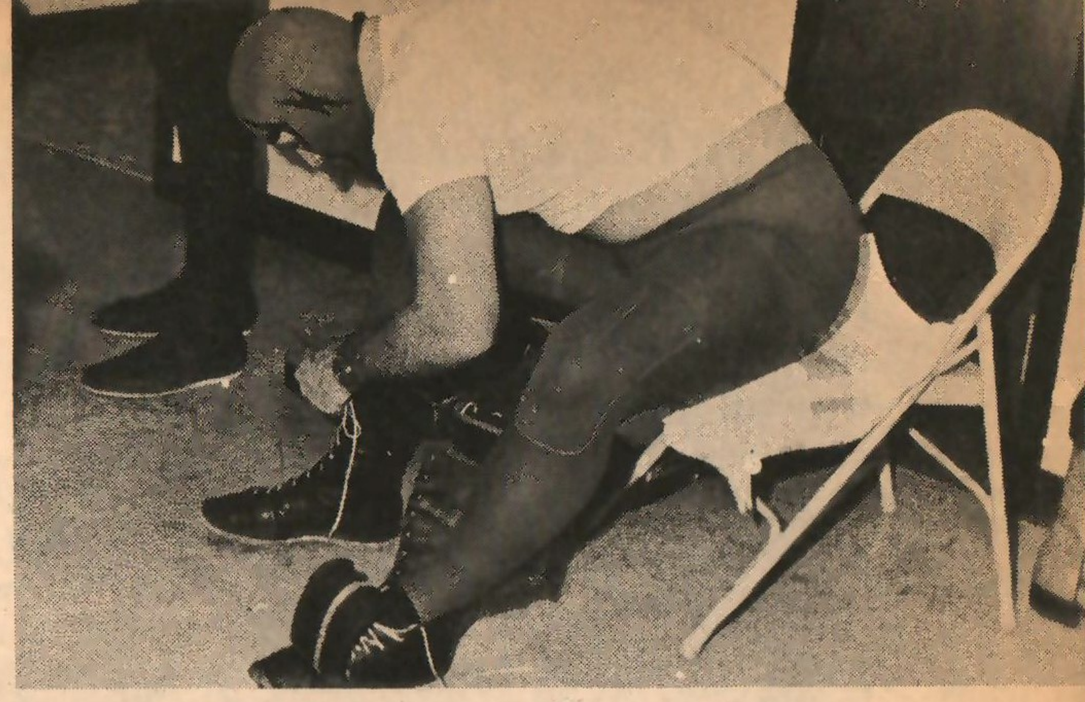
The Legal Battle That Can REVOLUTIONIZE WRESTLING

What could be the most important battle in the history of professional wrestling is about to explode. What makes it so important is that the final outcome could have a devastating effect on the sport's future—its continued expansion or its finish. And yet, this battle will not take place in any wrestling ring; instead the drama will unfold in a court of law.

Actually, it is not a battle envolving wrestlers, but rather the determination of a wealthy mother to ensure her son's constitutional rights to earn his living any way he chooses, providing it is a legal occupation. And the mother insists that managing a professional wrestler is a legal occupation.

"If that's the kind of work my son wants to do," the mother said with a grim look on her face, "I'll gladly spend my entire fortune to make sure he has that right."

The son in this case is "Playboy" Gary Hart, and the wrestler he manages is the notorious Spoiler, who holds the North American heavyweight championship. Because the case is so important and unique, we are publishing this exclusive account of the facts, as we know them, and ask you to be the judge.



When I walked into the room I saw the giant Spoiler lacing on his ring shoes. Although I had seen him wrestle before, I had no idea he was so big.

I KNOCKED ON the dressing room door, but almost a full minute passed before it opened slowly to reveal the scowling face of Dutch Savage.

"Yeah," he snapped. "What'd ya want?"

"I have an appointment to interview Gary Hart and the Spoiler. Are they in?"

"Wait a minute," Savage said. "I'll see if they're ready to see you."

The door didn't open again for another five minutes. "Okay," you can come in now," Savage said. The smile which had replaced the scowl on his face gave me new confidence.

As I walked into the room I saw Playboy Gary Hart dressed in an expensive dark green suit. He was standing behind the Spoiler and lacing the back of his flaming red mask snugly around his head.

"There," Gary said with obvious satisfaction, "your mask is on right. It musn't come off out there. It must *never* come off!"

Hart had to stretch his body to reach the head of the towering masked giant who stands 6-feet 5-inches tall and weighs around 300 pounds.

When Hart spotted me, he became angry and my first reaction was to get the hell out of that room as fast as my legs would carry me. But as he started to rave and rant I realized that it wasn't me who was the target of his rage but *you*, the wrestling fans. Hart was simply using me as the medium to get his message across to you.

"Listen," he growled as he waved his long finger so close to my nose I could feel the breeze, "you tell all those idiot fans they'd better start showing the Spoiler and me the respect we deserve or we'll take our championship and leave the country! And if we do that, you'll never get the title away from us."

Hart paused and grinned before adding, "Not that you'll ever get it away from us even if we stay in this country and defend our title every night in the week!"

The interview was over even before it began. Just as I started to reply, Oklahoma promoter Bob Clay walked into the room and told Hart and the Spoiler to get ready. "You're on next!"

In that split second, Hart, thinking my attention had been diverted, reached into his jacket pocket and whipped something out. Although my attention had been diverted by the entrance of promoter Clay, I couldn't help but see the Playboy's movements out of the corner of my eye.

Hart slipped two objects into the Spoiler's huge hand, one fairly large the other quite small. Both were black. As they brushed past me on their way to the ring I realized what those objects were. One was a leather glove from which the fingers had been removed, the other, the small one, was a piece of metal which had obviously been slipped into the palm of the Spoiler's hand, under the glove. "Murder!" I thought to myself. "This is going to be murder!"

A barrage of jeers greeted Hart and the Spoiler as they strutted down the aisle, and some fans were intrigued by the glittering reflections cast by the ring lights as they flashed down on the Spoiler's brightly-polished championship belt.

Gary Hart wasted no time heaping verbal abuse on both the referee and Spoiler's opponent,

The Spoiler quickly got the upper hand. He hammered his opponent, big Krusher Karlsson, out of the ring, then hit Karlsson in the head when he tried to pull himself back in.

Krusher Karlsson. After receiving their instructions, Karlsson made the mistake of turning his back to walk to his corner. Quicker than a bolt of lightning, Hart was all over Karlsson—choking and punching him from behind. The referee admonished Hart, but Gary had succeeded in his dirty work. The Spoiler then went to work on the still-stunned Karlsson. The rulebook was thrown out the window as the Spoiler punched, gouged and stomped his way to a first-fall victory with Hart's continual help from outside the ring.

During the rest period, Hart entered the ring to shower Karlsson with a series of jolting kicks to the head. "Just look at that poor quivering slob!" Hart quipped to the protesting fans.

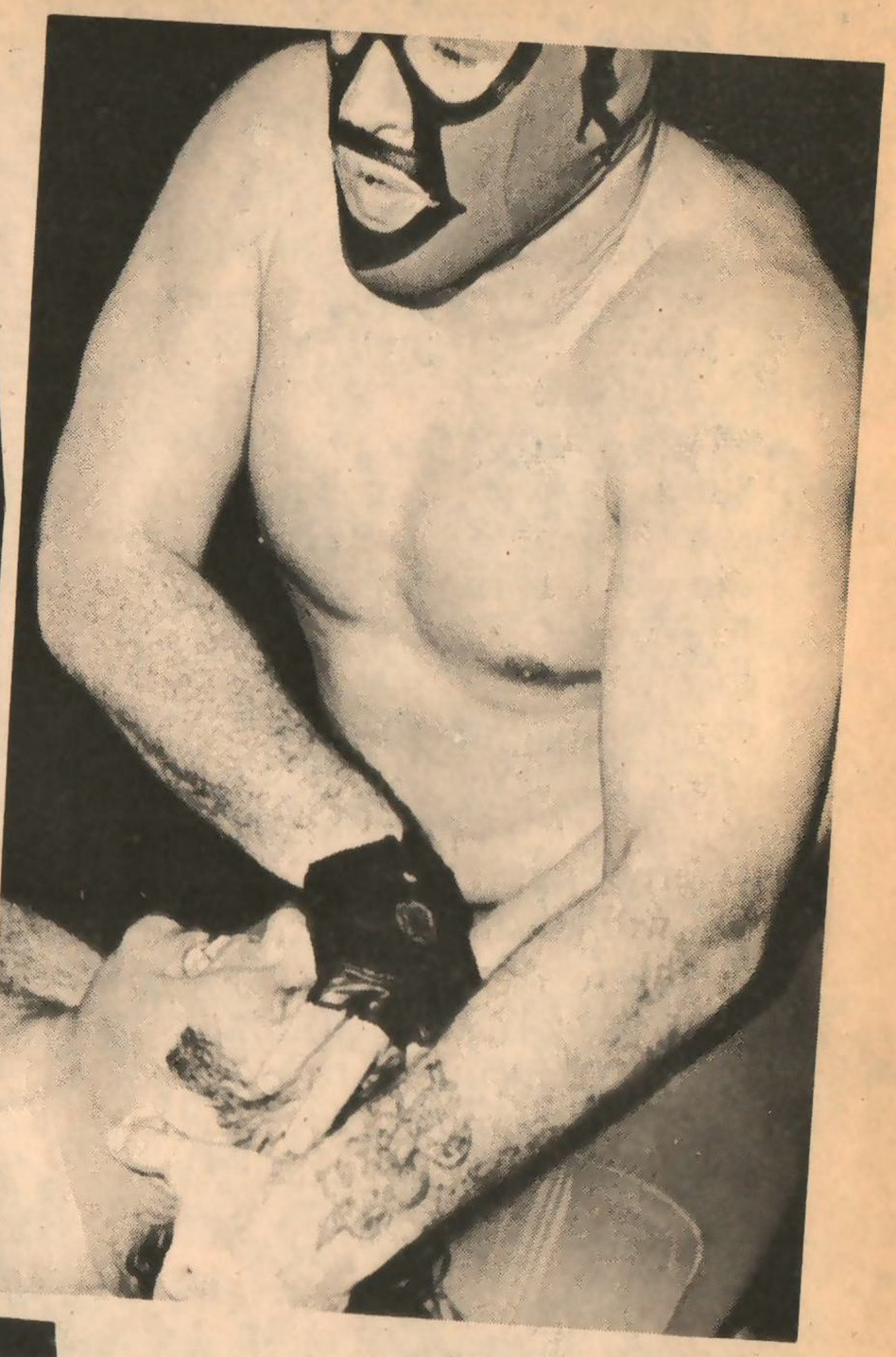
Quite unknown to Playboy Gary and the Spoiler, their every move was being carefully observed and documented by a mysterious stranger at ringside. In answer to thousands of protest letters and phone calls the National Wrestling Alliance had sent a representative to witness the infamous antics of the Playboy and his champion to determine if any legal action should be taken against them. The N.W.A. official noted that Hart climbed into the ring six different times during the second fall to prevent Karlsson from applying legitimate holds.

The referee finally succeeded in keeping Hart out of the ring long enough for Karlsson to win the second fall with his *Boston Crab*.

The N.W.A. official was aghast at the start of the third fall. As soon as the referee turned his back, the Spoiler pushed the metal object into position under his black glove. As usual, Hart was forever climbing into the ring to distract the referee. At one point, Hart took off his shoe and climbed into the ring to argue with Karlsson and the referee. Seizing upon the opportunity, the Spoiler drove his huge fist into the back

Playboy Gary Hart is an arrogant man who takes pride in the large number of enemies he has. "I hate most people," he admits, "and they hate me. But," he added, "that's because very few people understand me and the things I'm after. I run deep, man. I run very deep!"

From his position at the apron of the ring, Playboy Gary Hart seems to control what the Spoiler does inside the ring. As one man put it, "Hart reminds me of a man pulling the strings that control a puppet." The difference is, of course, that the Spoiler is not a puppet but a real life monster!



I found it difficult to sit in my seat and watch the Spoiler use his gloved fist like a hammer. I knew what that glove concealed! To draw attention away from his glove, Spoiler mixed up his attack with stomps (left) and assorted kicks.

of Karlsson's unprotected head. The sickening thud of the metal object crunching into the base of Karlsson's skull could be heard throughout the arena. Karlsson's eyes glazed as he reeled and fell, face first, to the mat.

The Spoiler pounced upon the still form and applied his deadly *Claw* hold to the ashen white face of his helpless victim. The N.W.A. official saw the Spoiler momentarily release the *Claw* to pound savagely on Karlsson's forehead as a trickle of blood rolled down Karlsson's face. Once again the Spoiler applied the tremendous pressure of his *Claw* to the stricken man's face. The Spoiler was declared the winner of the bout after his deadly hold had turned his victim's face into a mask of blood.

Once again the N.W.A. official stood speechless and horrified as Playboy Gary Hart entered the ring and then mercilessly stomped upon the limp victim's blood-spattered body.

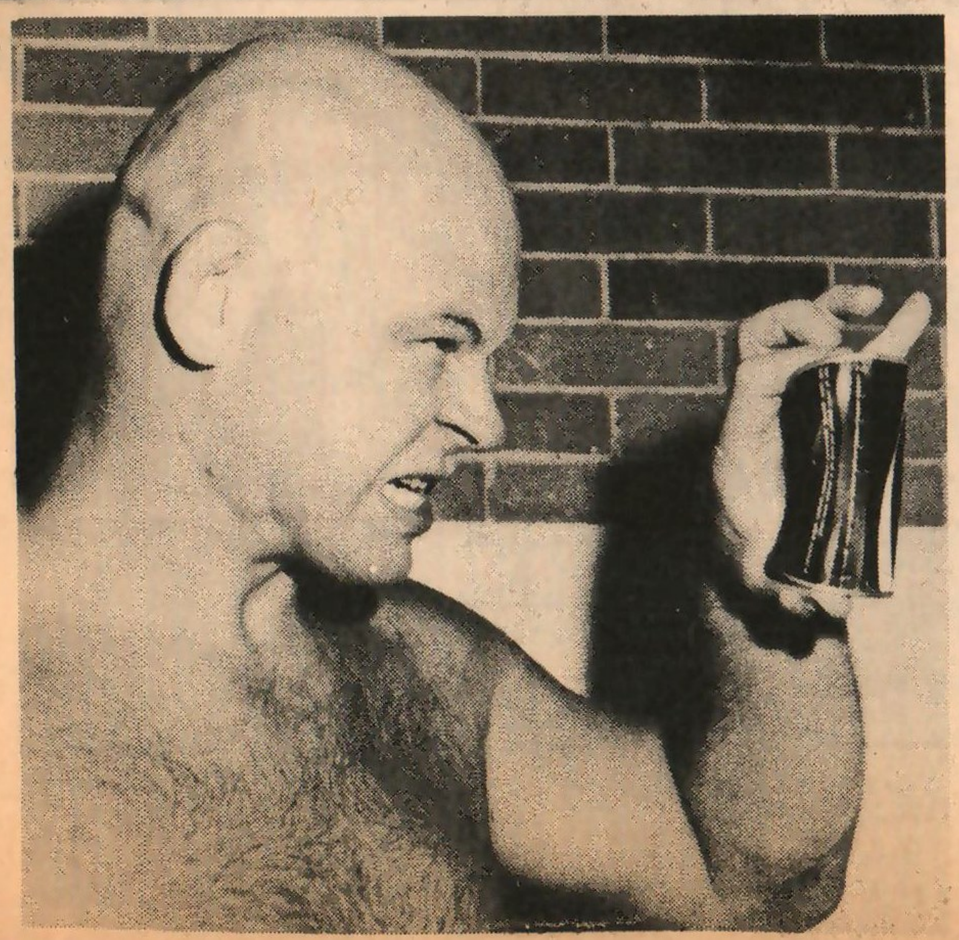
The official N.W.A. decision on Playboy Gary Hart's standing as a manager was quick in coming after the representative had filed his lengthy report. At a press conference the following statement was issued:

"From this day forth, the license of Gary Hart to manage the North American Heavyweight Champion, known as The Spoiler, is hereby indefinitely suspended. Furthermore, Gary Hart is ordered banned from all N.W.A. wrestling arenas. Much evidence of Mr. Hart's repeated interference in many matches has been presented to this official organization and it is with regret that we have reached this unprecedented decision."

That was the verdict that so angered Hart's mother that she vowed to test it in the courts. She is still spending thousands of dollars in legal fees fighting for her son's rights, and no matter what your views of Gary Hart, you have to admire his mother's courage and determination. We certainly do. □

"When I get the hold just right," the Baron boasted, "I can feel my fingers digging through the guy's skull and into his brains. It feels like I'm running my fingers through scrambled eggs!"

THE BRAIN CLAW



Above: Von Raschke uses a volunteer to demonstrate his new hold for our photographer. Although the giant German was not exerting maximum pressure, the man's face started to turn blue and his eyes rolled in his head. The volunteer said later, "I wouldn't do that again for a million dollars!" Left: The Baron proves his strength.

BILL HOWARD IS about as nice a guy as you'd ever want to meet. He helps old ladies cross the street and he never turns down a pan-handler who needs a dime for a cup of coffee. Bill Howard is a wrestler and you don't need two guesses to figure out the style he uses in the ring—fast, clean and strictly by the book.

Bill hasn't been wrestling very long, but he's already built himself a good-sized following in the mid-west. Said one fan: "What

wrestling needs more than anything else is more Bill Howards."

You can imagine all the raised eyebrows and downright concern that followed the announcement of a forthcoming bout between Howard and one of the world's most dangerous and savage wrestlers—Baron Von Raschke.

"Bill is not ready to go in against that animal," complained one of Howard's fans. "The promotors ought to be arrested," growled another.

The general consences of opinion was that Howard was smart and fast enough to take care of himself against Von Raschke, but what worried everybody was the Baron's deadly new weapon—*The Brain Claw*.

"If Von Raschke gets his hold on this kid he's liable to ruin him for good," said one recent victim of the Baron's who asked us not to mention his name.

The Brain Claw, admits Von Raschke, was inspired by Fritz Von Erich's famous *Iron Claw*. "The difference," says Von Raschke, "is that I bring the pressure up around the brain and Fritz gets it over the face." The Baron also implied that he has more strength in his fingers than Fritz, and that his hands are bigger. "When I get the hold just right," he says, "I get the feeling that my fingers are digging through the guy's skull and into his brains." The massive German grinned and added, "It feels like I'm running my fingers through scrambled eggs." The Baron cracked up with laughter at his own joke. Nice guy.

Bill Howard himself wasn't the least bit concerned about the fierce German Baron and his paralyzing hold. "What will be will be," Bill told a group of his fans who had come to his home to plead with him to be careful.

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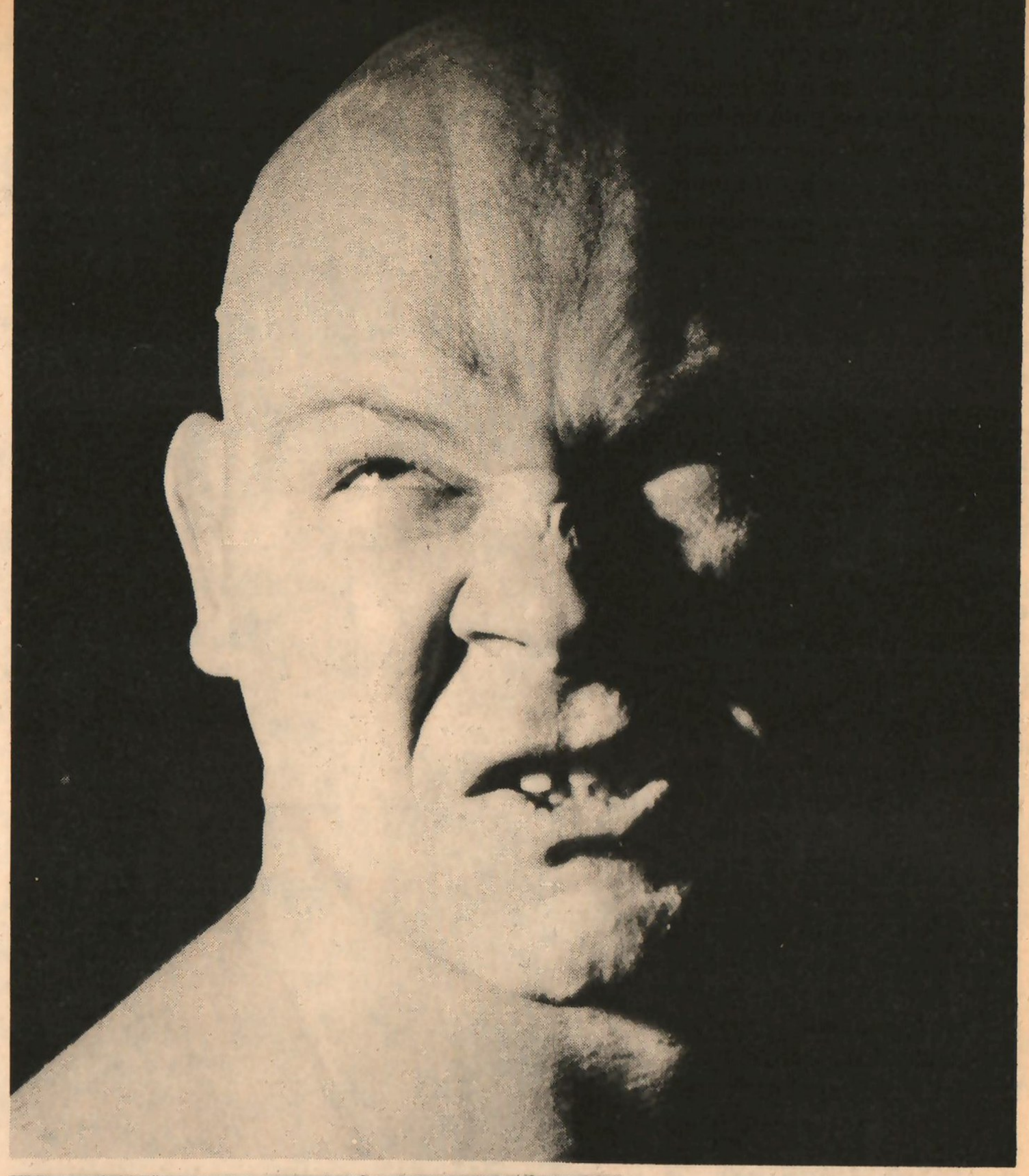
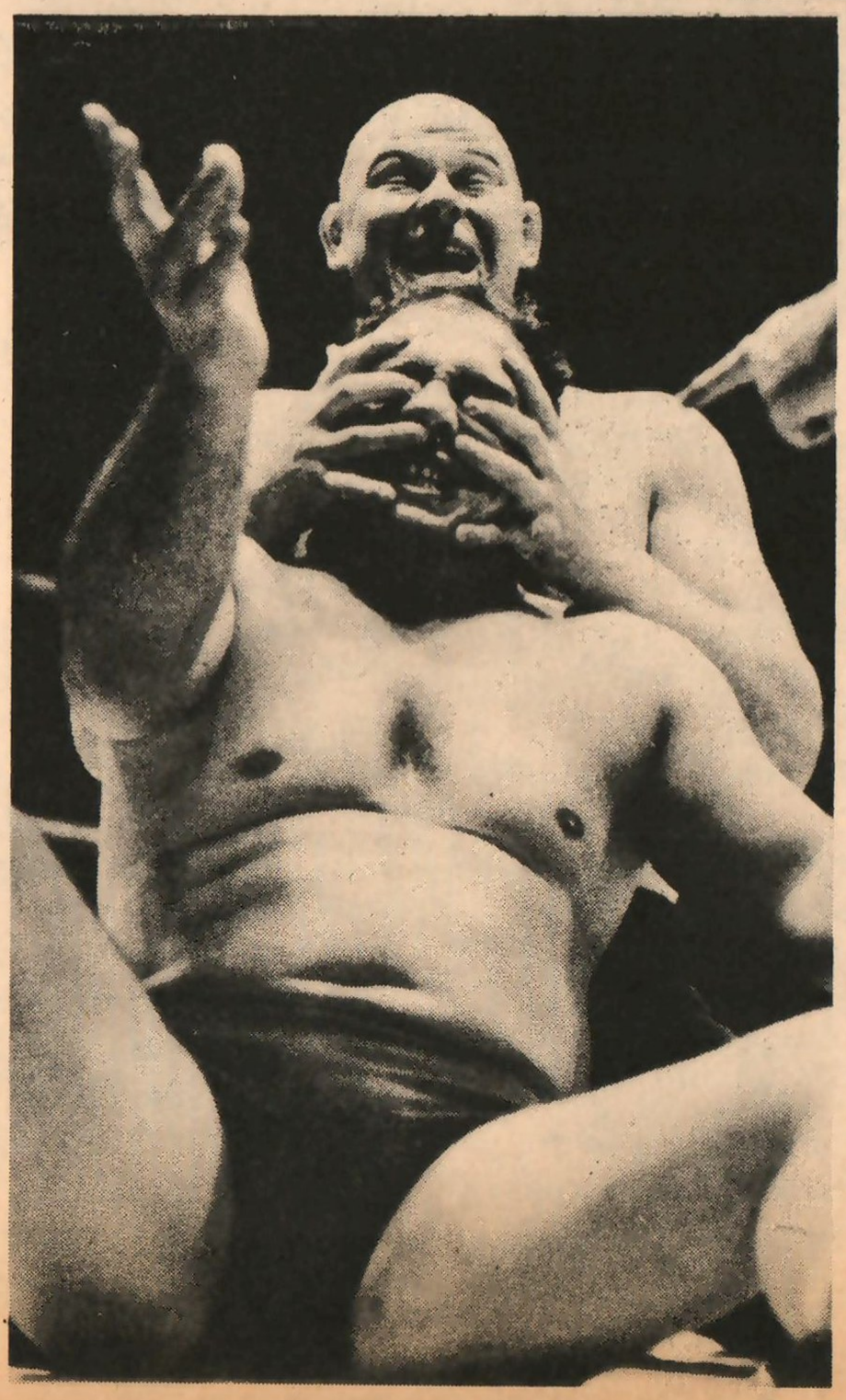
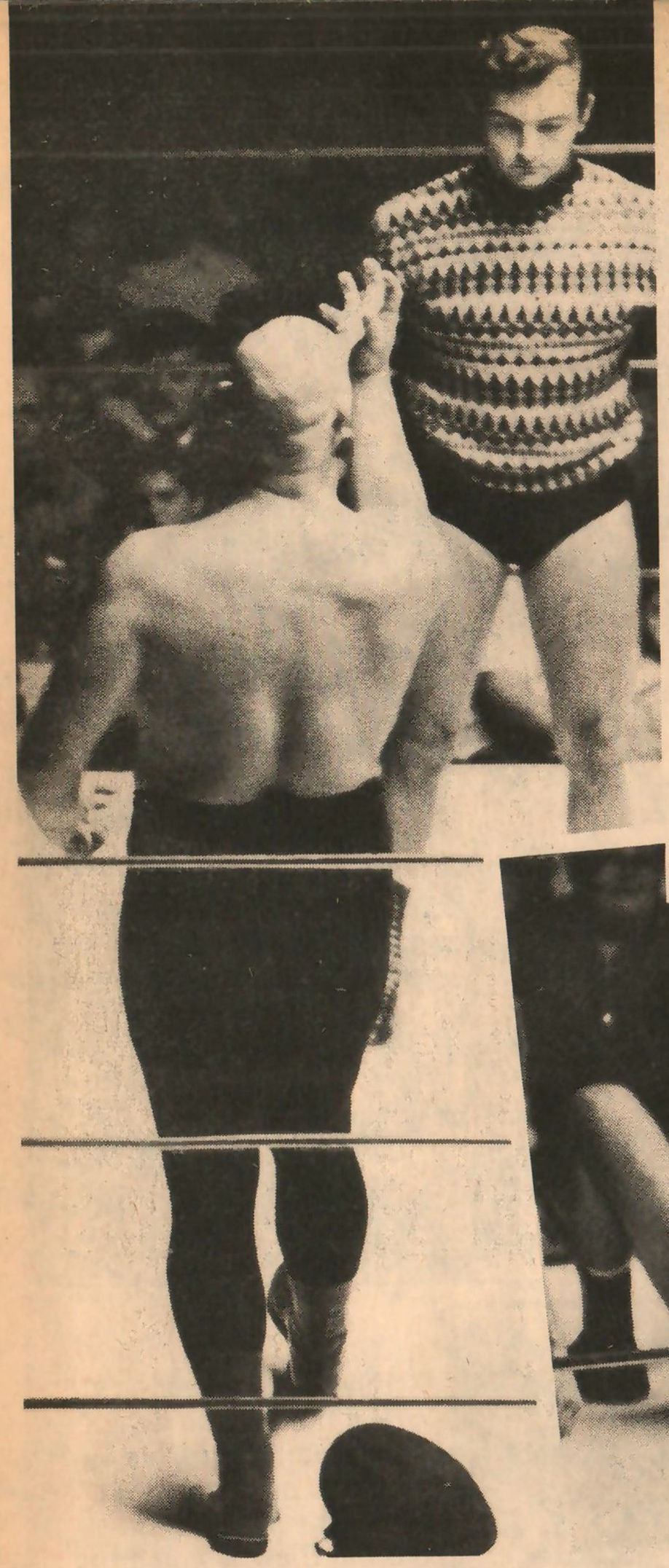
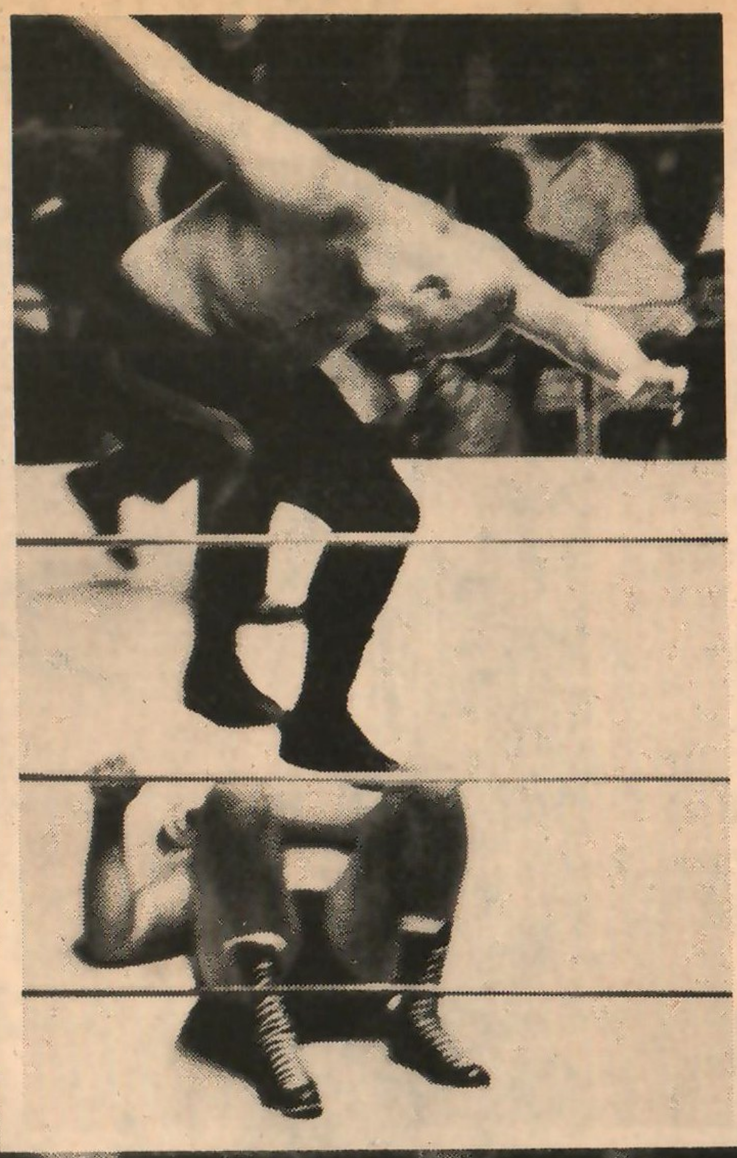


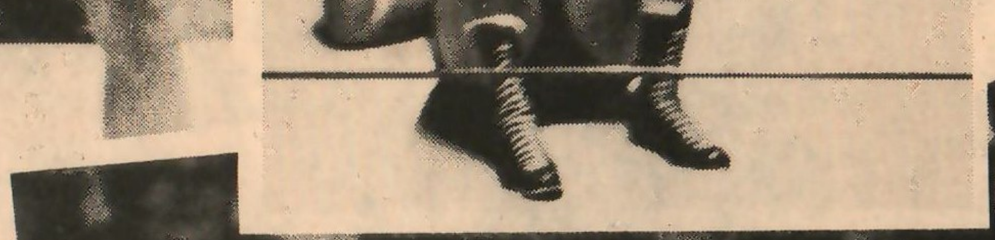


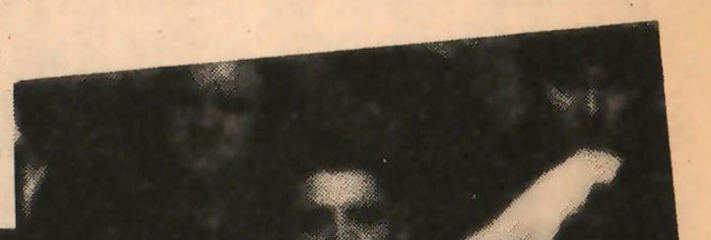
Above: Von Raschke's face breaks into a frightening sneer as he replies to question, "Don't you think your Brain Claw is much too dangerous to be used in the ring?" The Baron snapped, "Hell no! I don't ask any special favors, so why should my opponents get any? This is a tough way to make a living. If you can't live with what goes on, you should go get a job driving a truck!" Left: Von Raschke's face splits into a happy grin as he inches his tremendous fingers over victim's face into the "Claw" position.

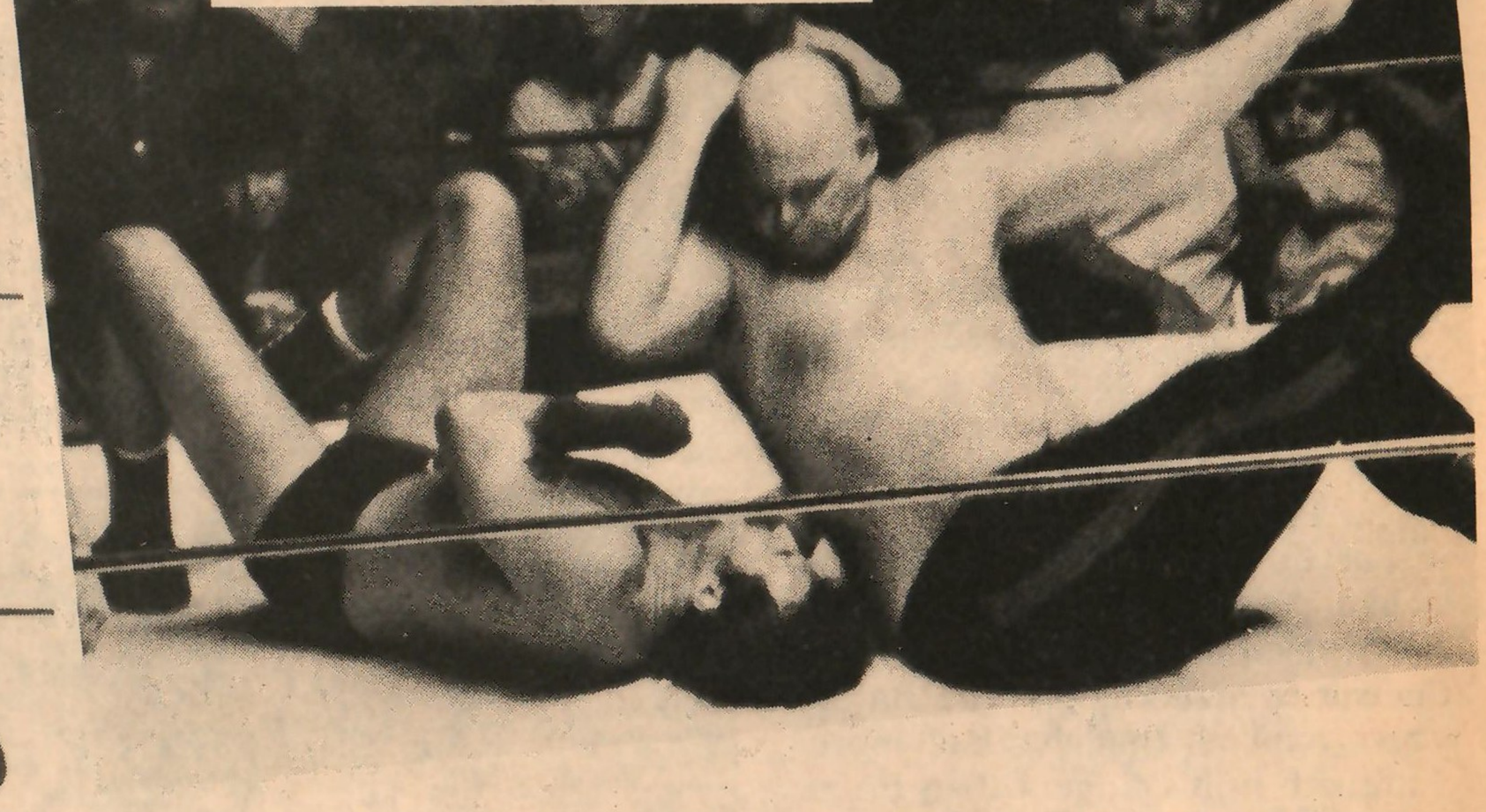




When young Bill Howard (wearing sweater, far left) stepped into the ring, Von Raschke tried to frighten him by holding up his great right hand, fingers stretched to the "Claw" position. "I'm gonna rip your head off!" the Baron growled. But in the opening minutes of the bout, Von Raschke made no attempt to claw Howard, instead he kept stomping him (left), and elbowing him (below).







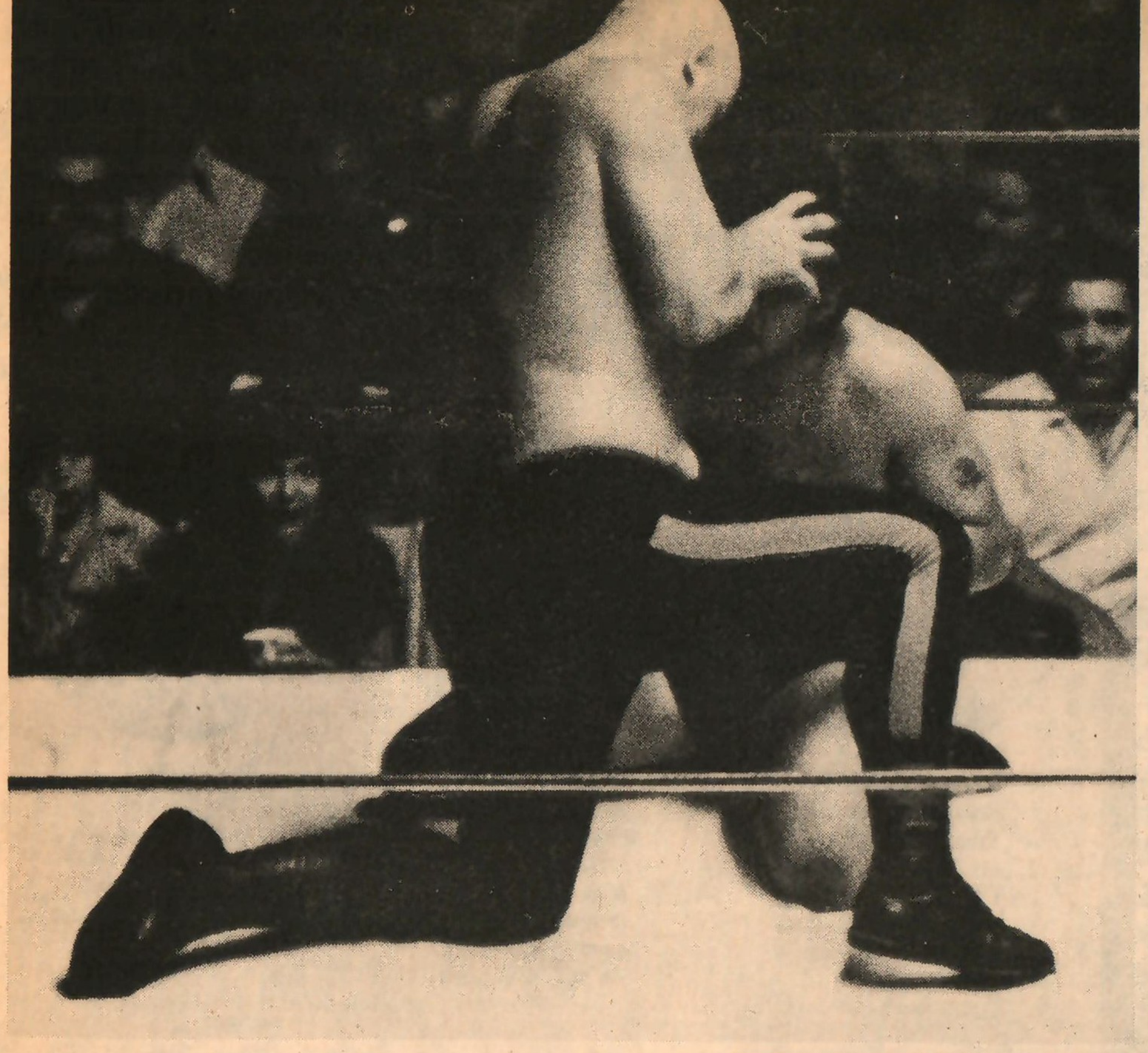
"He's got two arms and two legs," Howard said. "I have a good strong body because I've always taken care of myself, and you'd be amazed to know how much punishment a well-conditioned body can take. No, I don't have to be afraid of anybody," Bill concluded with bubbling confidence.

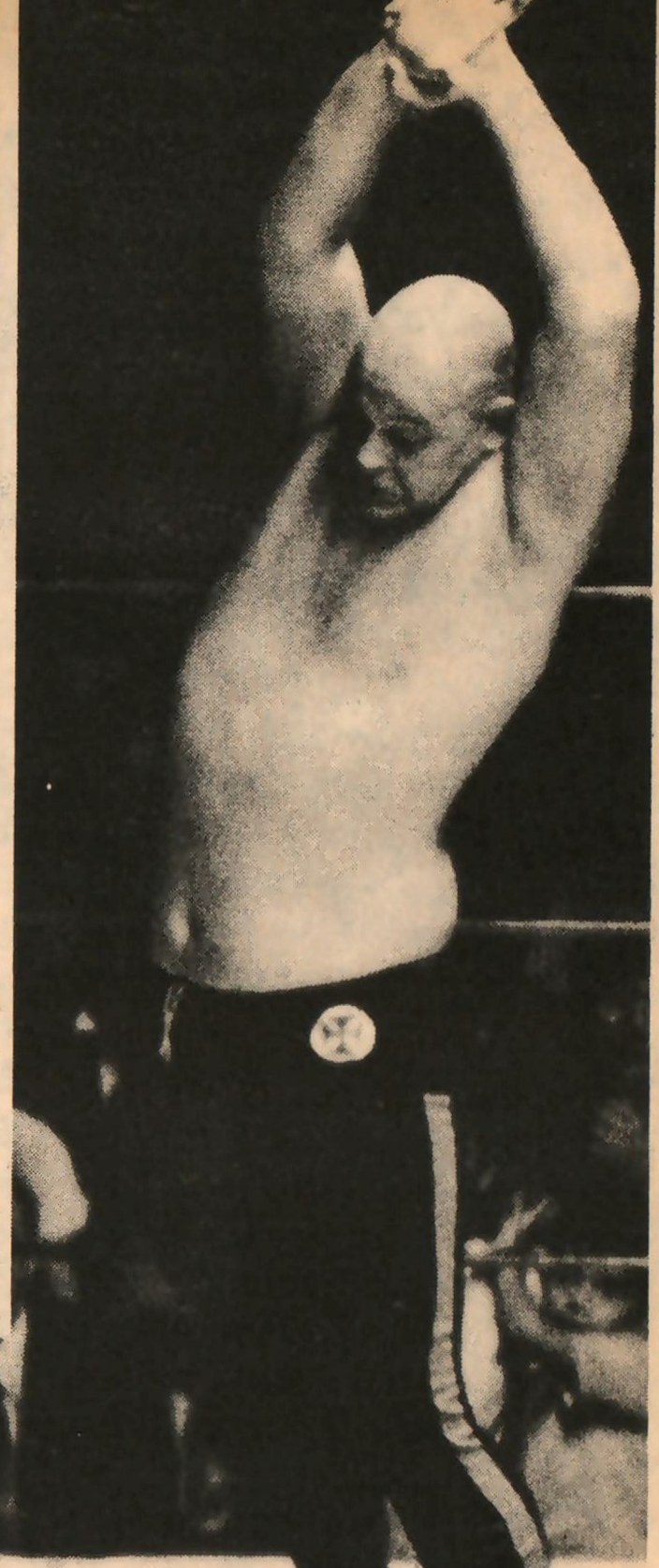
Bill was absolutely correct in what he said, but there was something he didn't mention that was very important: size. Bill is a normal-sized wrestler; about 225 pounds, a little over six feet tall. Von Raschke, on the other hand, is a monster—270 pounds, six feet-six inches tall. The size difference was staggering. And strong as he may be, Howard's power doesn't compare with that of the German.

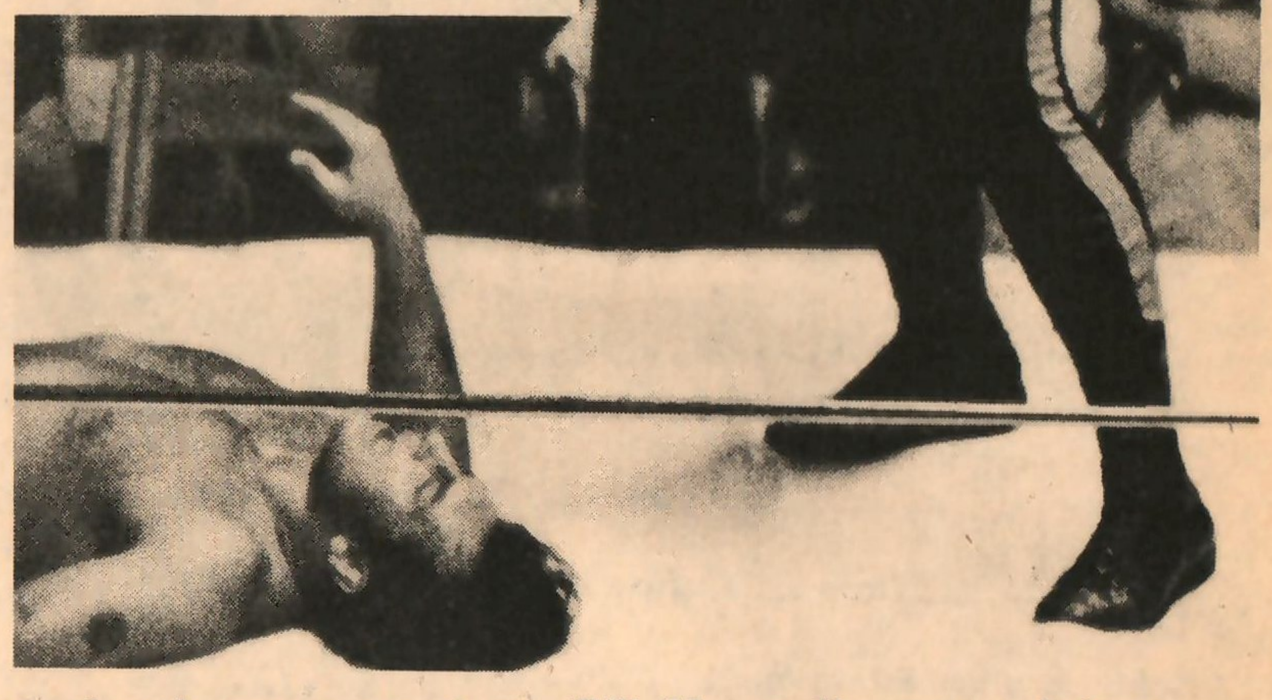
The match took place in Chicago and those who watched it will never forget what happened. Young Bill Howard, just as he had predicted, walked into the ring abounding confidence. He smiled happily and waved thanks for the roaring ovation—and he kept right on smiling through the bombardment of cat-calls and boos that greeted the hated Baron.

Von Raschke has never been known as a particularly clever wrestler. With all his crushing strength he doesn t have to be clever. But against Howard, the German wildman used his brains as well as his strength and that, we're sorry to say, was something young Bill hadn't counted on.

From Howard's actions in the opening moments of the bout it was obvious to experienced observers that he had one objective: not to get caught in Von Raschke's *Brain Claw*. There was nothing wrong with that except that the Baron knew it, too! So instead of dashing out of his corner with his big right paw in claw position, Von Raschke resorted to such goodies as brain-jarring elbow smashes, knee lifts and face-stomping.







After he had weakened his less experienced foe to the point of exhaustion, Von Raschke brought his claw hold into action. Right: the Baron stretches his huge body high into the air, spreads his fingers, then crashes down on his helpless victim (above). The crowd moaned and two hysterical young women raced to ringside and screamed at the referee, "Stop it! For God sakes, stop it!" But police quickly took the women away and Von Raschke kept right on clawing. Finally, the merciful end came.

One ringsider summed it up perfectly when he said, "While Bill is defending himself against the Brain Claw he'd getting himself murdered with everything else!"

After a series of fierce elbow smashes, Howard started to regret, trying to clear the cob-webs from his brain. But he never for a moment stopped watching for that dreaded claw hold. At one point, Von Raschke grinned and grunted, "You waiting for desert?" Then he raised his right hand over his head and lowered his long fingers into the pattern of an eagle's claws as it darts towards its prey. Howard was a little groggy, but he sure got the message. Mind you, the Baron had not yet even attempted to secure his deadly hold, all he did was twist his fingers into the form of a claw.

The referee barked at the massive German, "Hey, cut that out! Either get the hold or don't get it. But stop playing around! Understnd?"

Von Raschke answered the official by sticking out his tongue and growling, "There's nothing in the rules that says I have to!" The referee had no answer so he simply made a motion with his hands ordering them to wrestle.

What appeared to frustrate Bill Howard's army of fans was his apparent inability to evaluate the seriousness of the situation. It seemed that everybody in the arena, except Bill himself, knew what was surely going to happen. And it did!

After about 15 minutes of wrestling, Von Raschke slugged Bill to the floor with a rapid series of jolting elbow smashes, then the German rammed his elbow into Howard's face, just as Johnny Valentine would have done, setting Bill up for the deadly *Brain Claw*.

It happened with startling quickness. As soon as Howard's

(Continued on page 60)

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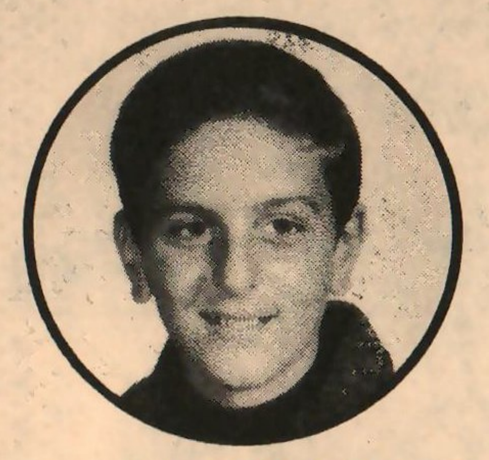
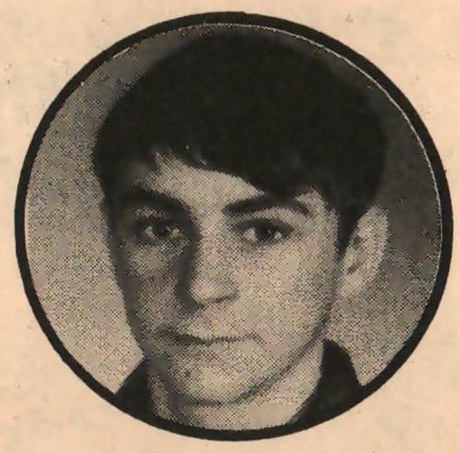


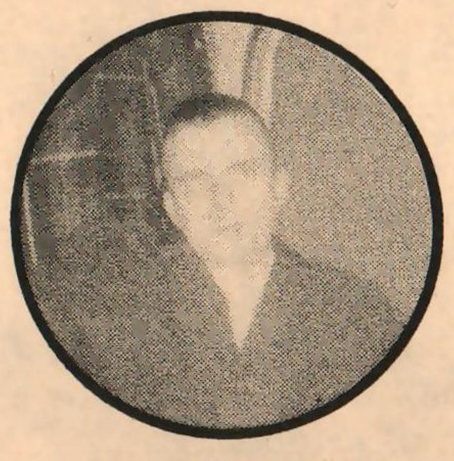
LOUIS SLIMAN (14)
8820 Torrance Ave.
Brooklyn, OH. 44144
Likes dancing, cars.
Lil Abner his favorite.
Likes good guys. Cute girls for PPs.

GRACE WOOD (15)
Rt. 3 Box 502
Phoenix. AR. 36867
Likes music, art.
Mike York her favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone her age for PPs.

JOHN SINIBALDI (12)
28 Sheffield Rd.
Boston, MA. 02131
Likes horses, hockey.
Bruno his favorite.
Likes good guys. Boys for pen pals.



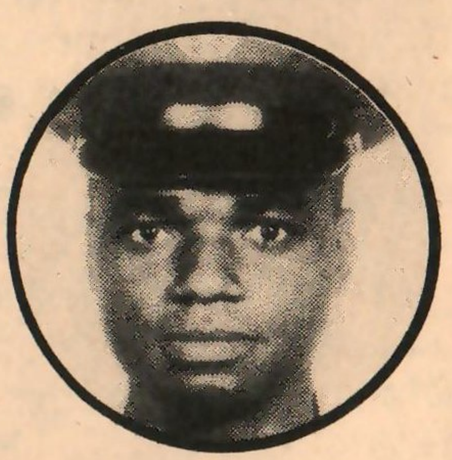
DARYL WUDRICK (15)
125 107 St.
Saskatoon, Canada
Likes all sports. Ox Baker his favorite.
Likes good guys.
Anyone for pen pals.



JIM FERRIS (28)
Box 83 RD 2
Rimersburg, PA. 16248
Likes sports, music.
Bruno his favorite.
Likes good and bad guys.
Anyone for PPs.

LOUIS MARTINEZ (15)
339 Lincoln Pl.
Bklyn, NY. 11238
Likes bowling, tennis.
Haystacks his favorite.
Likes good guys.
Anyone for PPs.

VERA HART (13)
8321 Huttig Ave.
Dallas, TX. 75217
Likes to write letters.
Dick Raines her favorite.
Likes good guys.
Boys for PPs.



ERNEST TILLERY (20)
CMR 341 Andrews A.F.B.
Washington, DC. 20331
Likes pro football.
Bruno his favorite.
Likes good guys.
Girls for pen pals.

PAT MCLELLAN (42)
120 Trevethon Ave.
Santa Cruz, CA. 95060
Likes music, dancing.
Likes good guys.
Men over 45 for PPs.

PALS

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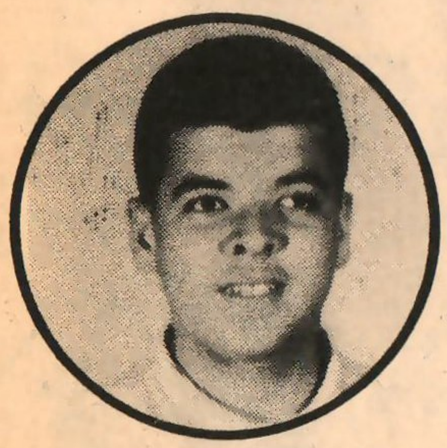
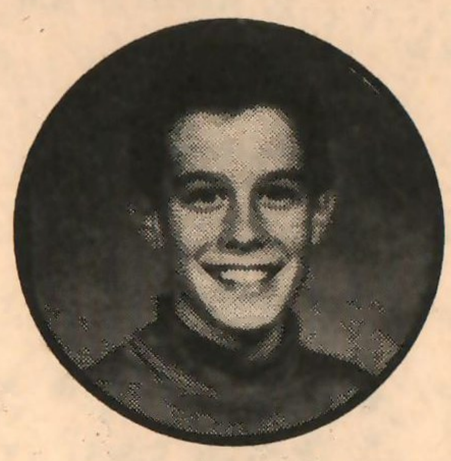


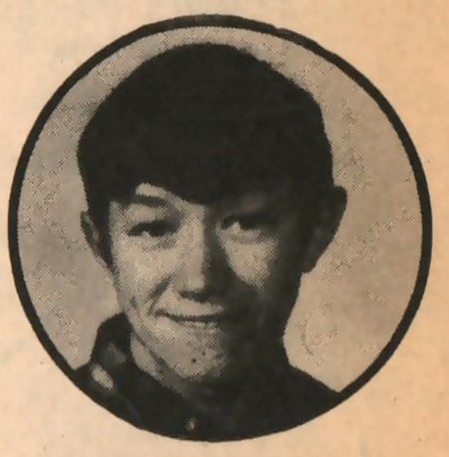
WILLIAM PINGEL (15)
1113 Pershing
Perryville, MO. 63775
Likes bowling, basketball. Jack Brisco his favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for PPs.



BRUCE GRAHAM (13)
2511 Kapoilari #2
Honolulu, HI. 96814
Likes wrestling. The Sheik his favorite. Likes bad guys. Sheik fans for PPs.

LINDA PHILLIPS (14)
Rt. 2 Box 1097
Lanett, AL. 36863
Likes skating. Reg Parks her favorite. Likes good guys. Boys for PPs.

CALVIN COBBS (19)
4-03 Astoria Blvd.
L.I.C., NY. 11102
Likes judo, skiing. Bobo his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Anyone for pen pals.



ROYCE PRATT (15)
119 Apple St.
Tiffin, OH. 44883
Likes working on cars. Luis Martinez his favorite. Likes good guys. Nice people for PPs.

MARK STEWART (18)
42 E. 57 St.
Bklyn, NY. 11203
Likes baseball, hockey. Bruno his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Girls for PPs.

LOUIS CHARLIP (15)
42 E. 57 St.
Bklyn, NY. 11203
Likes baseball, bowling. Crusher Verdu his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls for PPs.

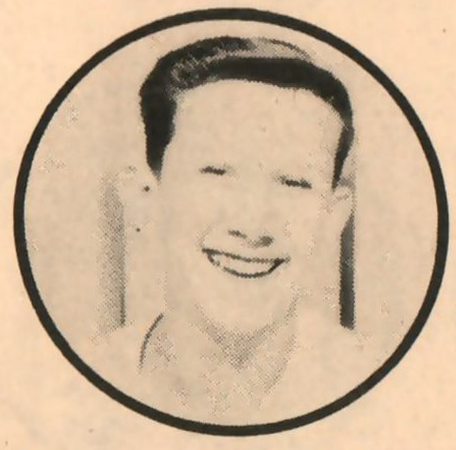
JOEY GARDIN (11)
2222 Denise Rd.
Mississauga, Ont., Canada
Likes hockey, soccer. The Sheik his favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for PPs.

RON MCCLUTCHEON (13)
Rt. 2
Smithville, MO. 64089
Likes football, cars. Convict his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Wrestling fans for PPs.

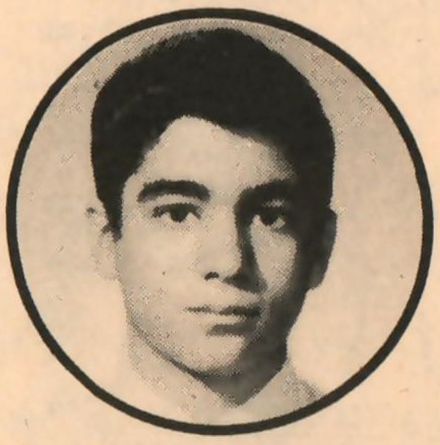
CAROL LESUEUR (16)
10229 Tea Garden
Dallas, TX. 75217
Likes playing ball. Cyclone her favorite. Likes good guys. Men wrestlers for PPs.

WESLEY CREWS (16)
607 E. Lane St.
Shelbyville, TN. 37160
Likes basketball, reading. Les Thatcher his favorite. Likes good guys. Wrestling fans for PPs.

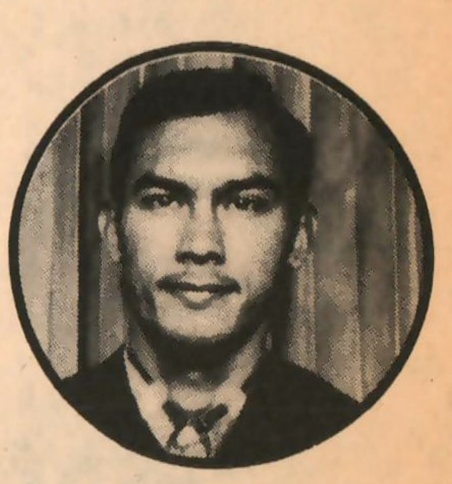
ANNE MARIE DATTERO (11)
38-1/2 Gore St.
Cambridge, MA. 02141
Likes reading, pop music. Favorite is Bruno. Likes good guys. Anyone for PPs.



RICH ACCETTURO (15)
3059 N. Rutherford
Chicago, IL. 60634
Collects wrestling books. Verne Gagne his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls write.

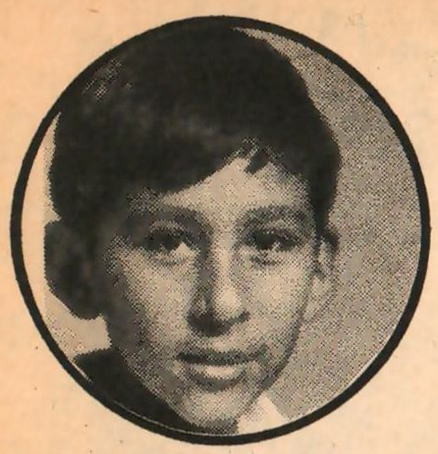


VICTOR GIAMPIETRO (15)
2834 N. Natoma
Chicago, IL. 60634
Likes all sports. Verne Gagne his favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for pen pals.

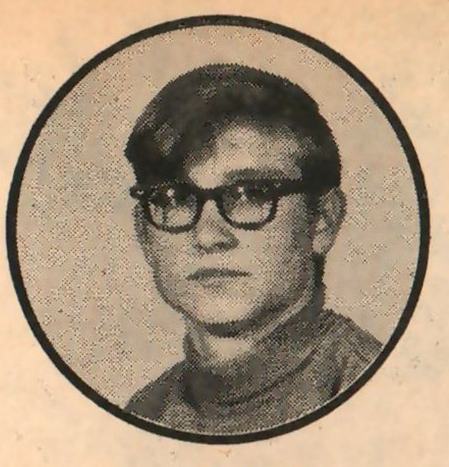


CHARLES EKERN (28)
775 Post St. #C
San Francisco, CA. 94109
Likes movies, sports. The Alaskan his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls for pen pals.

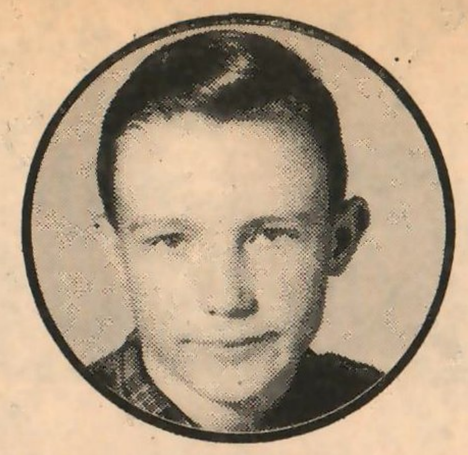
(Continued)



RICHARD AGVILAR (10)
816 S. Record Ave.
L.A., CA. 90023
Likes basketball, swimming. Bobo Brazil his favorite. Likes bad guys. Girls for PPs.



MITCH SMITH (18)
177 Second Ave.
Tiffin, OH. 44883
Likes cars. Outlaws his favorite. Likes bad guys. Girls for PPs.

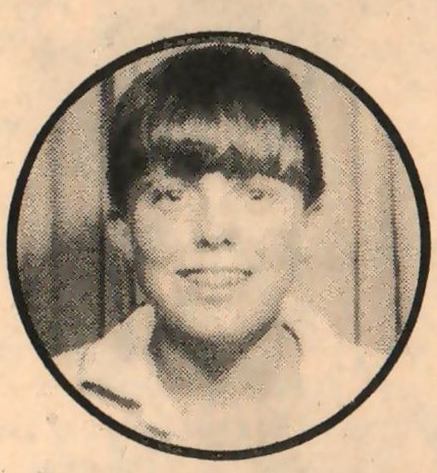


RODNEY CREECH (13)
Stamps, AK. 71860
Likes motorcycles. Bill Watts his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls for PPs.

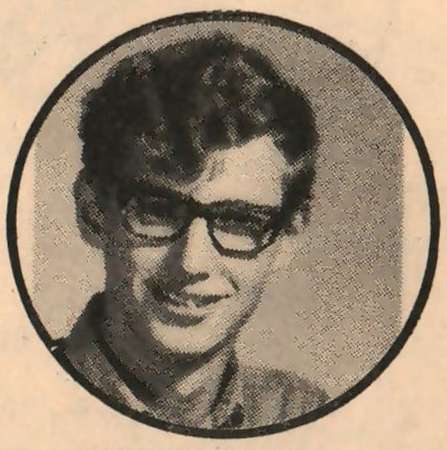
MELVIN MCKELLAR (25)
216 S. 49 St.
Phil., PA. 19139
Likes boxing, photography. Bruiser his favorite. Likes good guys. Women for PPs.

JOYCE HART (16)
323 Major St.
Pendleton, SC. 29670
Likes swimming, horses. Ed Carpentier favorite. Likes good guys. Boys for PPs.

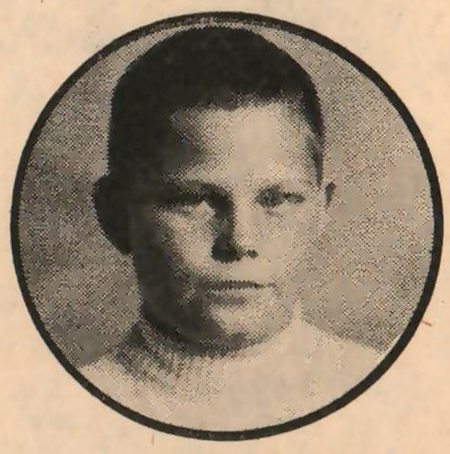
KAREN NOWAK (22)
4729 Plover
St. Louis, MO. 63138
Likes football, fast cars. Monsoon Gorilla her favorite. Likes bad guys. Men for PPs.



PAT PARSEKIAN (14)
1220 N.E. 162 St.
N. Miami Beach, FL. 33162
Likes soccer. Eddie Graham his favorite. Likes bad guys. Anyone for PPs.

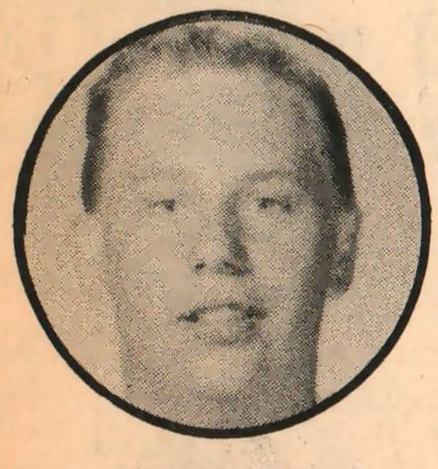


BOB HOOD (18)
187 Van Dusen Blvd.
Toronto, Ont., Canada
Likes pop music, hockey. Lord Layton his favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for PPs.

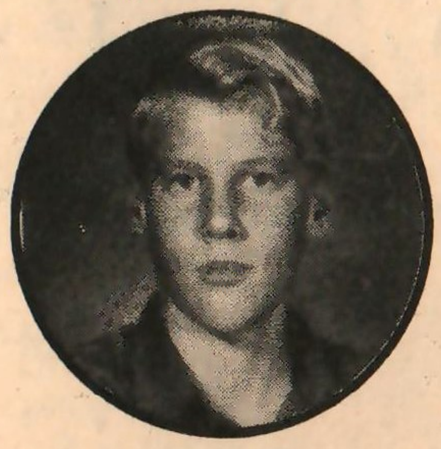


CHUCK SMITH (11)
305 Etwan Ave.
Columbia, SC. 29205
Likes baseball, music. Bruno his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls for PPs.

BECKY PORTZ (13)
14 E.McKellips Rd.
Mesa, AZ 85201
Likes swimming, music. Haystack Calhoun her favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for PPs.

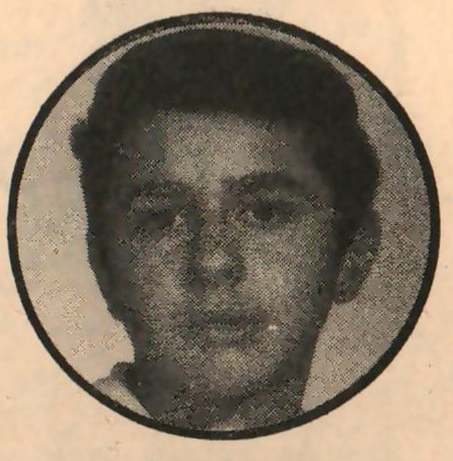


JOHN MEINERS (18)
557 N. Kenilworth
Elmhurst, IL 60126
Likes all sports. The Great Igor his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls for pen pals.

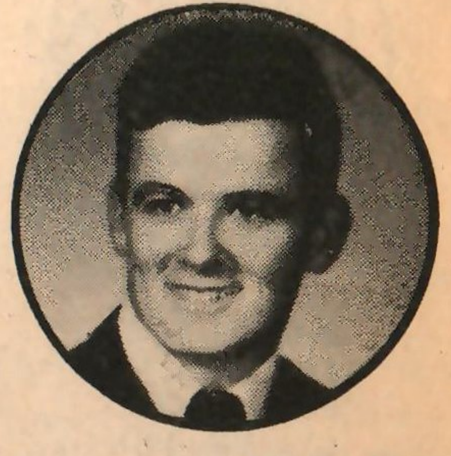


GARRY VALENTINE (13)
4226 Burlington Ave.
St. Petersburg, FL 33713
Collects coins. Dory Funk Jr. his favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for pen pals.

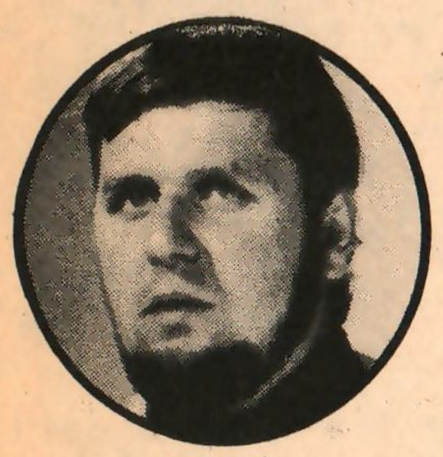
ROBERT MILIAN (18)
Nas Chasefield
Beeville, TX 78102
Likes tennis, swimming. Bruno his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls for PPs.



MARIO CASADEI (16)
7525 Schaefer
Dearborn, MI 48126
Likes photography. Sheik his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Fans for PPs.

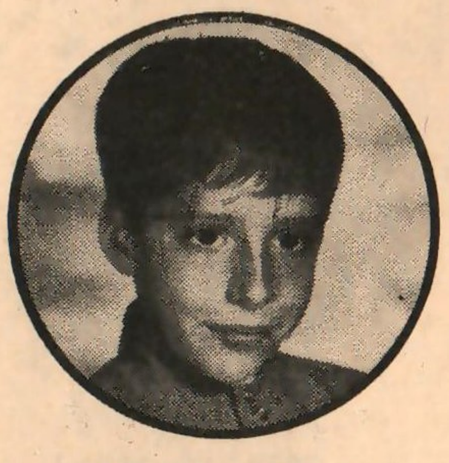


PAT HILDEBRONDT (18)
636 Prospect Av.
Grafton, ND 58237
Likes all sports. Red Bastien his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls for pen pals.



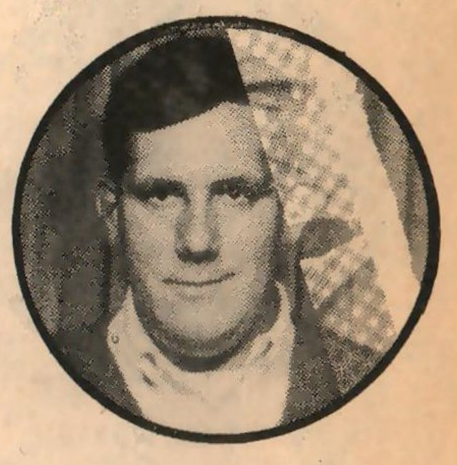
MOREL JEANPIERRE (30)
160 Av. Dailly
Brussels 1030 Belgium
Likes boating, racing cars. Natasha his favorite. Strong women write.

DEBRA DUBOIS (16)
Rt. 1 Box 141B
Rantoul, IL 61866
Likes baseball, boys. Terry Funk her favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Boys for PPs.



PAUL SKIBA (10)
267 Hillcrest Av.
W. Springfield, MA 01089
Likes baseball. Victor Rivera his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Rivera fans write.

LARRY FUSARO (17)
1135 S. Peach St.
Philadelphia, PA 19143
Likes art. Bruno his favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for PPs.



DEAN LONG (24)
1401 Spindale St.
Spindale, NC 28168
Likes golf. Johnny Weaver his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Anyone for PPs.

(Continued on page 50)

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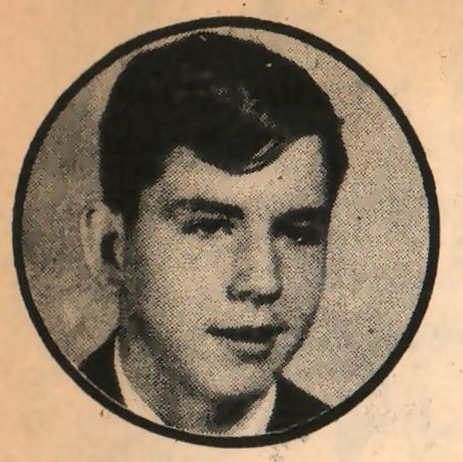
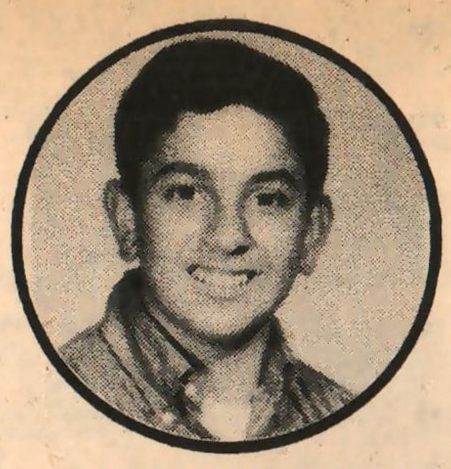
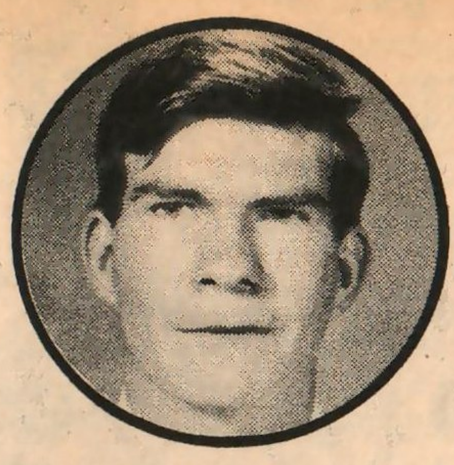


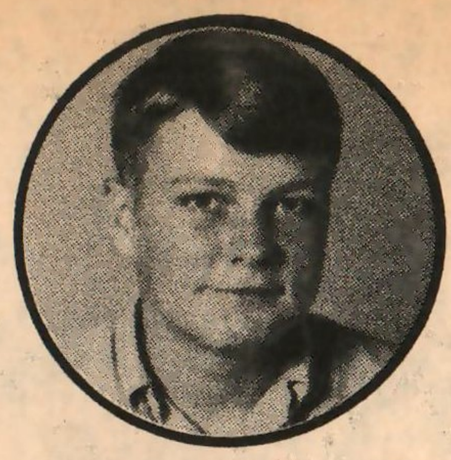
KENNY FRANS (15)
R.R.1
Troy, KS. 66087
Likes baseball, bowling. Danny Little Bear his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls for PPs.



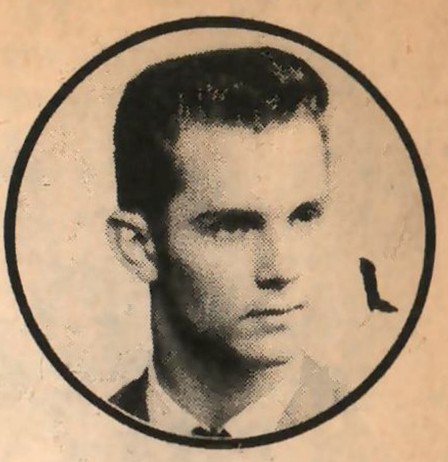
ARTIE CERVANTES (14)
15331 Patronella Ave.
Gardena, CA. 90249
Likes bowling, dogs. Mil Mascaras his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls for PPs.



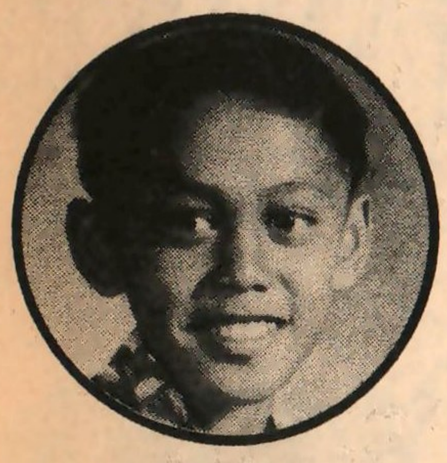
DON EDLEN (21)
Rt 2 Box 328
Princess Anne, MD. 21853
Likes weight lifting, girls. Bruno his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls for pen pals.



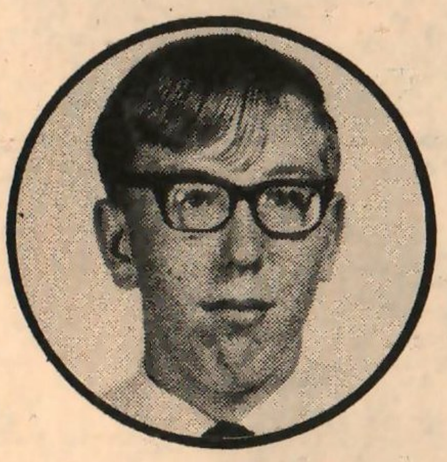
KENNY SIKES (14)
2202 12 St.
Brownwood, TX. 76801
Likes football. Mil Mascaras his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls write.



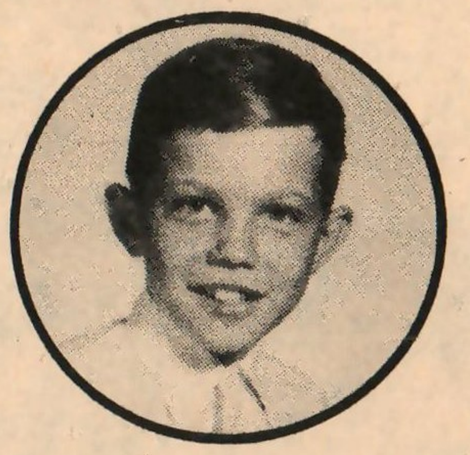
FRANK VERDIN (18)
RR1 Box 582
New Richmond, OH. 45157
Likes sports, music. Fred Curry his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls for pen pals.



CHEPILOV GAMBOA (12)
2454 N.School St.
Honolulu, HA 96819
Likes bowling, coins. Dory Funk his favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for pen pals.

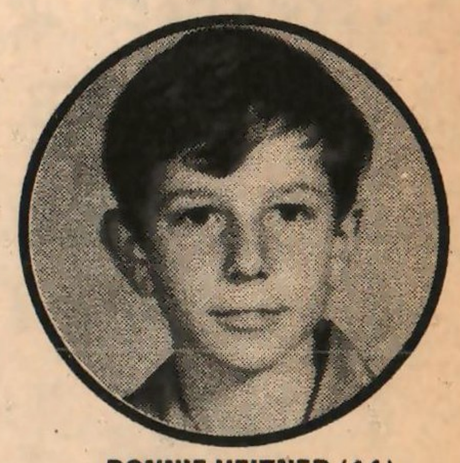


GENE SMITH (17)
476 Bowen St.
Logan, OH 43138
Likes baseball, roller skating. Favorite is Mark Lewin. Likes good guys. Anyone for PPs.



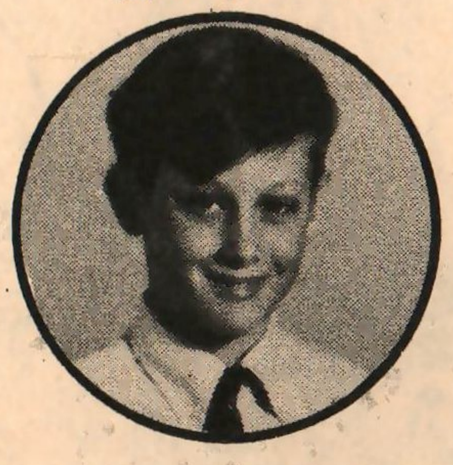
RICKY GOODE (12)
500 S.E. 21St.
Ft. Lauderdale, Fl. 33316
Likes baseball, football. Eddie Graham his favorite. Likes good guys. Boys for PPs.

ROBIN BUTLER (8)
20 Branch St.
Pelham, GA 31779
Likes baseball, football. Don Carson his favorite. Likes good guys. Girls for PPs.

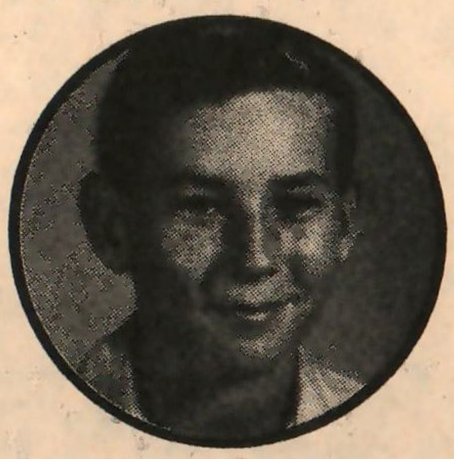


DONNIE HEITNER (11)
983 June Rd. #7
Memphis, TN 38117
Likes basketball, baseball. Johnny Walker his favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for PPs.

DAVID MEAUX (47)
PO Box 41
Westwego, LA 70094
Writes poetry, short articles. Bob Ellis his favorite. Likes good guys. Tender-hearted females write.

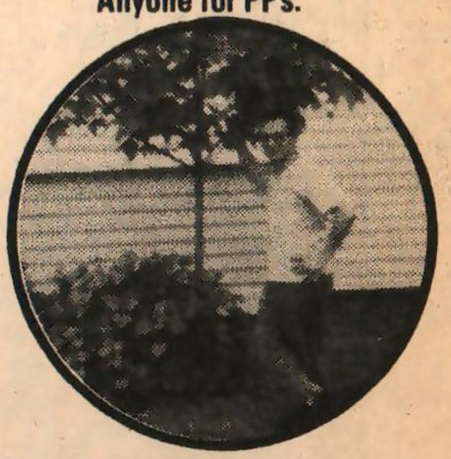


DAVID DEVEREAUX (11)
17 Prospect St.
Everett, MA 02149
Likes all sports. Bruno his favorite. Likes good guys. Boys for pen pals.

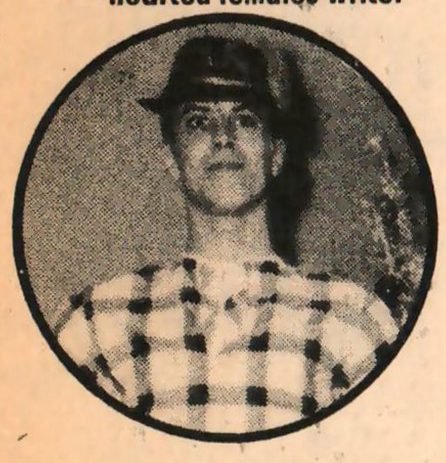


WAYNE WHALEY (13)
PO Box 175
Princeton, FL. 33171
Likes swimming, pool. Jack Brisco his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Anyone for PPs.

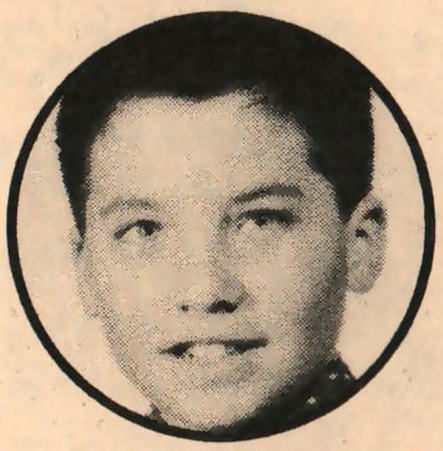
JOHN LASOVSKI (44)
20 Landry Av.
New Waterford, B.C. Can.
Likes coins, stamps. Whipper Watson his favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for PPs.



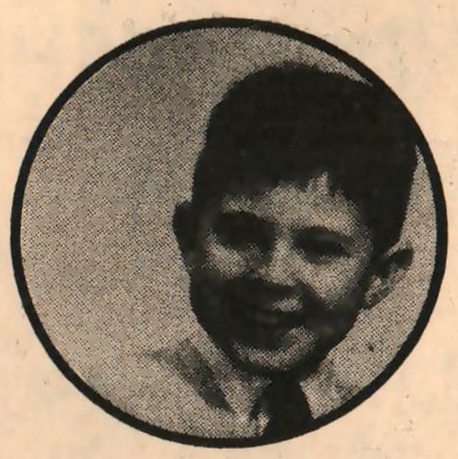
JAMES MOYER (23)
304 W. George St.
PenArgyl, PA 18072
Likes football, writing. John L. Sullivan his favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for PPs.



BILL WILLIAMS (26)
212D W. Beaver Av.
State College, PA 16801
Likes sports, country music. Bruno his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Girls for PPs.

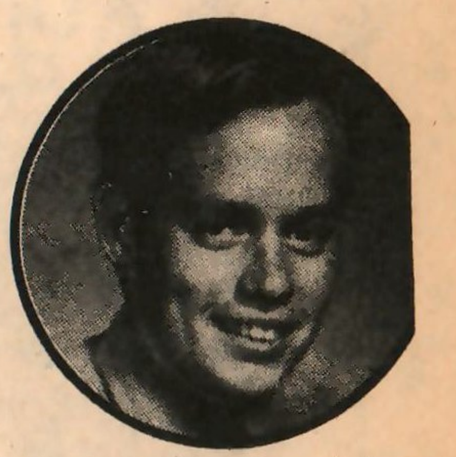


JEFF LANCE (14)
1153 Crestmoor Dr.
Shelbyville, IN 46176
Likes only wrestling Bruiser his favorite. Likes good guys. Bruiser fans write.



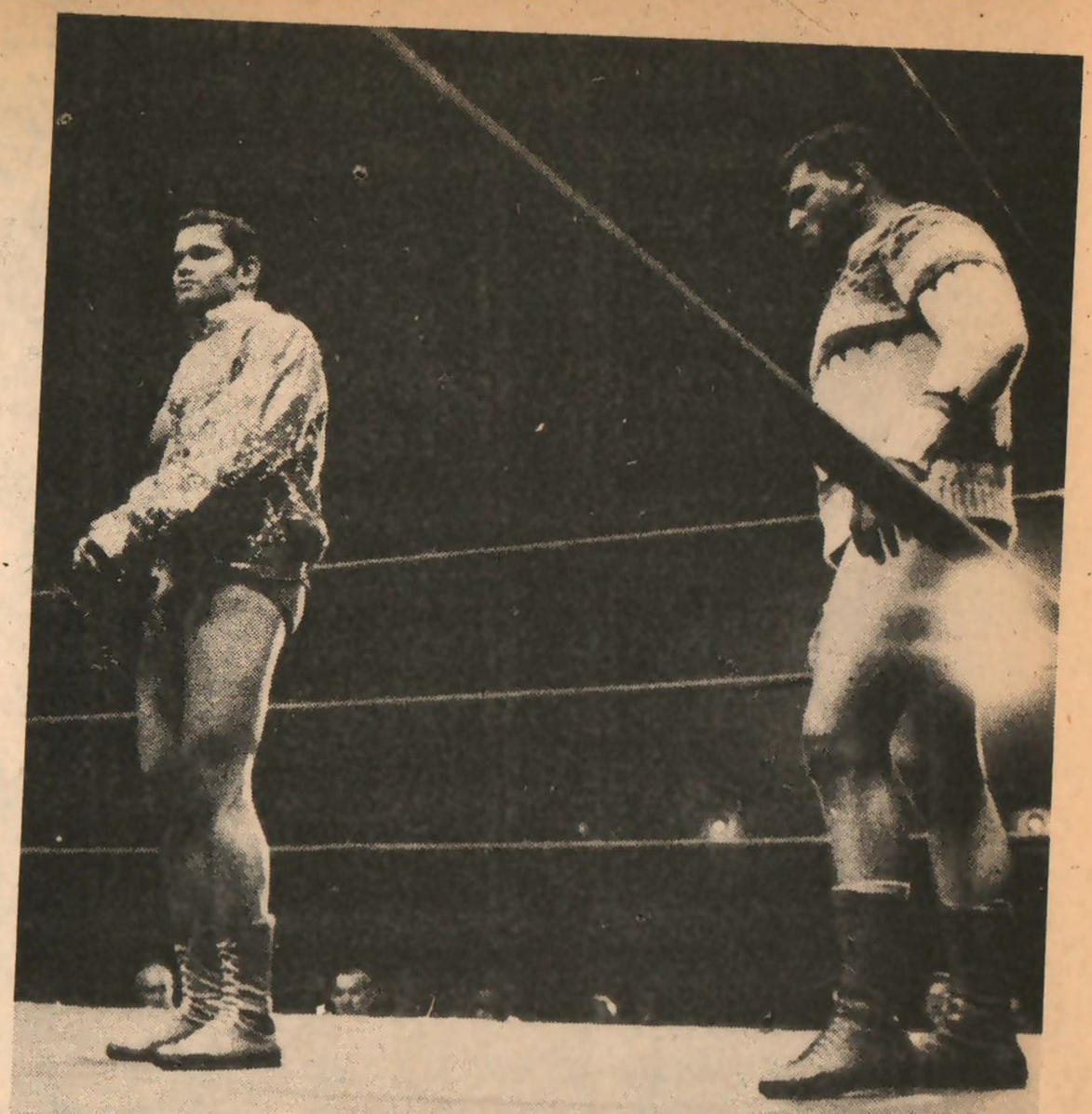
ALLEN SCHWARTZ (11)
7581 Melrose
Union City, MO 63130
Likes baseball, bowling. Pat O'Connor his favorite. Likes good guys. St. Louis fans write.

LARRY ZMOLIK (10)
605 W.Freeman
Ennis, TX 75119
Likes wrestling. Mil Mascaras his favorite. Likes good guys. Anyone for PPs.



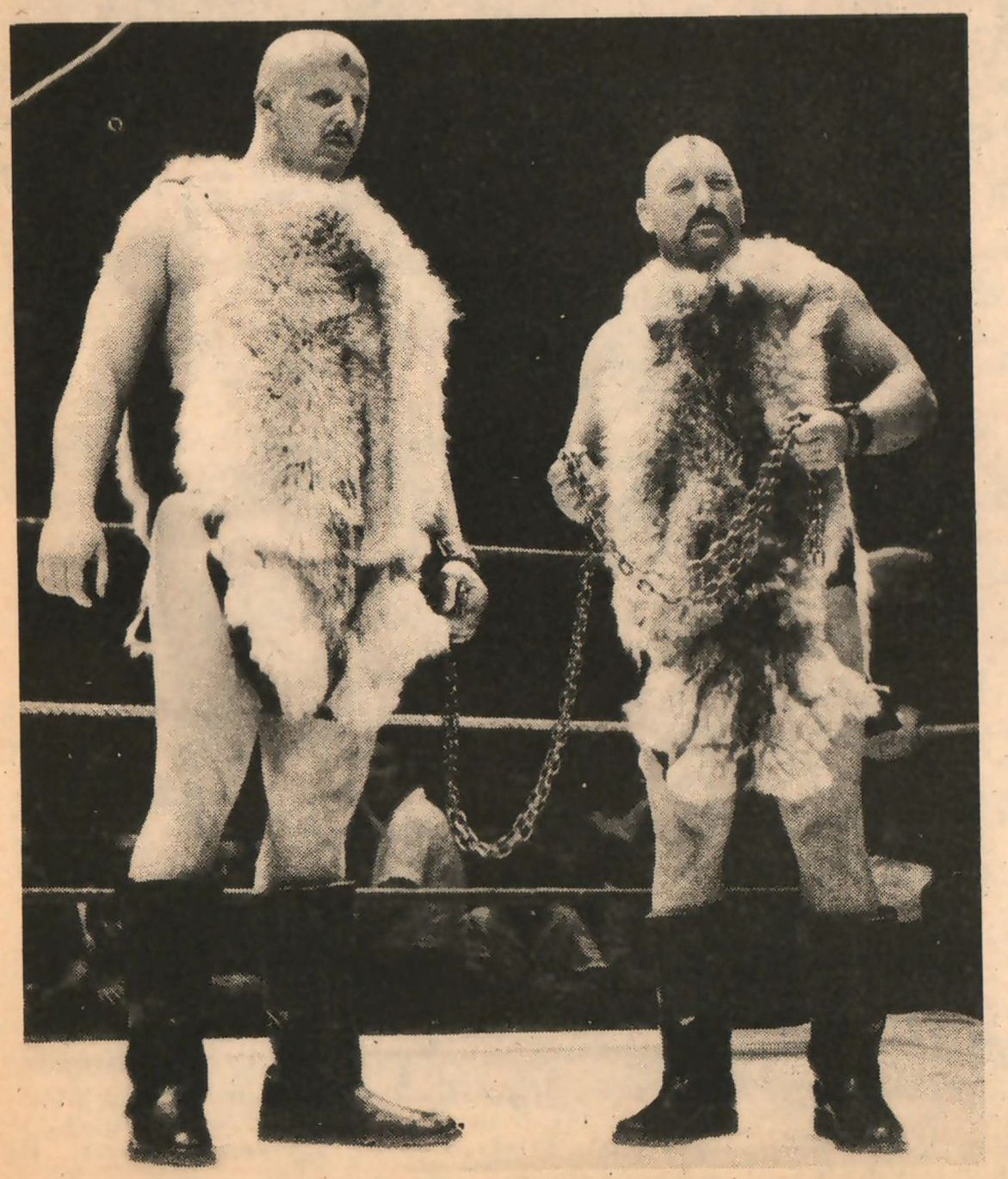
GARY HENLEY (16)
530 N. Sunkist
La Puente, CA 91746
High school wrestler. Freddie Blassie his favorite. Likes good and bad guys. Girls for PPs.

JOSE, YOU SHOULD HAVE LISTEN TO VICTOR



The Rivera brothers, Victor (left) and Jose.

Victor Rivera warned his kid brother, Jose, about the Mongols. "This is not going to be an ordinary bout," Victor cautioned before they entered the ring. But Jose brushed off the warning. Now he wishes he had listened to Victor. Here's why . . .



The fierce Mongols carried chains into the ring.

WHEN A WRESTLER GETS WORKED OVER BY THE MONGOLS, HE NEVER FORGETS IT!

THIS WAS IN the dressing room at Washington, D.C. Victor Rivera was giving his brother, Jose, some advice—the kind that comes only from long experience.

"We're in for a lot of trouble tonight," Victor cautioned as he put his arm around Jose's shoulder.

"What do you mean?" Jose asked with raised eyebrows. "It's just another match, isn't it?"

"You can put it that way," Victor replied. "But I think you'll find this one different. A lot different!"

The elder Rivera went on to explain to his kid brother that in a few minutes they would be enter-

ing the ring to battle one of the world's most savage teams, The Mongols.

"These two guys are from outer space," Victor said with a sickly grin. "They never even heard of laws or rules or common decency. They're a pair of wild beasts and you can't take any chances with them, Jose. Understand? None at all!"

Jose shook his head. "No, I don't understand," he snapped. "What are you talking about, Victor? You and I have been in the ring against the toughest guys in the business. You can't tell me these guys are tougher than Tanaka and George Steele and Killer Kowalski. Can you?"

"No," Victor said. "I won't call them tougher, but I do call them a helluva lot more dangerous!"

There was a long pause as the brothers eyed each other. Jose broke the silence. "What do you mean by more dangerous?" he asked with a puzzled look on his face. "Are they supermen?"

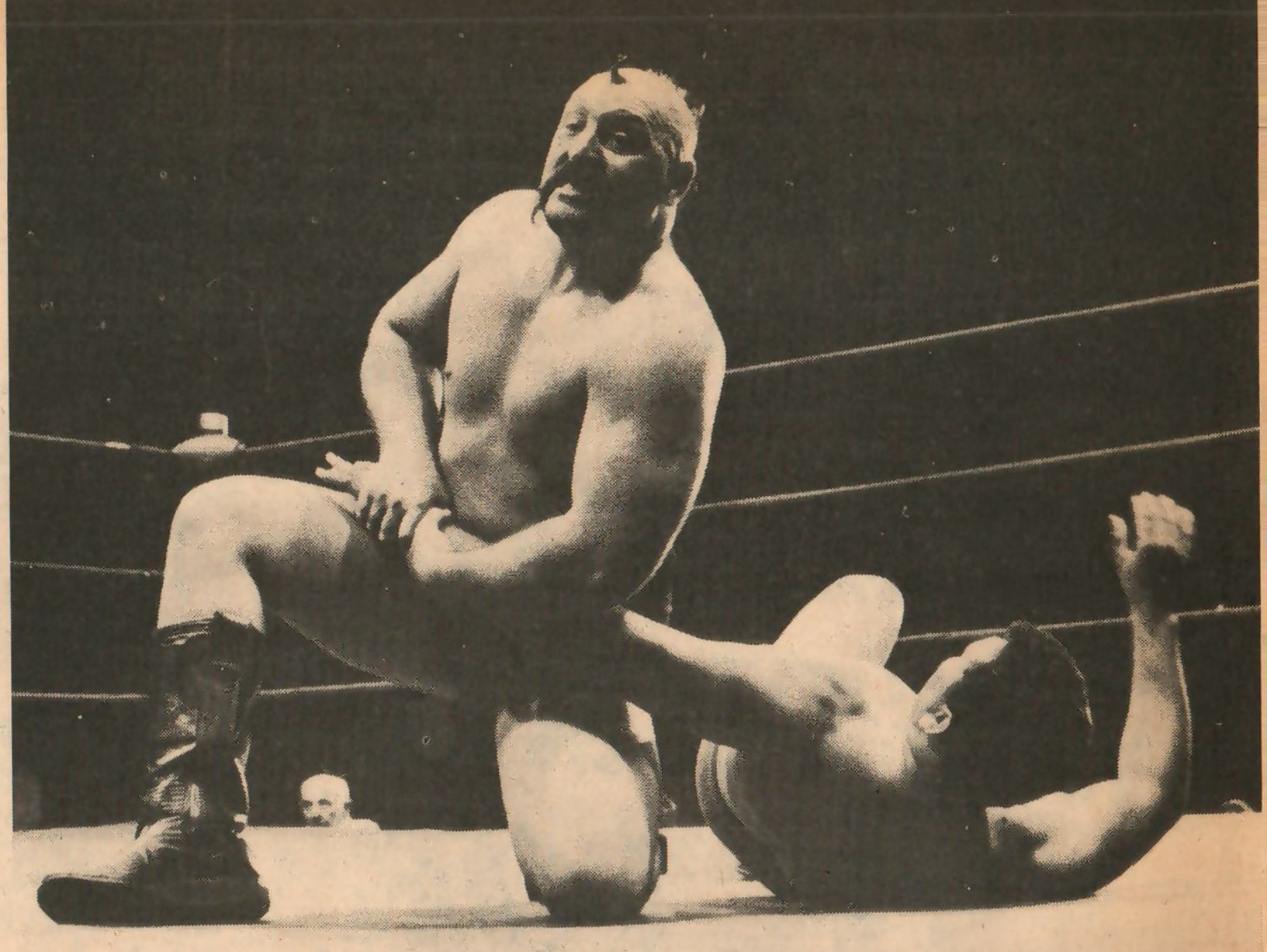
"In a way, I guess you can call them supermen," Victor answered. "But that's not the right word. Sadistic animals is more like it."

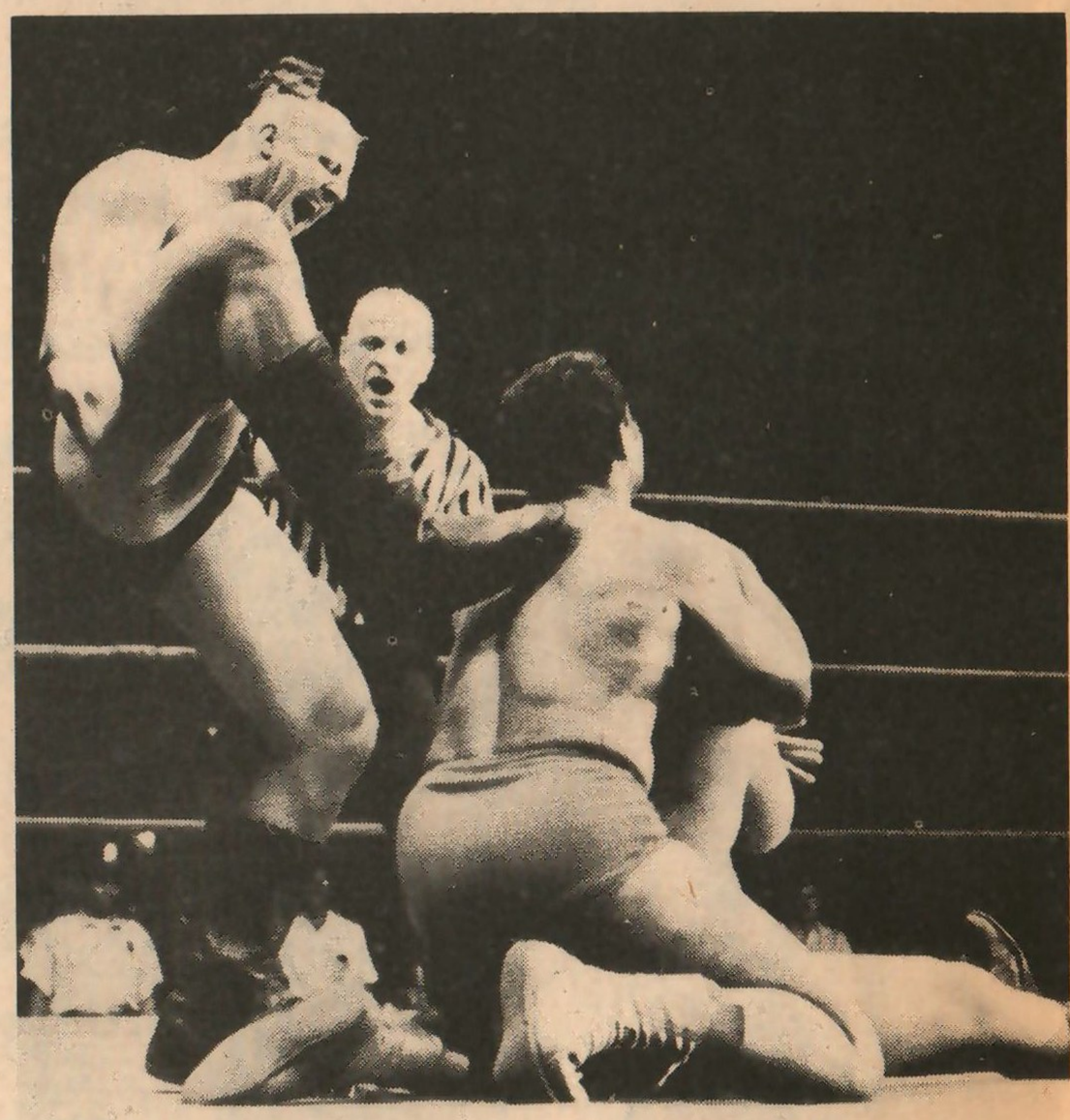
Jose started to laugh as he went about the task of lacing his high wrestling shoes. When he finished that chore he got to his feet and wiggled into his jock strap. He was still laughing as he wiggled. "You worry too much," he said with a casual wave of his arm.

"Okay," Victor growled, "so don't listen to me. You know it all..."

Victor and Jose Rivera have their arguments, as all brothers do, but when the chips are down they are as close as a lioness and her cub. When they got the order to leave for the ring, they walked arm-in-arm out of their dressing room and up the aisle.

When they got into the ring, their opponents, The Mongols, had already arrived. And, as usual, the angry spectators were bombarding them with assorted debris (which is illegal in every wrestling arena in the world and, no matter how justified it may seem, should never be done under any circumstances).





Jose Rivera tries desperately to break painful armlock clamped on him by Mongol (above). But when Jose finally broke loose and immediately got a sleeper hold on his foe, the other Mongol sneaked into the ring, kicked Jose in the back, forcing him to release his hold. When the referee warned him, the Mongol threatened to hit him in the face.

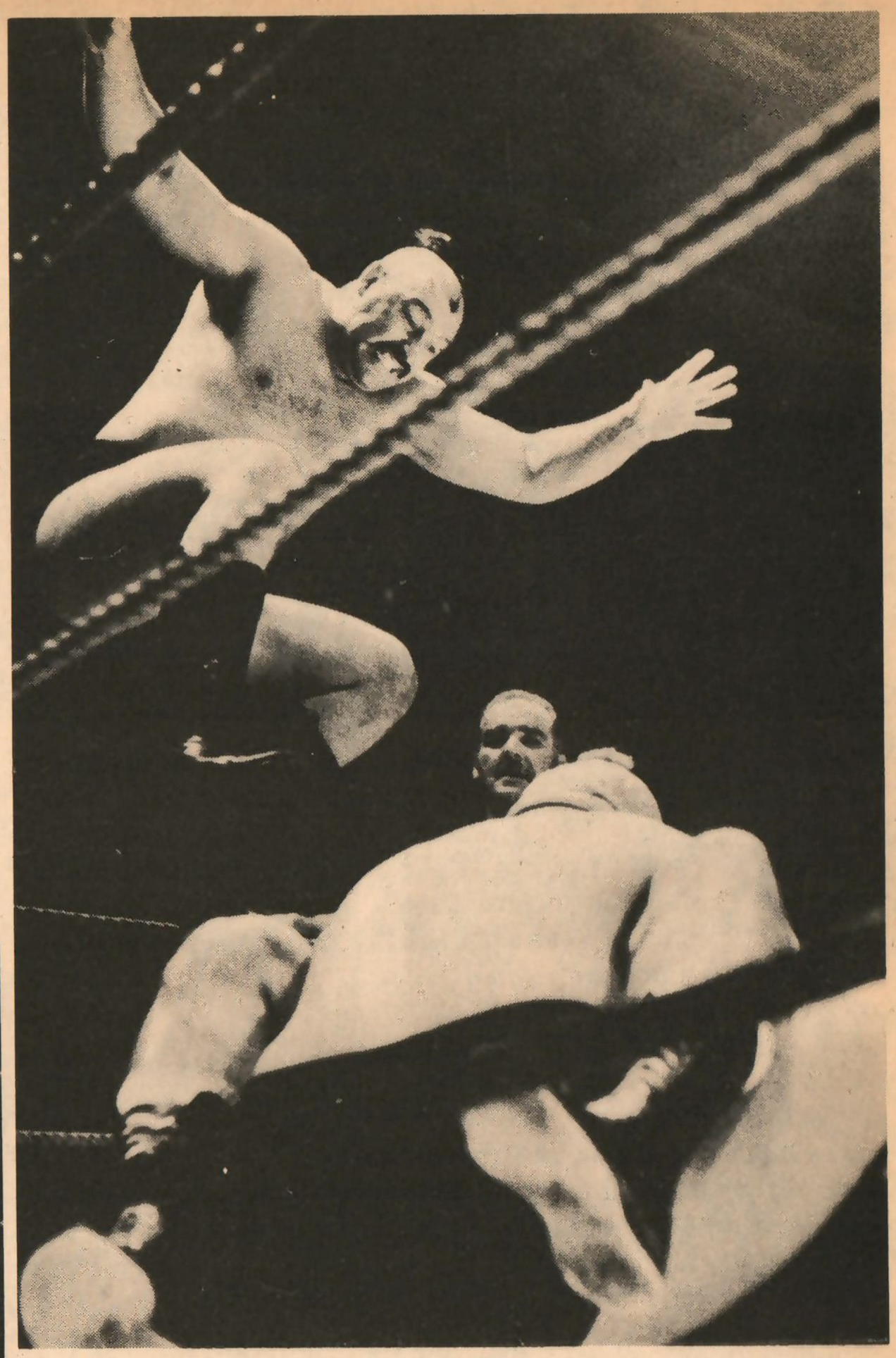
Jose Rivera had never seen The Mongols before, but, of course, he had heard about them from other wrestlers. Jose's big brown eyes popped open wide as saucers. "Look at those weirdos!" he exclaimed to Victor. "They really do look like they came from outer space. And what in hell are they doing with those chains! If they think they're gonna crack open my skull with those things they'd better change their minds. And fast!"

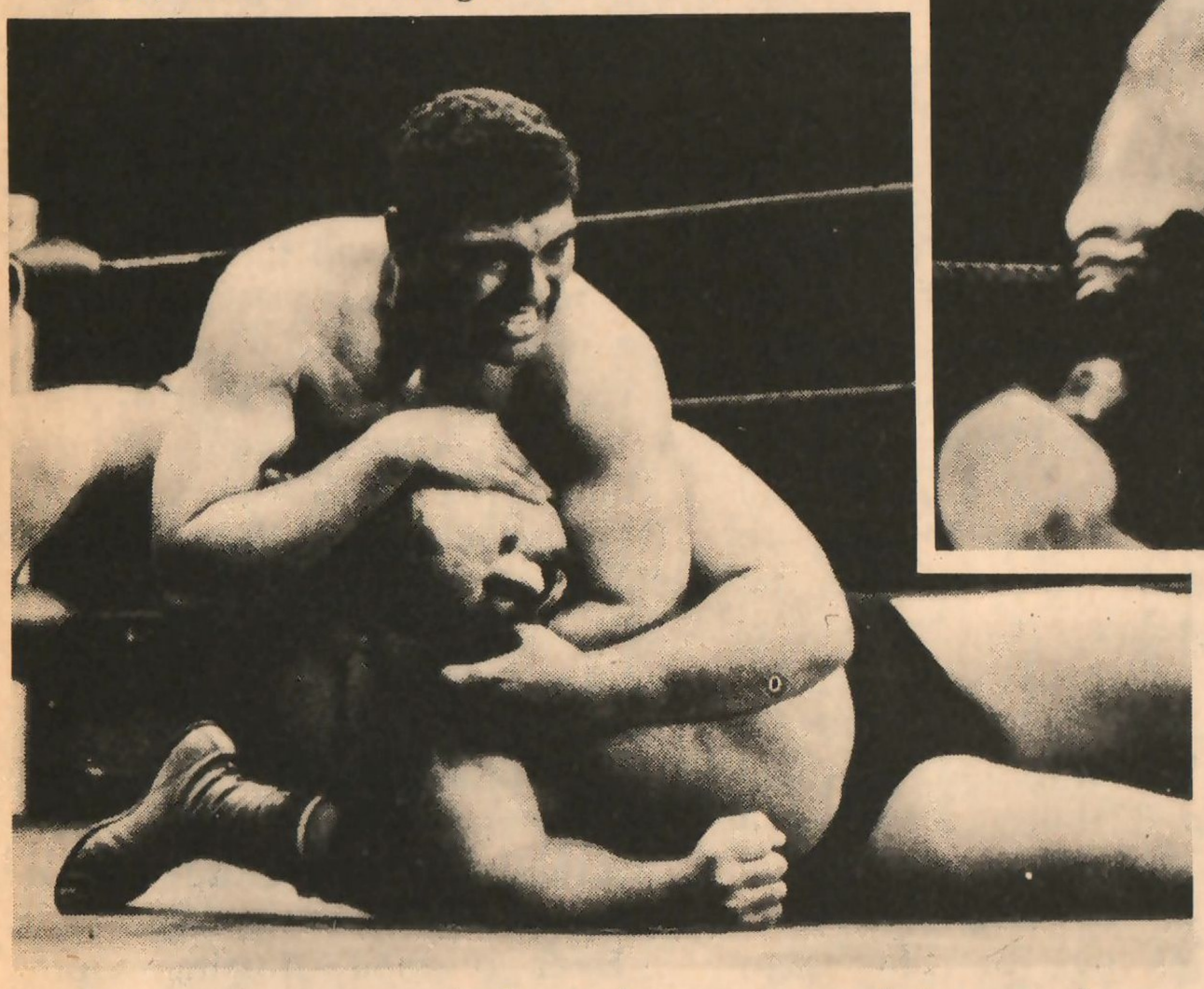
Victor managed a faint grin. "Yeah," he said slowly, "you remember what I said. This is not going to be just another match and you'd better get ready for it."

Jose nodded in agreement. Victor didn't have to say another word. Jose got the message.

Jose got the message even

Snarling Mongol stands over stretched out form of the stricken Jose. Moments later, Rivera was caught in choke hold.





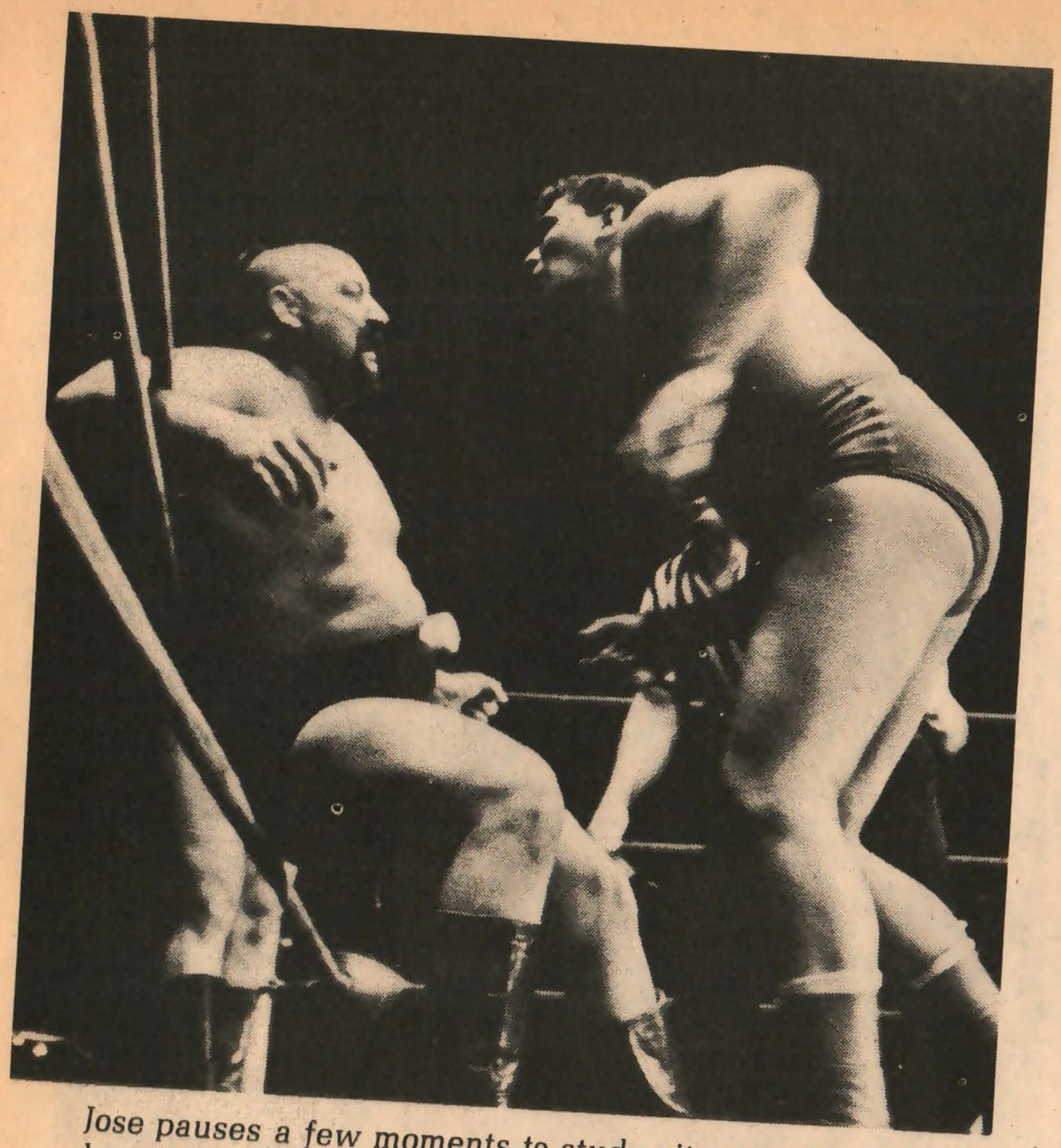
One Mongol comes flying off the top rope while his partner holds Victor Rivera down. Victor was caught across the throat by Mongol's knee, rendering him partly unconscious. He was saved by Jose, who caught Mongol in sleeper hold (left).

stronger when, even before the bell rang, one of the towering Mongols raced across the ring and whipped his heavy chain high into the air and down in the direction of Victor's face. Fortunately, Victor was ready and easily ducked out of range. But he was furious. He screamed a couple of curse words in Spanish, rushed forward, and planted a right cross on his attacker's head. The blow landed a little high, but it was still powerful enough to shake the Mongolian giant like a tree in a hurricane.

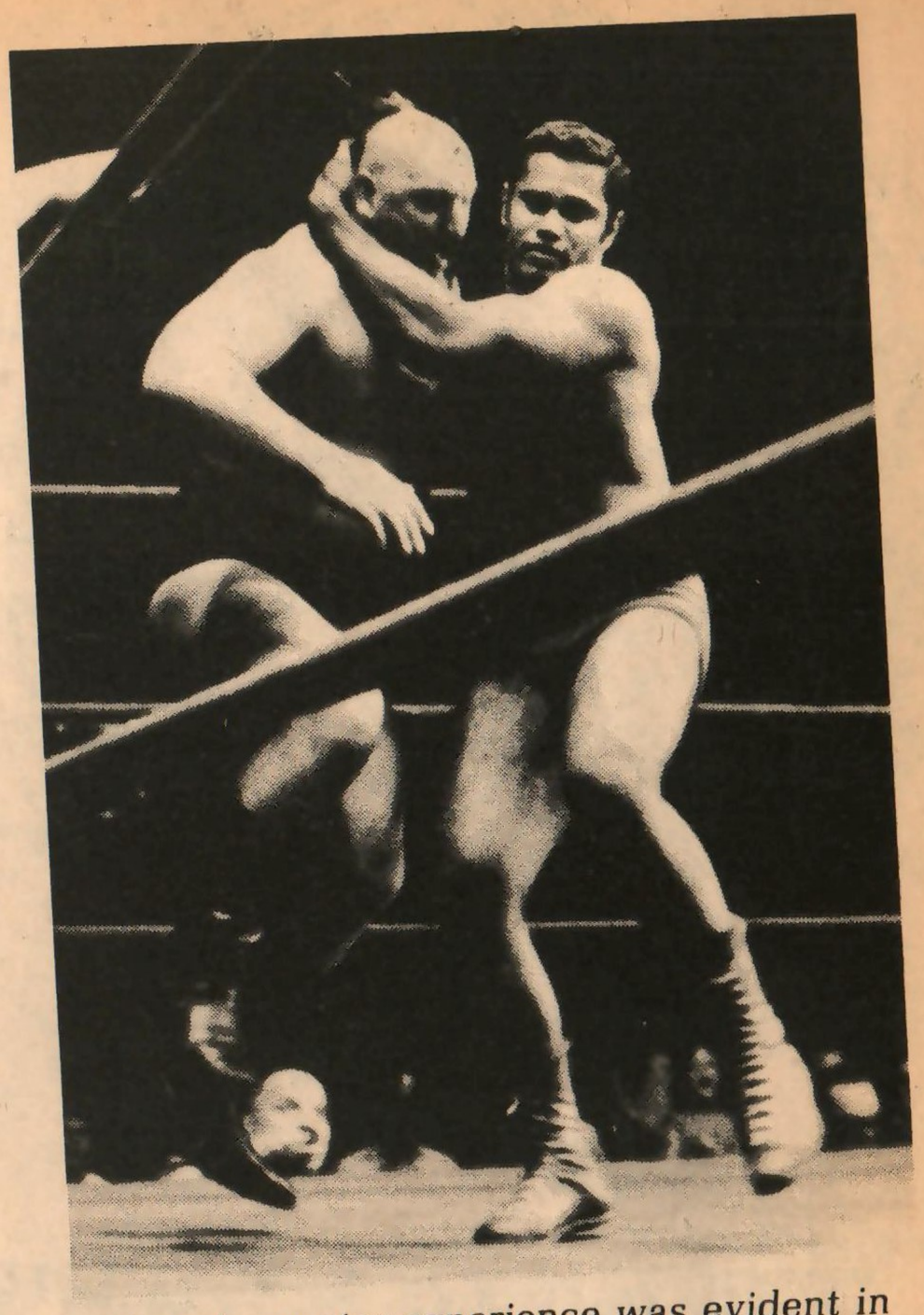
The stunned Mongol's eyes widened and a look of bewilderment crossed his face. He stared at Victor, who stood his ground, his right fist pulled far back in a threatening gesture. Wisely, the Mongol turned quickly on his heels and returned to his own corner.

It was at least ten minutes before the announcer's introductions and the referee's instructions were completed and the match finally got underway.

Victor, more to allow his brother to gain experience than to teach him a lesson, ordered Jose to start the match. Without a moment's hesitation, the younger Rivera moved quickly to the center of the ring where he came face-to-face with one of the snarling Mongols. Jose tried for an



Jose pauses a few moments to study situation before launching attack on Mongol who is tied in ropes: Jose's hard blows to the body floored the Oriental.



Victor's greater experience was evident in the match. Here he calmly gathers rhythm before slamming the Mongol to the canvas.

armlock but was immediately met with a huge fist smack against his nose. He grunted, then leaped in to try to clamp a headlock on his snarling foe. It didn't work. The Mongol ducked away and rammed his right knee into Jose's belly. The handsome Puerto Rican youngster doubled over in pain and clutched his mid-section. That was enough to trigger brother Victor's wrath. He leaped into the ring without being tagged—such formalities are to be ignored in emergency situations like this.

Victor leaped behind the Mongol, grabbed him around the waist and lifted him high into the air. At this point, he yelled, in Spanish, "Get out of the ring, Jose!"

Jose, with obvious relief, did as ordered and quickly got his rump outside the ring. He took hold of the corner rope and watched his brother go to work.

Victor went to work. And how! Obviously familiar with the savage tactics of the despised Orientals, he kept his head low as he attacked the man who had come close to maiming his brother. He splattered his face with a tremendous knee-lift and surely broke a few ribs with a deafening elbow smash. The vast crowd, behind the Rivera boys almost to the man, roared its approval as the Mongol reeled towards his corner and tagged his partner.

That was the pattern of the vicious match until its ending, which came after 32 minutes when the referee disqualified the Oriental terrors for "Continual violation of the rules and for refusing to obey my orders to break!"

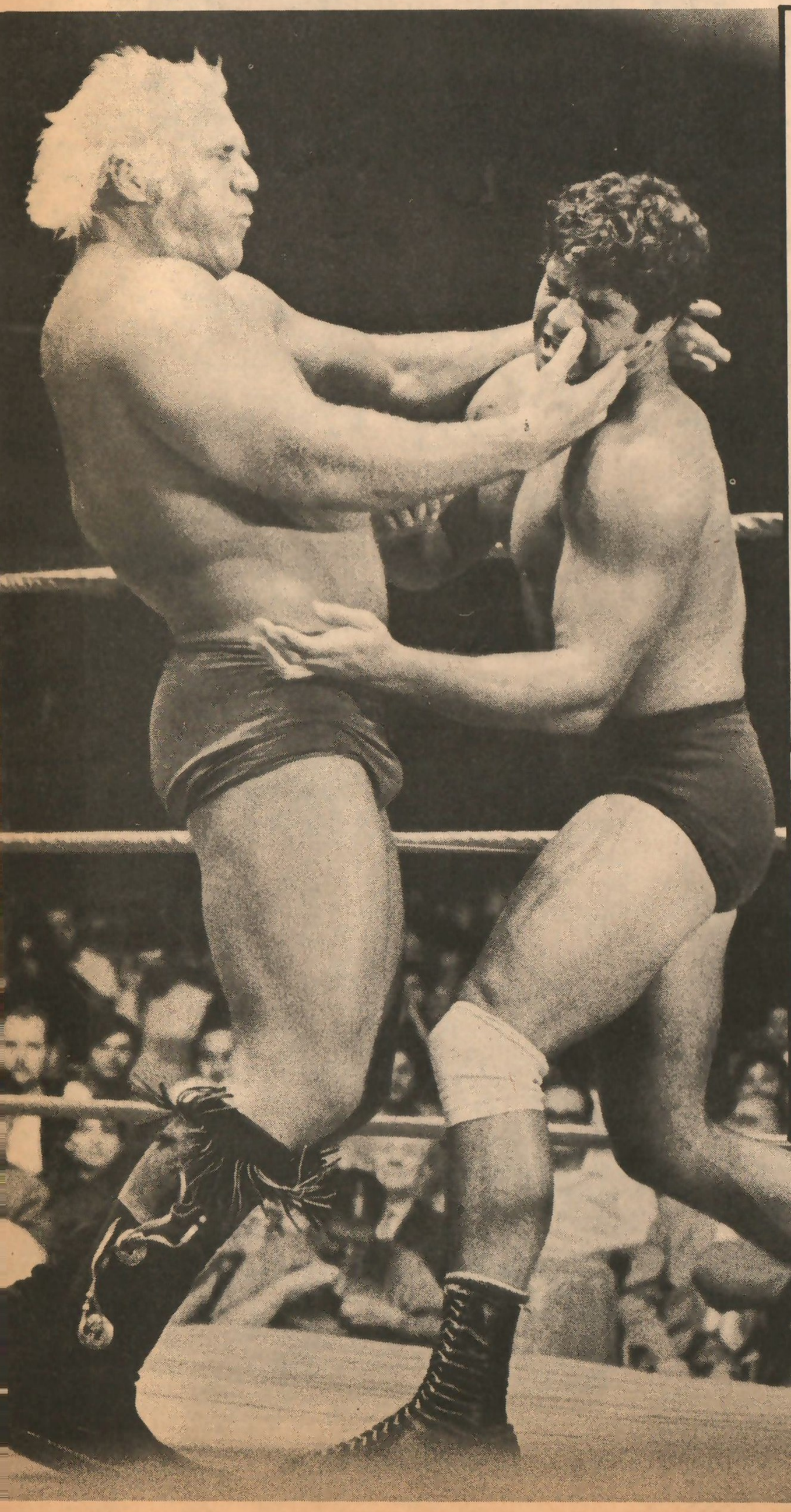
The Mongols made their North American debut in Montreal, Canada, in 1968. Since then, they have been appearing mostly in the eastern part of the United States, with occasional ventures into Canadian rings.

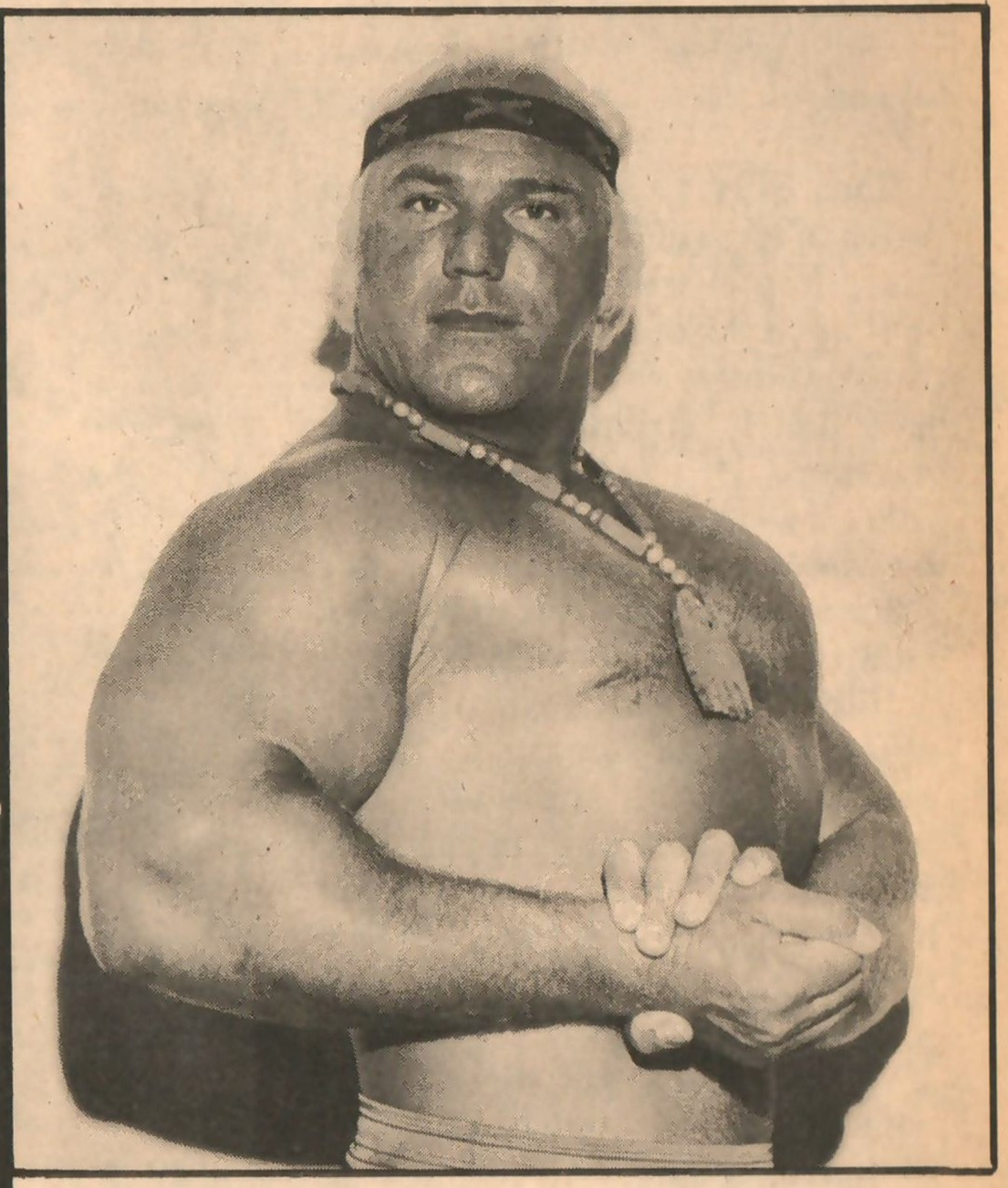
Famed Washington, D.C., television announcer, Ray Morgan, who has watched every important tag team in the last ten years, said this after he recently interviewed The Mongols and their flamboyant manager, Tony Angelo: "Every wrestler I've ever known, and I guess I've known three or four thousand, knew when to stop—when to turn off. And that goes for the toughest of them: Kowalski, Von Erich, Valentine, the late Skull Murphy and others of that kind. But these Mongols, they're something else. They just keep raging on and on, no matter what the situation is. I tell you, someday they're going to murder somebody . . ."

Back in their dressing room, the Rivera brothers licked their wounds. Jose walked over to Victor and put his arm around his shoulder. "Vic," the younger brother began, "I should have listened to you. If I had, I would have saved myself a lot of lumps tonight."

Jose paused and managed a smile through his badly swollen lips. "From now on," he continued, "you, Victor, are the boss." □

THIS BILLY GRAHAM PREACHES VIOLENCE!





The newest Graham brother has a startling effect on people when they hear his name and then watch him in action. He fits the pattern of the original Graham brothers, but yet, there is something strange about him. Here's why . . .

(Continued)

(Continued)

AND IN THIS corner, from Phoenix, Arizona, weighing 282 pounds, Billy Graham!"

There is a mixture of ohoos and ahs from the crowd as the ring announcer's voice booms through the arena. Then somebody yells jokingly, "Hey, Billy, where's your bible?"

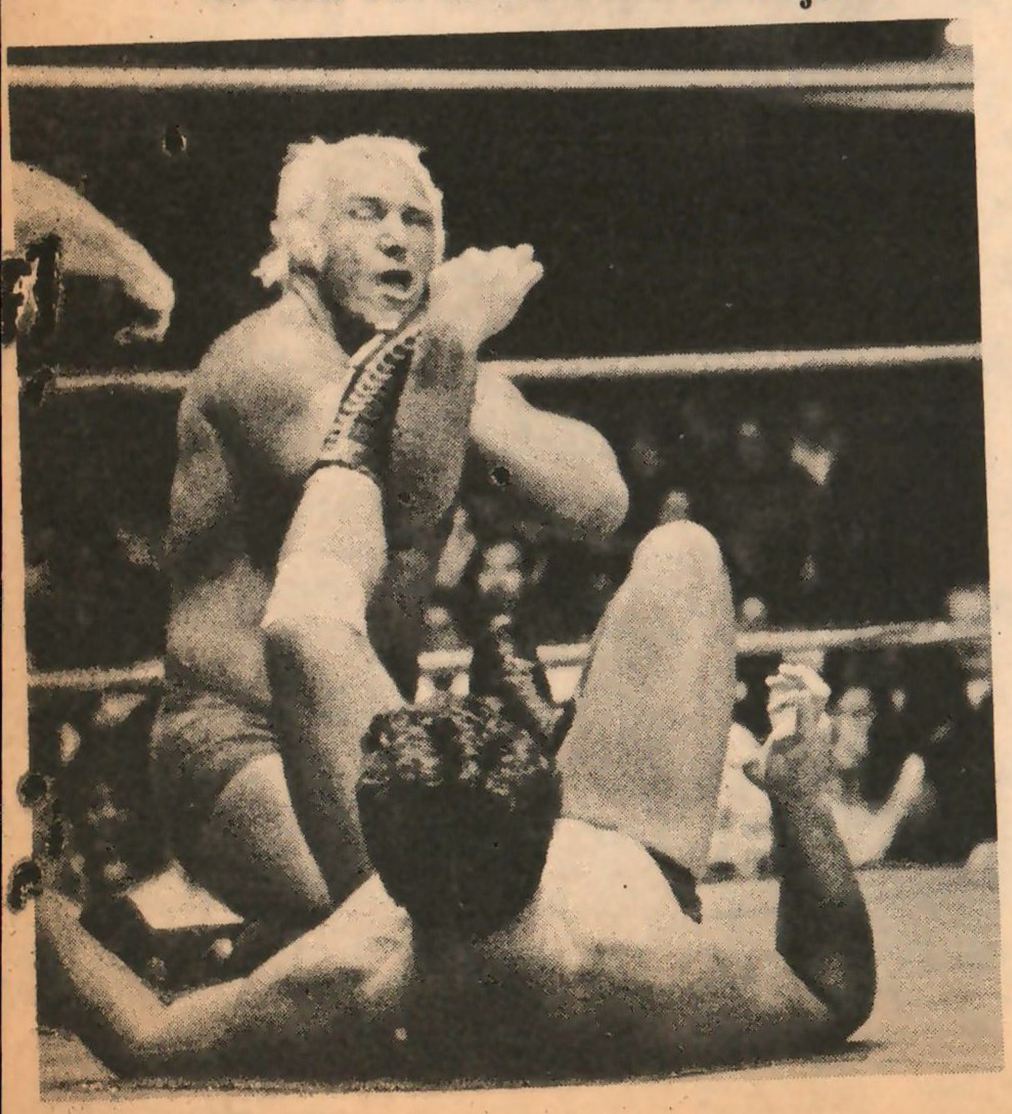
Billy growls in the direction of the jokster, "I ain't no preacher!"

This Billy Graham is far from being a preacher. He's a tough, powerhouse who makes his living as a professional wrestler. You'd think with a name like that he'd be a strictly by-the-book wrestler. He's not. He breaks rules as often and as easily as he breaks arms and legs. Nobody fools around with this Billy Graham and gets away with it!

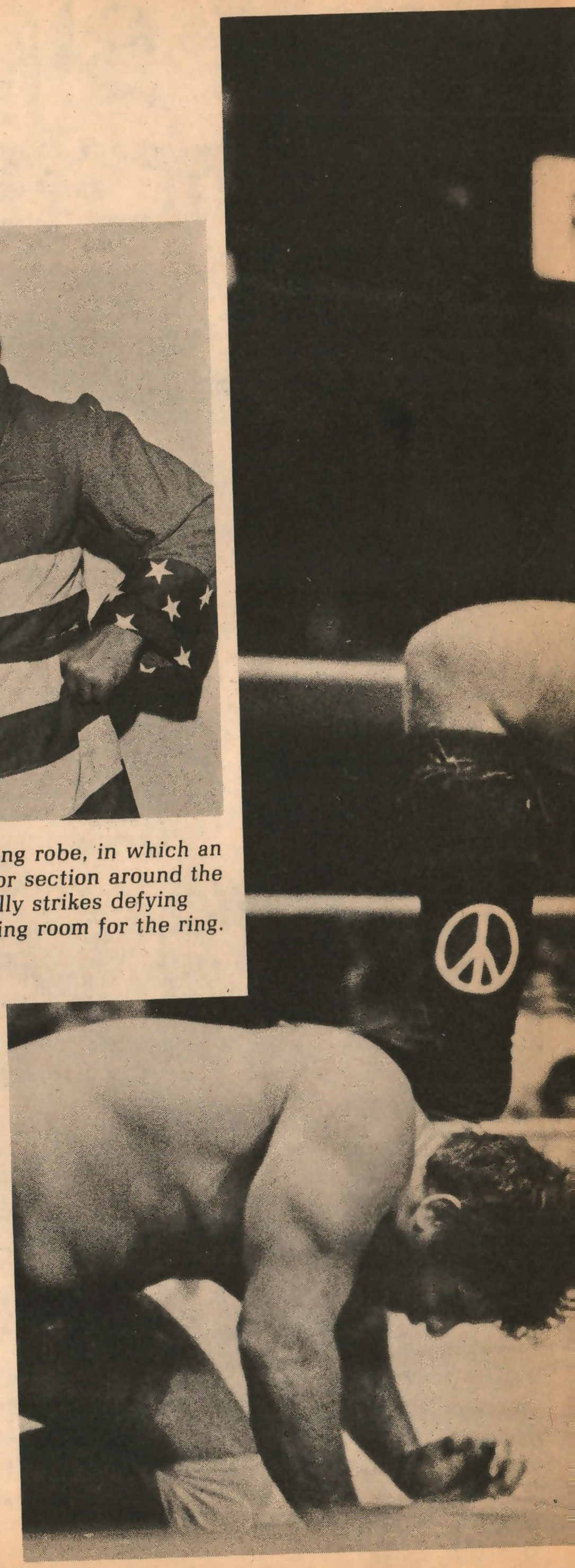
Billy is the youngest of the famous Graham brothers. He is also the biggest, strongest, best-looking and best built of the clan. Billy is one helluva man, but he has great respect for his brothers.

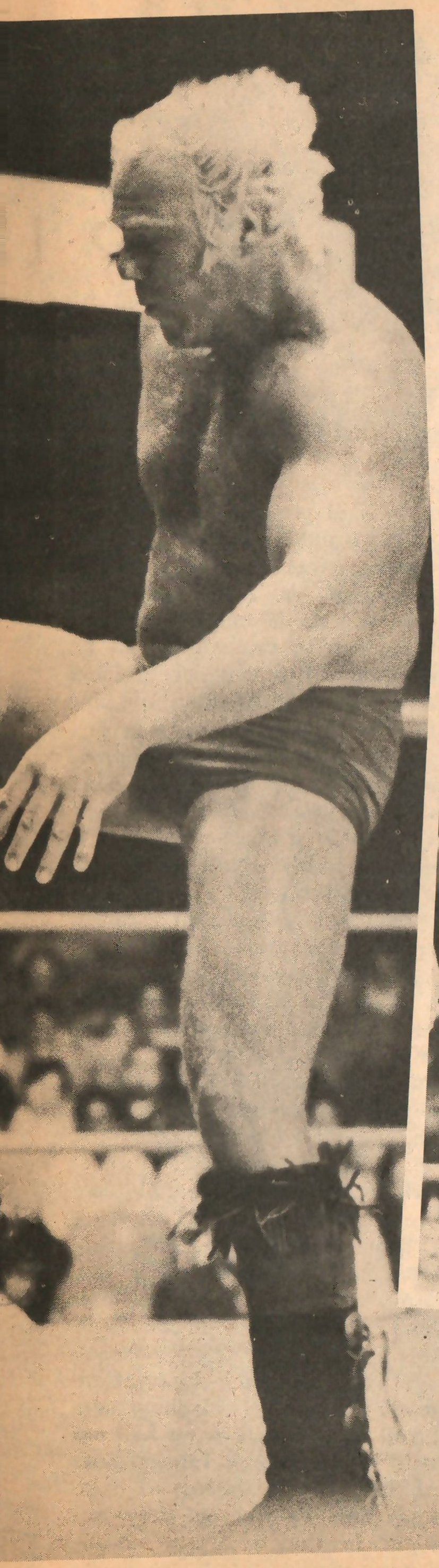
"They taught me everything I know about wrestling," Billy admits. "Jerry, my oldest brother, has been my idol as long as I can remember. And it gripes the hell out of me when some jerk

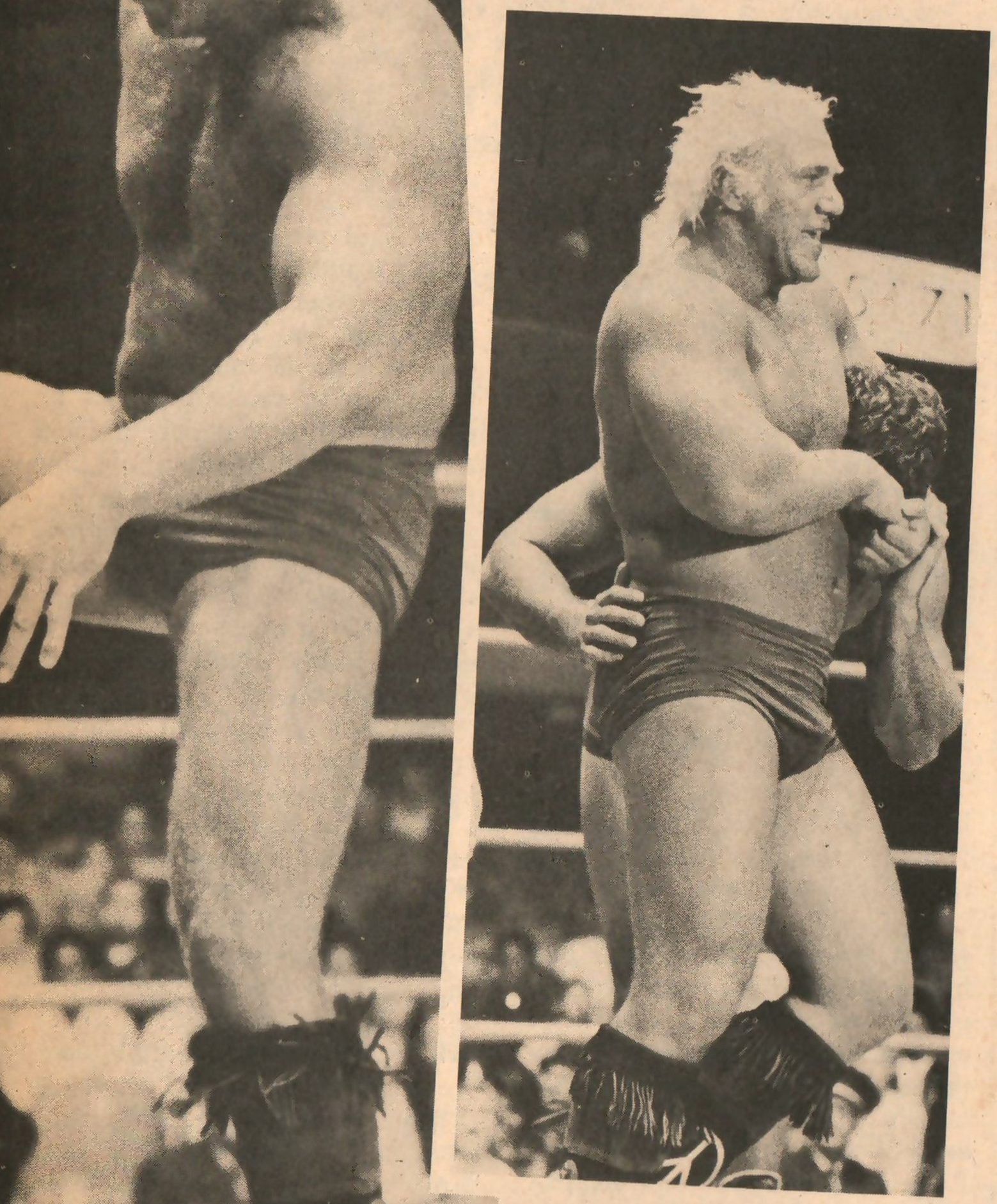
Wearing specially-made ring robe, in which an American flag was used for section around the waist and sleeve cuffs, Billy strikes defying pose before leaving dressing room for the ring.



Left: Graham lays all his strength behind toehold which he has on popular Don Morrow. Soon after picture was taken, Morrow broke free, but as soon as he tried to pick himself off the floor, Billy stomped him on the back of his neck (right).







Graham growls insults at jeering crowd as he drags Morrow around the ring with skull-crushing headlock. At one point, to upset the crowd still further, Billy allowed Morrow to break free, then immediately clamped him in another crushing headlock.

gets on his back and starts calling him 'fat.' Any of those brave loudmouths who think Jerry is fat and out of shape should get into the ring with him. I guarantee they won't walk away. They'd be carried away!"

Billy turned down several movie offers to play strongman roles, like former Mr. America Steve Reeves did. "The money was great," Billy recalls, "but I'm not an actor. I play for real. I live, man. I live!"

Billy has won his share of muscleman titles. "I was 'Junior Mr. America' and 'Mr. Arizona,' " he says.

He can bench press 600 pounds and his great arms measure 22 inches. "I have a touch time keeping my weight under 300 pounds," he says with a pained look on his face. "I can't eat the things I like to eat. But," he added with a grin, "wheat germ and honey don't taste bad when you get used to it."

Being taught to wrestle by a notorious villain like Jerry Graham couldn't have turned Billy into anything else but what he is—an angry, roaring, young wildman.

"I realize I have a lot of strength

"I realize I have a lot of strength," Billy says matter-of-factly, **"and that it wouldn't be hard for me to bust a guy's back or yank his arm out of its socket. People don't realize how dangerous this wrestling business is. I played pro football with the Houston Oilers, so I should know what I'm talking about when I say wrestling is a lot rougher than football."**

The 6-foot 4-inch Graham has had little experience wrestling as a single, and if he had his way, he'd never get into the ring without a partner, preferably brother Jerry.

"I dig tag matches," Billy says. "I suppose the reason for it is because I was brought up in team

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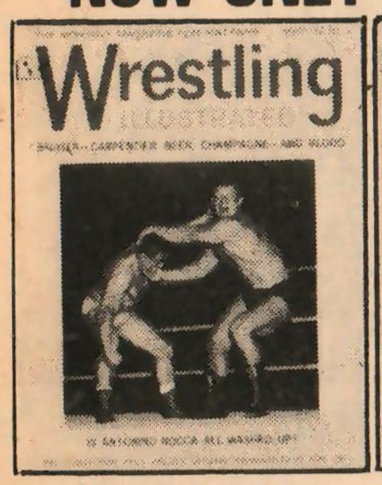

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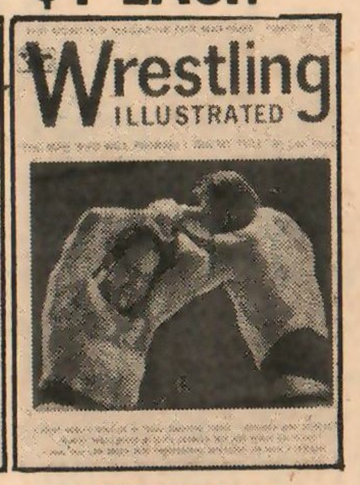

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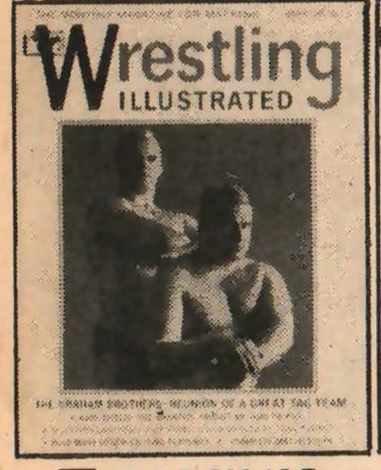

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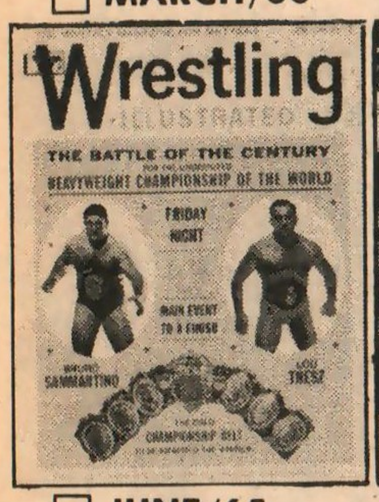

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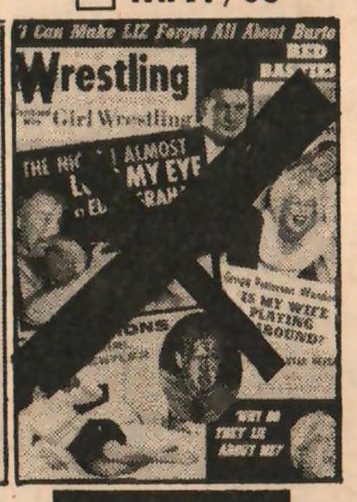

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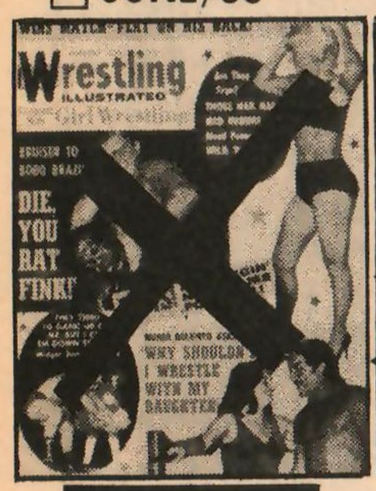

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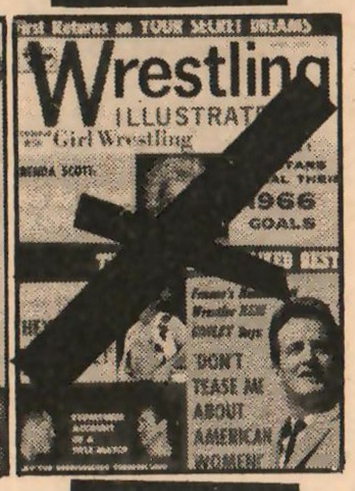

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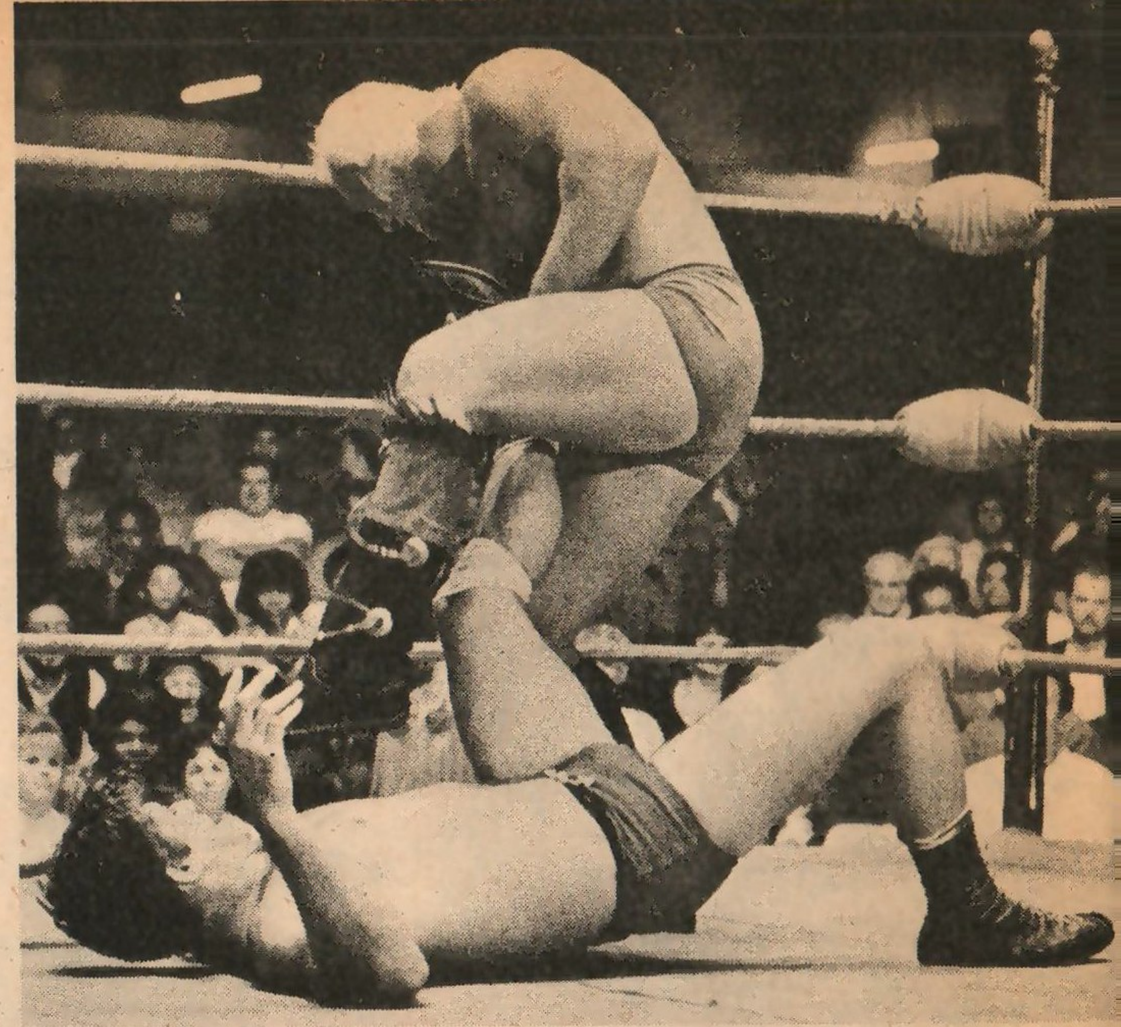
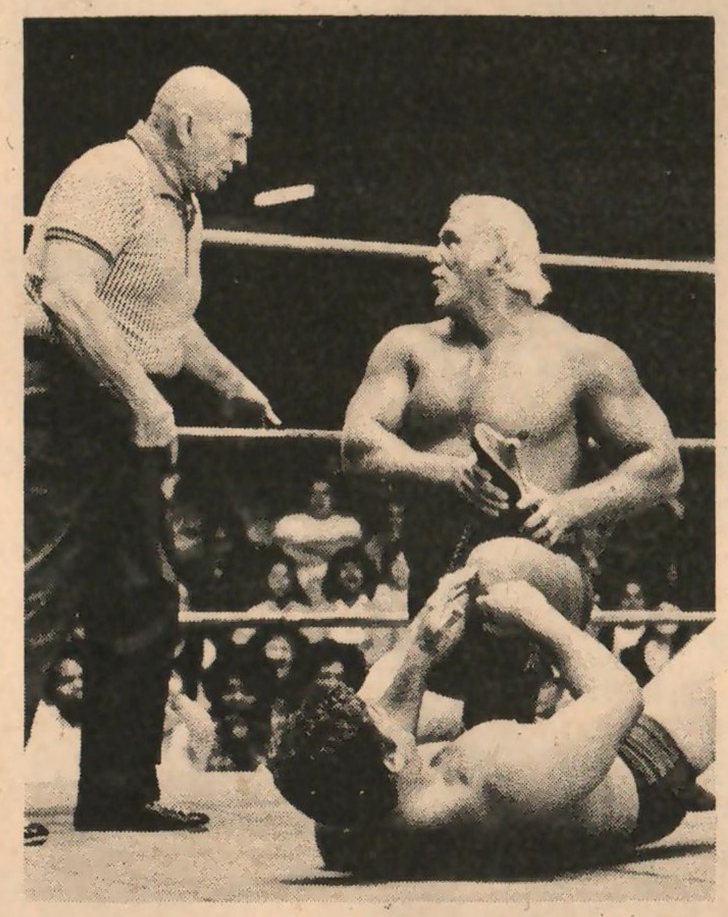


Graham centers his driving attack on Don Morrow's legs, spear-heading assault with painful step-over toeholds (right and below). Soon Morrow was unable to stand and it was just a matter of time before Don succumbed.



bouts, which is only natural when you have the guys I have for brothers. We've always been a very close family. Anybody who tries to get tough with one of us had better be ready to take on all of us. And you can take it from me, there ain't a guy—no, I mean there ain't ten guys—who could take us Grahams on and walk away under their own power! And if anybody doesn't believe it, just let us know. We Grahams aren't two-faced. We can back up everything we say!"

Billy has been wrestling for about two years. Not much experience, to be sure, but he has developed a series of impressive holds. Let brother Jerry tell you about them . . .

"Billy has learned real fast," Jerry said proudly. "He's got as good a dropkick as I've ever seen, which covers a lot of territory. He's also got a headlock that can bust skulls and a pile-driver that's out of this world. All he needs is a little more experience, a better understanding of how to pace himself under pressure, and how to handle those scientific guys—the kind who give you all that fancy, razzle-dazzle garbage."

Billy has stated several times, and in public, that he is the world's strongest wrestler. Of course he's gotten a lot of arguments about that, but he still says it, and means it!

"Yeh, I've heard all about how strong Bruno Sammartino is supposed to be," Billy says, "and I'd just love an opportunity to exchange bear-hugs with him. I understand from Jerry that the bear-hug is Sammartino's best hold. Okay, so he should have the edge on me. Right?"

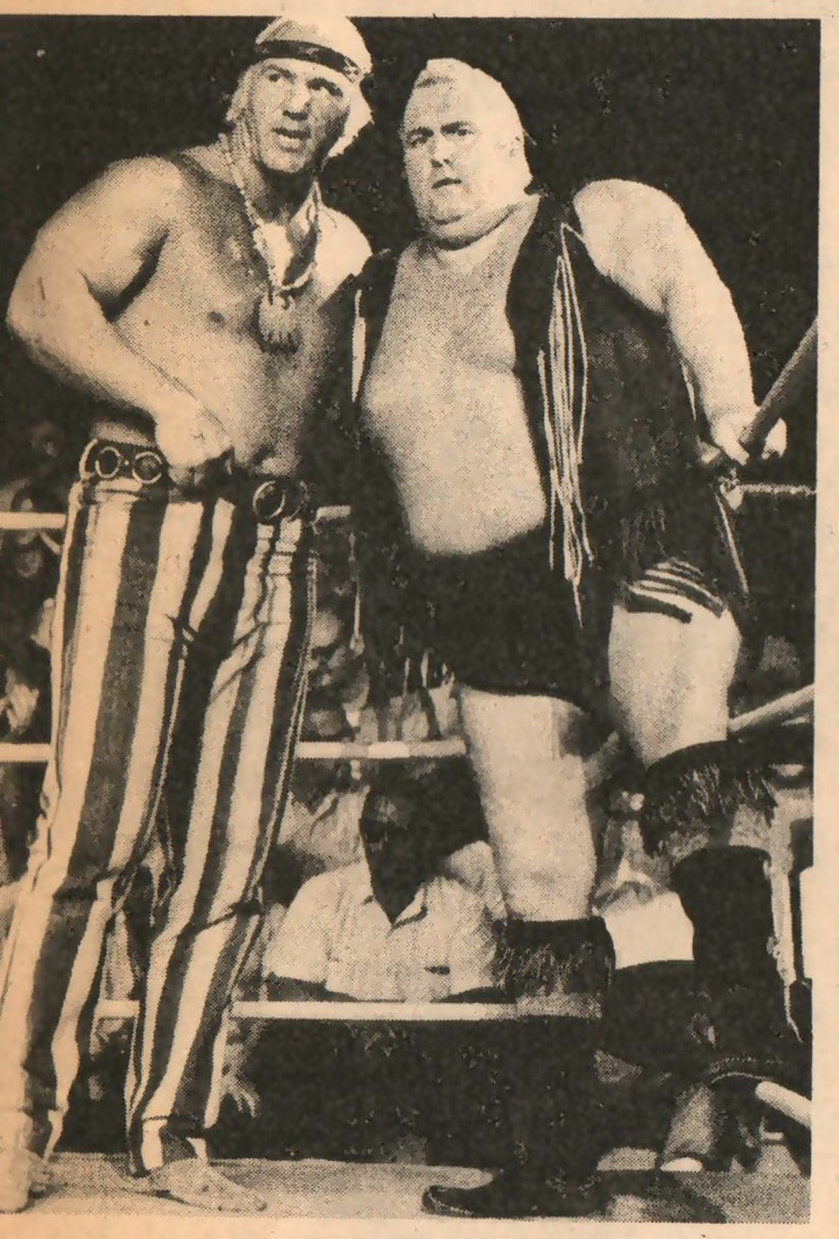
Billy was quick to add that what he said can be taken as a firm challenge to Bruno and that he'll be waiting for Bruno's answer.

"I've wrestled Sammartino many times," Jerry Graham said. "And, of course, I've worked out with Billy a thousand times. Both of them got me in lots of bear-hugs and I'd bet on Billy any night in the week to out-hug Sammartino. Nobody packs as

much raw power in his body as Billy."

As for having the most perfactly developed physique of any wrestler, Billy claims that distinction, too. But that boast is bitterly disputed by the legions of loyal fans who adore the Mexican Adonis, Mil Mascaras.

"They should settle that one in the ring," says Jerry. "Let Billy wrestle Mascaras first and then let them compete in a body beautiful contest. I'm no judge of the male figure, so I don't care about that part of it. But I sure know who would win that wrestling match!"



Billy gets some last minute advice from brother Jerry before start of recent bout in Los Angeles.

There has been a great deal of talk about the sensational youngest of the Graham brothers, but talk never settled anything in the wrestling profession. The real test of Billy Graham will be made inside the ring. Then, and only then, will we really know whether Billy is as good as he and his brothers claim he is, or whether he is just another Body Beautiful trying to cash in on professional wrestling. We have not yet made up our minds. □

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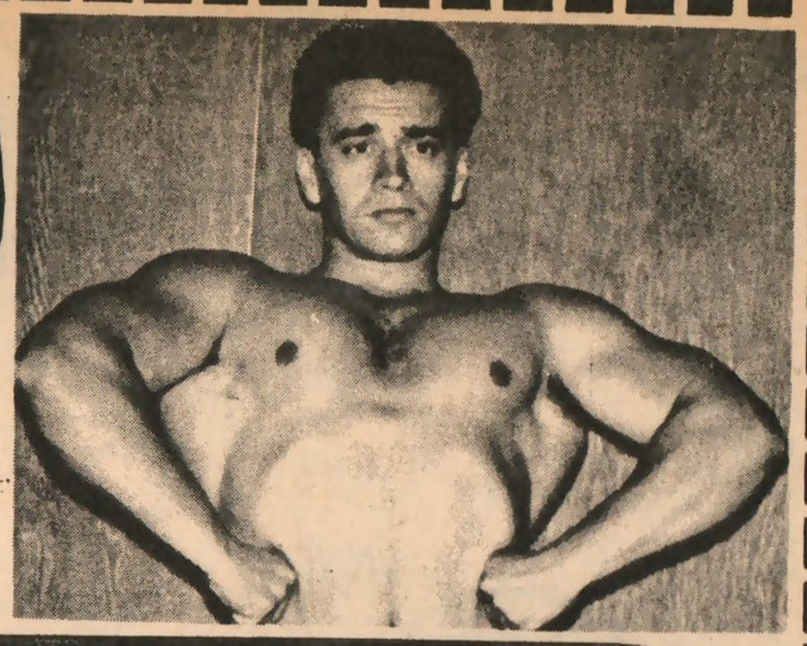

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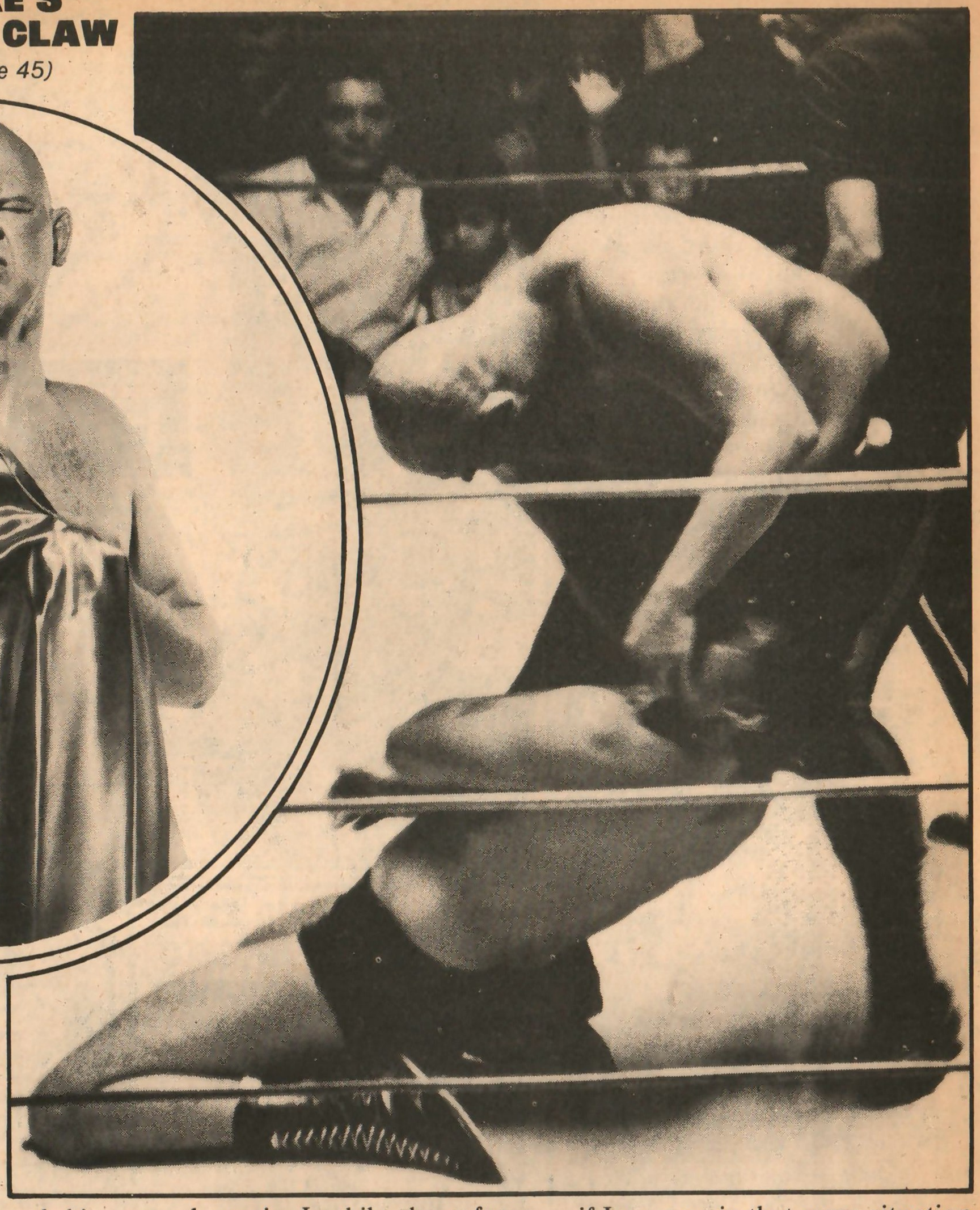
VON RASCHKE'S DEADLY BRAIN CLAW

(Continued from Page 45)



This picture was taken seconds before the big Baron's deadly claw separated Bill Howard from his senses. He was unconscious for almost an hour. Above: studio photo of Baron.

head struck the floor, and his body stretched out, the Baron let out a chilling scream, spread his massive right hand out to form a claw, clamped it across Bill s face and squeezed!

The pain must have been unbearable as Von Raschke slowly inched his clawing hand up around Howard's skull and increased the pressure in pace with his rising hand.

The crowd groaned. It was just a matter of time now before one of three things happened: Bill quit in time, the referee stopped it and pulled the German away, or Bill's brain was damaged beyond repair. Luckily the referee had officiated in several of Von Raschke's previous bouts. He looked at Bill's face, which was turning from blue to purple to blue again, realized he had passed into unconsciousness, and yanked the Baron off his stricken opponent.

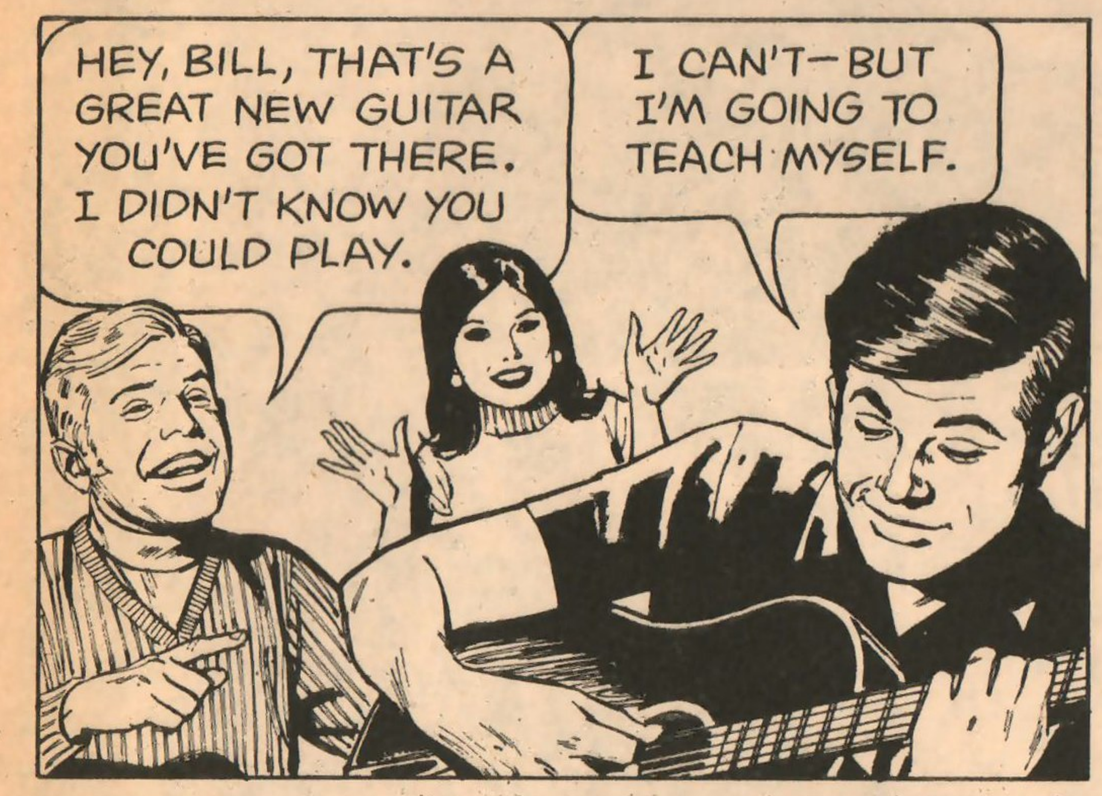
"There was nothing I could do after that," the referee explained later, "but declare Von Raschke the winner—much as I hated to do it. But I had no doubts that saving that kid Howard's life was a lot more important than maybe giving him a chance to snatch victory out of defeat to win it. And if I am ever in that same situation again, I'll do the same thing every time."

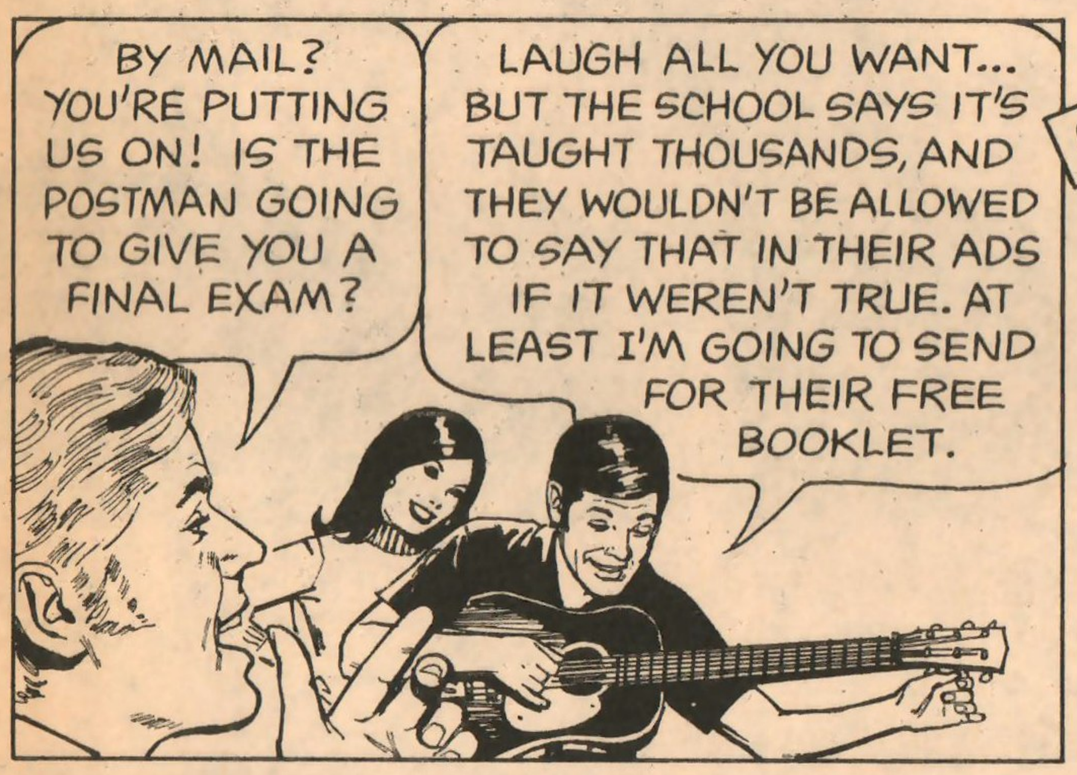
The referee was right, of course. Nobody doubted that—nobody except Bill Howard. "I knew what I was doing. I knew where I was. I was okay," Bill said in his dressing room. "The referee was too fast in stopping it. I was just about ready to break that hold and go to work on him. I tell you..."

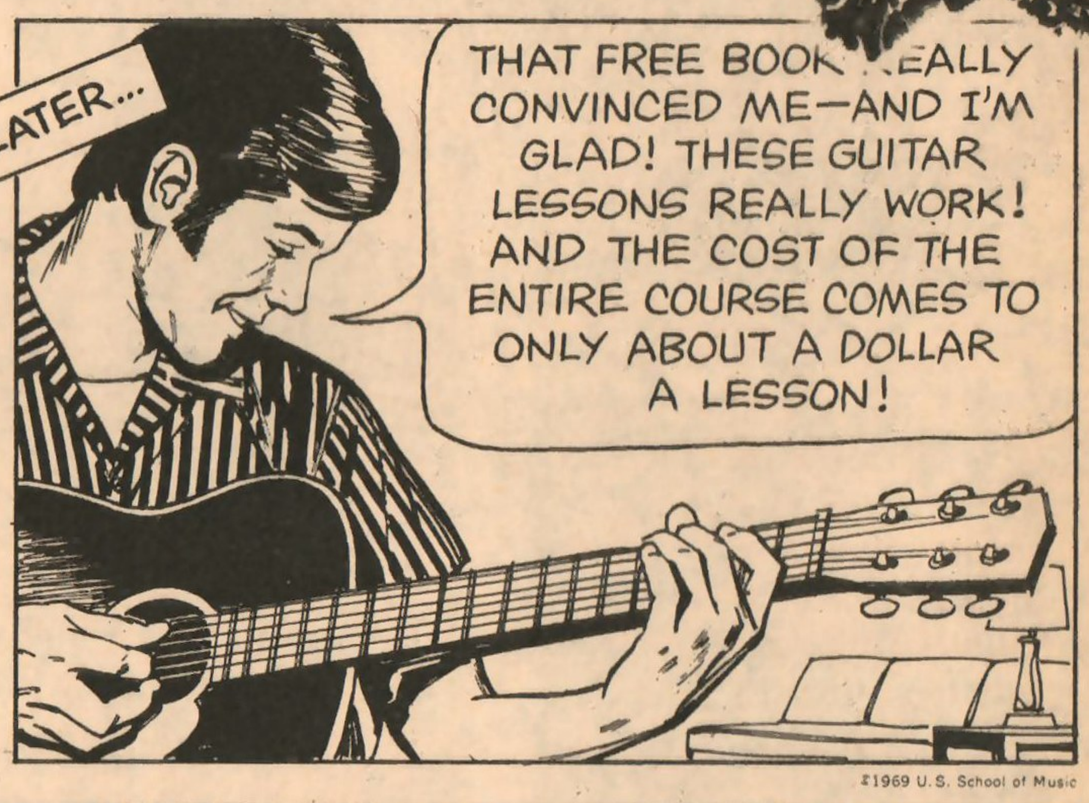
Bill didn't finish the sentence when his face started to twitch and start to turn blue again. There was no doubt about it. The referee had done the right thing. □

They laughed when Bill took music lessons by mail

—but now they've changed their tune!







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SHARON JOY

(Continued from Page 19)

in motherhood and an apple-a-day. You know what I mean.

Q—Yes, I do. And hooray for you, Sharon. If there were more young people who thought the way you do this country wouldn't be in the condition it's in.

A—Thank you. That's just about the highest compliment you can pay me.

Q—Well, what everybody wants to know, Sharon, is when you think you'll become champion of the world. That's the big question these days. I'd appreciate a direct answer.

A—A direct answer? Impossible. There are too many if's—if I improve at the rate I plan to; if Moolah remains champion for a certain length of time; if I don't get my neck broken; if I train as often and as hard as I must. You see, there are so many unknown factors to consider.

Young, beautiful and vivacious, Sharon looks more like a movie queen than a pro wrestler. She says, "I love what I'm doing."

Open handed smack on the face by Paula Kaye sends Sharon reeling back against the ropes and then down to the floor. When she looked at this picture, Sharon said with disgust, "I shouldn't have taken that shot."

Q—Yes, I know. But just answer yes or no: Do you think you'll eventually win the world's championship?

A—Yes, I do. But I have no idea when. It could be three, four or even five years from now. Without sounding like a braggart, I know I have what it takes to be champion, and I want the Title more than anything else in the world.

Q—Thank you, Sharon. That's what we came to find out. And the best of luck to you. We hope your wish comes true. □

Sharon (rear) and Christentello pack their bags before leaving Ohio motel room for trip to Washington, D.C.

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MEN OF ALL AGES SHOW AMAZING RESULTS

UNDER 25 YEARS

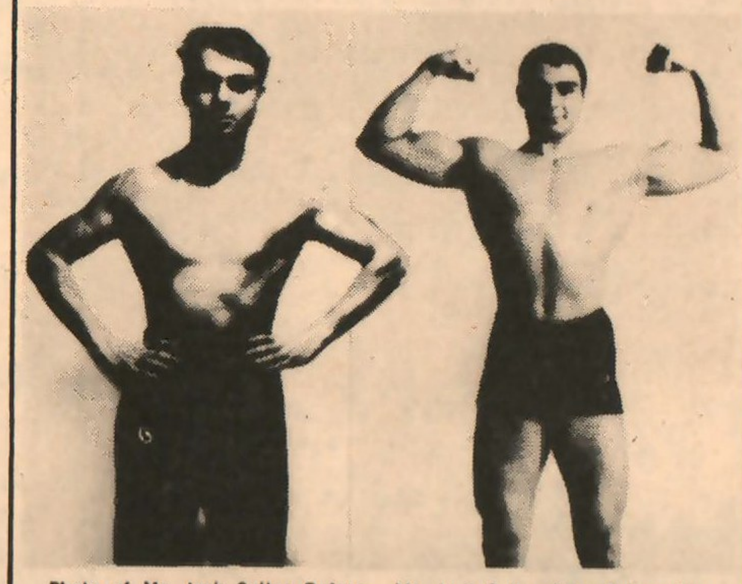

Photo of Mr. Jack Seiler Before Starting Telepander Training Program

Mr. Jack Seiler After Telepander Training Chest: 46" Biceps: 16" Calves: 14" Thighs: 25"

25 TO 40 YEARS

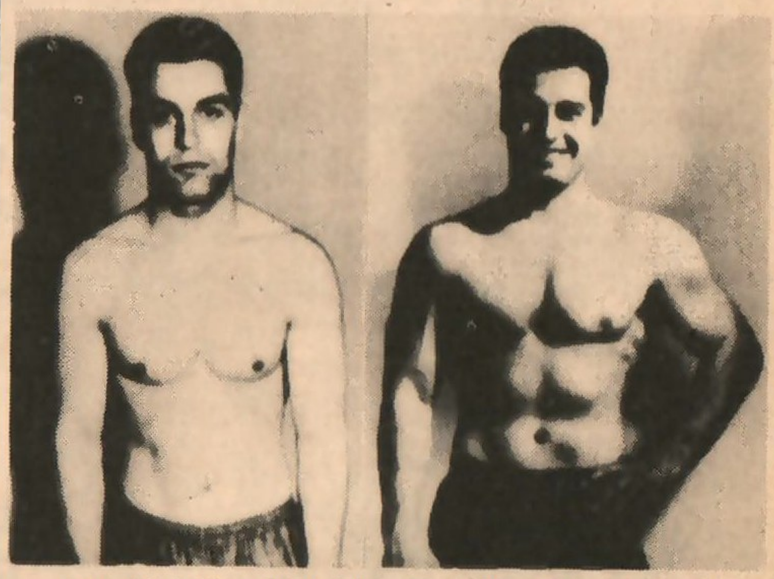

Photo of Mr. J. Ullman Before Telepander Chest: 38½" Biceps: 13" Calves: 13½" Thighs: 20"

Mr. J. Ullman After 35 Days of Telepander Training Chest: 43½" Biceps: 15" Calves: 14½" Thighs: 23"

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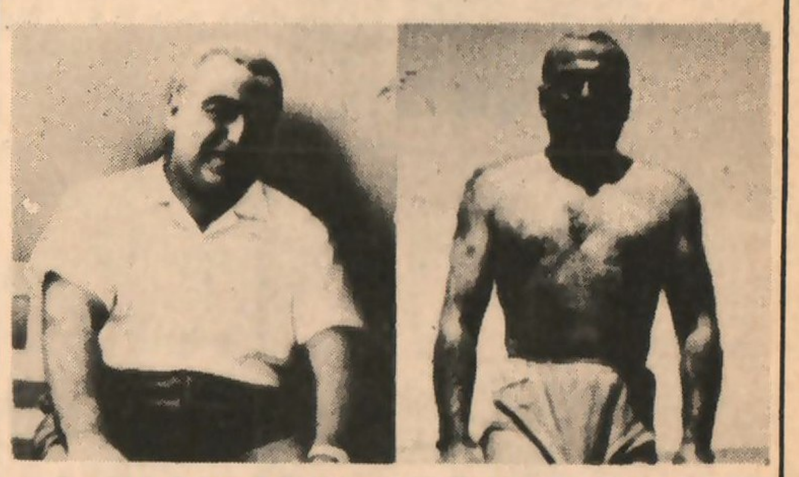

Photo of Mr. M Addas Before Starting the Telepander Training Program

Mr. M. Addas only a few weeks after starting the Telepander Training Program

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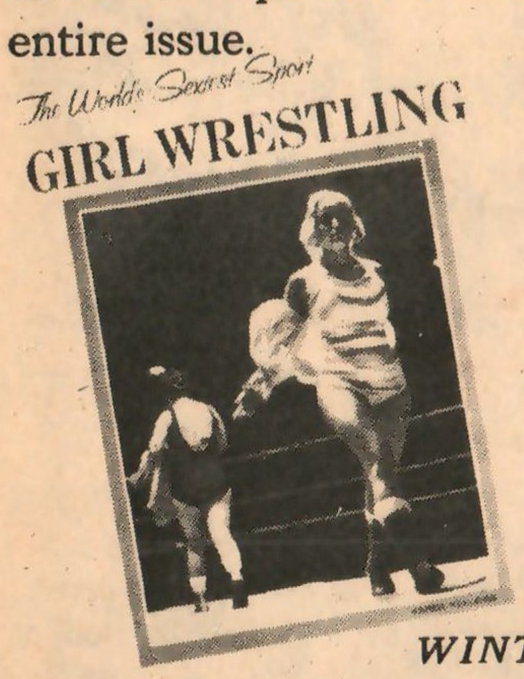

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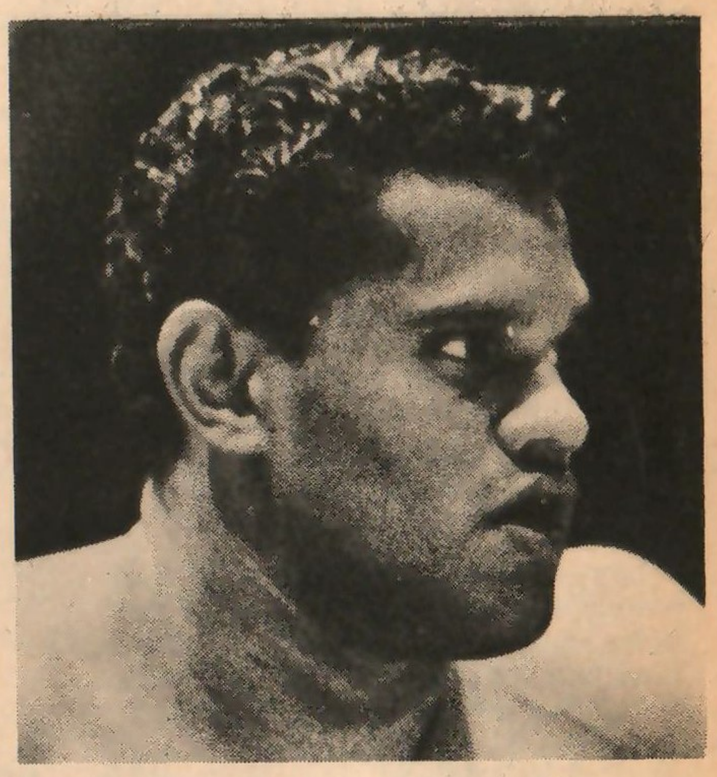
CORRESPONDENT REPORTS

(Continued from Page 14)

NEW ENGLAND MAT NEWS
By Charles E. Gilbert

THE MONGOLS WERE very lucky to get the verdict over Victor Rivera and Jay Strongbow at Springfield, Mass. On another big show in the same arena—a six-man tag match—Rivera, Strongbow and Mario Milano teamed up to defeat the Mongols and Turo Tanaka. In other bouts: Gorilla Monsoon was too big and strong for the Masked Demon; John L. Sullivan was upset by Ivan Karloff.

Springfield promoter Vito Tallarita personally thanked Victor Rivera for lecturing fans about throwing objects into the ring. When someone tossed a bag of debris (aimed at the Mongols), Rivera held

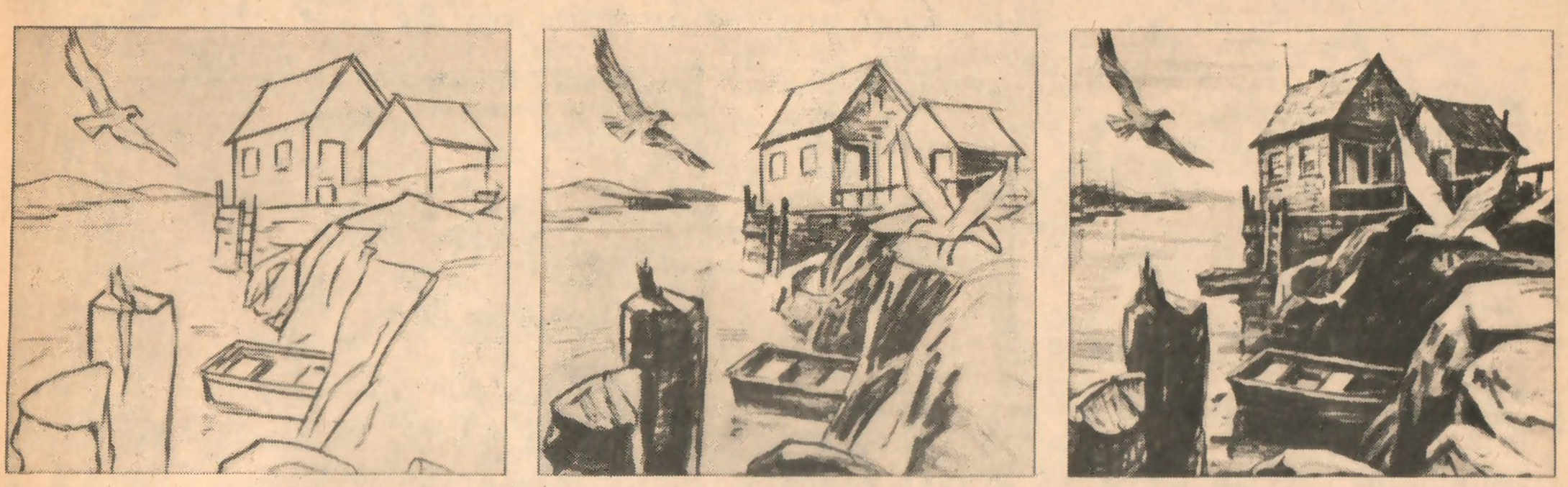


Victor Rivera, he lectured the crowd about throwing things.

up his hands for quiet, and then explained the danger created by flying objects. It took guts to do what Victor did.

At Boston: Three championship bouts on one card at the Boston Garden. Bruno Sammartino defeated Crusher Verdu; The Mongols beat Jay Strongbow and Victor Rivera; Fabulous Moolah stopped Barbara Owens. ☐

Have you ever wished you could draw this well?



How do you know you couldn't?

If you like to draw, you've probably tried your hand more than once at sketching scenes like the one above. But, chances are, you've run into problems—like getting buildings to "recede" into the background, for example. Or making water glisten the way it should. And after trying unsuccessfully a number of times, you may have decided that you just "haven't got it"...that you'd never make it as an artist.

That decision could be a serious mistake. For all you may need to get on the right track is some expert help...a few pencil touches, a few words of advice from a skilled art instructor who can tell you exactly what you're doing wrong, and show you exactly what you should do to correct it.

Famous artists want to help you

Now a group of famous artists want to bring you this kind of help, no matter where you live or what your schedule. They've developed a way to teach you right at home the secrets of drawing and painting with real professional skill.

Among the famous artists are Norman Rockwell, Dong Kingman, Bob Peak, Fred Ludekens and a number of others. They've long known that there are talented people everywhere who could become, and should become, artists—but who don't do so because they can't overcome the drawing "roadblocks" in their path. Some of these people think it's a lack of talent that's holding them back. Others realize they have talent, but can't leave their homes or jobs to get the training they need to develop it.

A practical answer to this problem

To help such people, the famous artists formed the Famous Artists School. Taking time off from their own careers, they poured everything they knew about drawing and painting into a priceless series of home-study lessons. They illustrated the lessons with over 5,000 drawings. And they devised a method of constructive criticism that is almost as personal as private tutoring.

Each assignment you send to the Famous Artists School receives the individual attention of an instructor who is himself a working professional artist. He actually draws or paints his suggestions for improvement, and then writes you a friendly letter of specific advice and encouragement.

This method of personalized training has helped hundreds of people who were once awkward amateurs to become polished professional full-time and part-time artists.

They went from "dabblers" to successful professionals

Take Mrs. Nancy K. Houston, of Manchester, Ga., for example. A few years ago, she had "absolutely no knowledge of how to develop my small latent talent." Today Mrs. Houston sells portraits to people as far away as New York, Texas and California. Anthony Fotia, of New York City, was a mail clerk, "stuck" in a low-pay routine job. Today, he's an artist for an important printing firm doing exciting creative work. And Mrs. R. G. Des Ermia, of Escondido, Calif., changed from a "nameless, faceless dabbler in art to a recognized professional." Now she averages $1,500 a year from all the part-time art work she has time for.

Find out if you, too, have art talent. Send for our free test

To help you find out whether you, too, have the talent to develop professional skill in art, the famous artists have created the fascinating Art Talent Test shown at right. It is offered free, and will be graded without charge by a member of the School's staff. If you do well, or can offer other evidence of art talent, you may enroll for training. But there is no obligation to do so. For a free copy of the test, and a brochure describing the School, just fill out the coupon and mail it in an envelope today.

Famous Artists School
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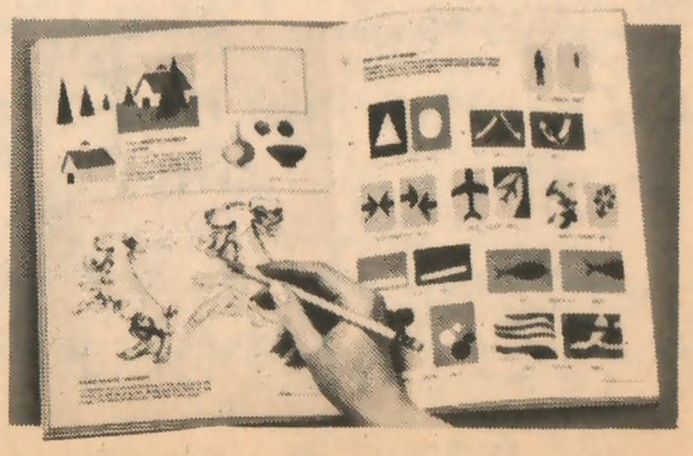

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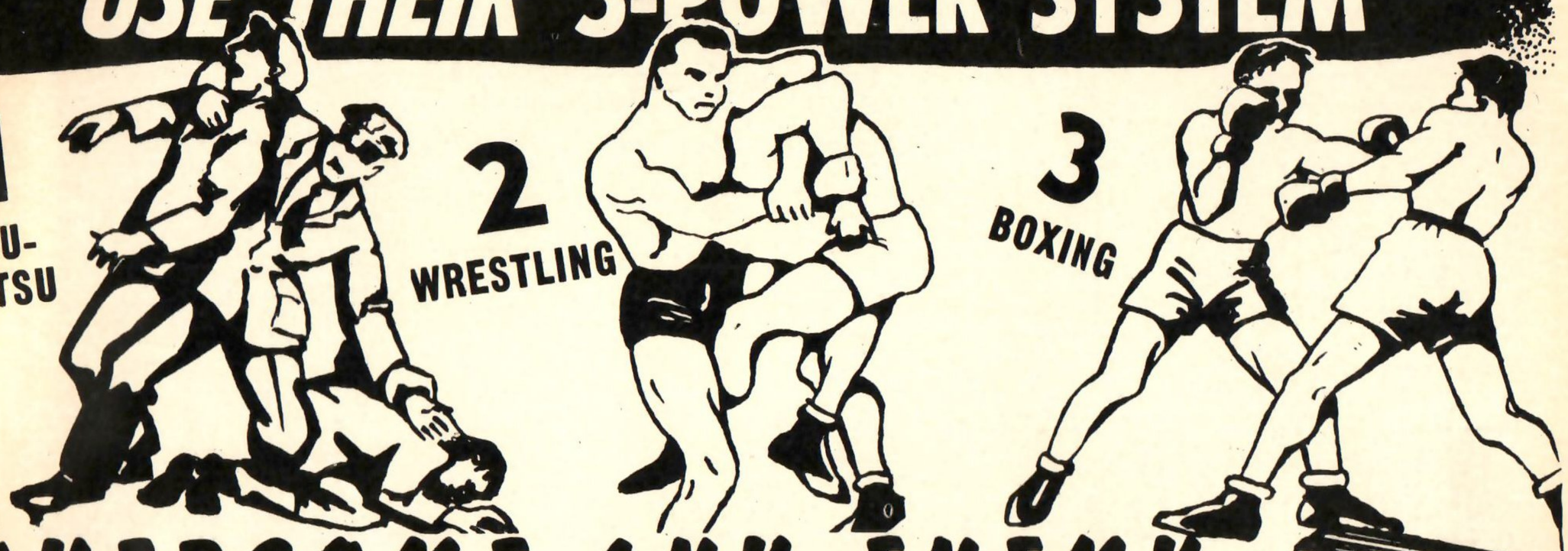

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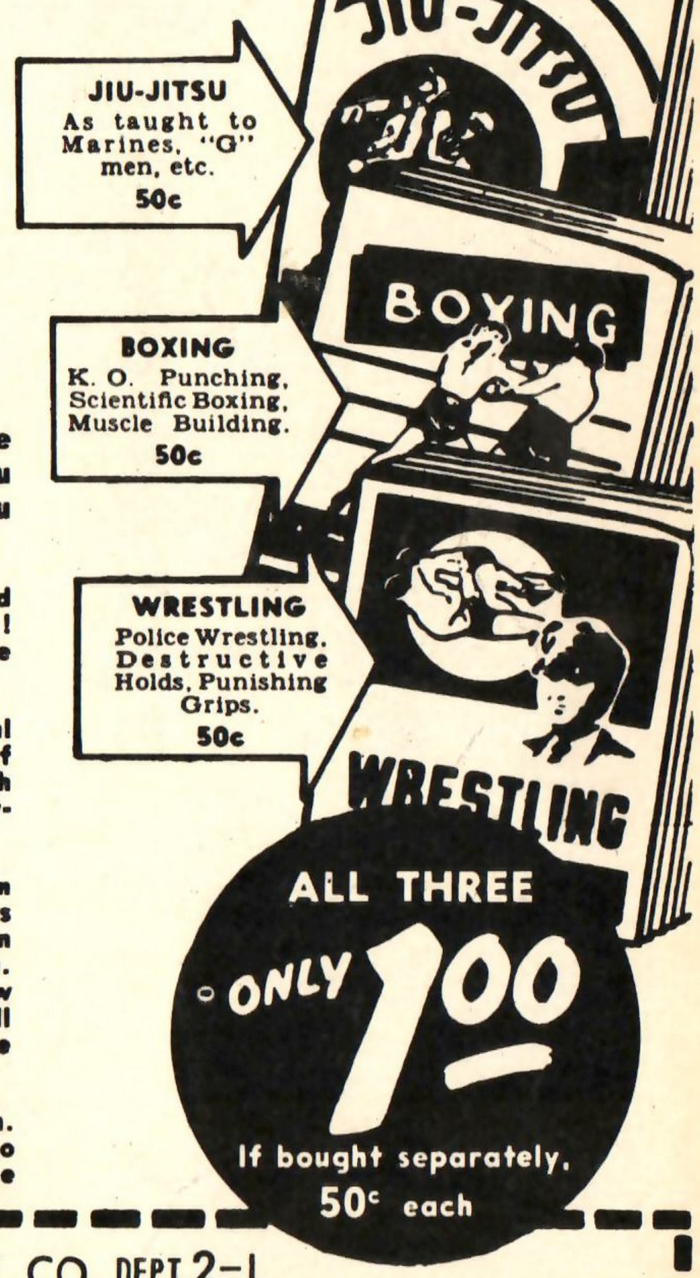

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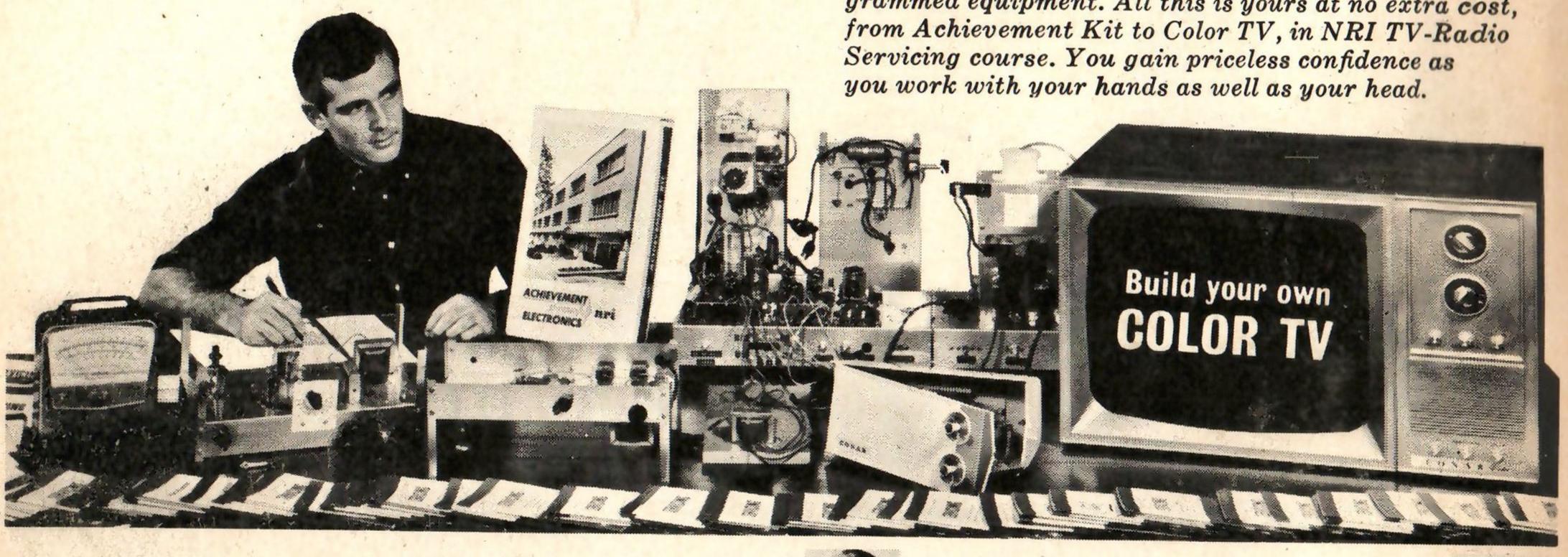

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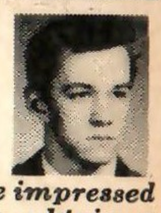

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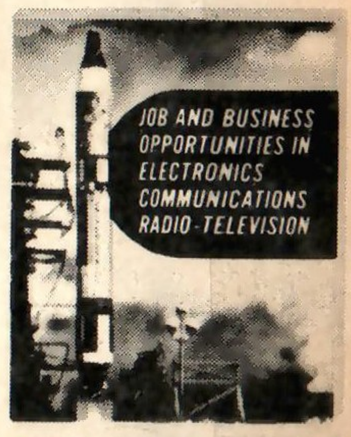

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